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The Golden Book Magazine

First Publication in America

The Flight to Varennes by ALEXANDRE DUMAS

A dramatic history of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette

Edna Ferber — Will Durant — Maupassant — Aumonier — Charles Reade

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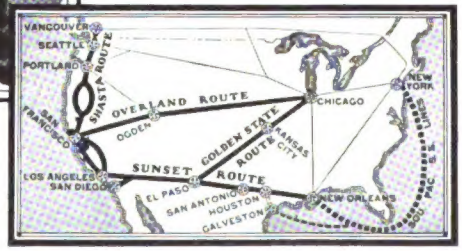

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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

WE FEEL not unlike a benevolent Santa Claus in presenting Alexandre Dumas' *Flight to Varennes* to the American public for the first time. We ourselves read Dr. Garnett's able translation, done especially for us, with breathless interest, and marveled again at the master romancer's ability to make history read like drama.

This story of the disastrous flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from jeopardy to destruction is considered one of the most valuable of Dumas' strictly historical writings. Not only the significance of the event in French history, but its unquestionable accuracy and its brilliance have earned it special mention in nearly all commentaries on Dumas' works. Until four months ago, however, when Dr. Garnett, foremost Dumas authority, undertook the work for the GOLDEN BOOK, it had never been translated.

Our chief regret is that, because of the length of the story, we cannot give it to you all at once. We should have hated to have had to stop reading it until the last word.

ONE DAY Alexandre Dumas was questioned about his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" asked the inquisitor.

"I am, sir," replied the author.

"And your father——?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandmother——?"

"A negress."

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir," thundered the great man, "an ape, sir. My pedigree commences where yours terminates."

Dumas was born in 1802 in the little town of Villers-Cotteret. Though he might have been a marquis by virtue of his grandfather's title, he preferred, like his father, to be plain M. Dumas, republican. He was instructed by two priests in the rudiments of education, in languages and penmanship, and started his career as a clerk in a notary's office. But he early felt the urge to earn his living and his reputation by his pen, and set out for Paris resolved to become France's leading playwright. For a time things went slowly, but when in 1829 his *Henri Trois* was produced at the Théâtre Français he became famous overnight. It was the first of the Romantic dramas, and a Paris, tired of a cold classicism, hailed it with overwhelming enthusiasm.

In 1830 he became fired by the political unrest of the time and was sent on several government expeditions. After he took part in a republican riot in 1832, he was forced to leave France to escape arrest. He traveled extensively in Switzerland, Italy and Germany, and wrote accounts of his travels which paid for his expenses abroad.

Finally he returned to France. In 1844 he deserted the drama temporarily and produced in one year *Monte Cristo* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* the first of his great romances. His success was both immediate and lasting. He was the most popular man in Paris. His ready wit and gaiety, his generosity and friendliness made him readily accepted and sought after. He wrote steadily. In a letter to Napoleon III. in 1864 he claimed to have written 600 volumes, and yet he found time to travel, to edit a paper, to take part in Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition, and to entertain more than his purse permitted at his home, "Monte Cristo."

Dumas' son, Alexandre, was born of a liaison with a seamstress. When success came to Dumas, he broke relations with the seamstress, but between him and his son there was always a great affection. Though Dumas was married, his marriage was not a success, and the two great loves of Dumas' life were for his mother and his son.

When he was dying at his son's house, in 1870, his one anxiety was lest his works would die with him. He need not have feared, for between 1870 and 1893 2,840,000 volumes of his were sold in France alone, and today Alexandre Dumas, romancer and adventurer, still finds his place on any list of the world's most popular writers.

IN SPITE of the countless books which rolled fresh from the presses this year, in spite of the astonishing number of fiction magazines, thousands of readers still turn to Maupassant for their literary adventure. Maupassant, Dumas, Dickens, Stevenson—there are not many others who come quite in this class of perennials who are as fresh, as exciting, and readable as the new idols of the hour.

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Guy was born in 1850 at Étretat, of a too-loving mother and a scapegrace father. Flaubert was an intimate friend of the family's, and it was he who early detected the boy's genius and put him through a rigorous training in observation and pursuit of perfect literary form.

On one of his holidays in Normandy young de Maupassant rescued Swinburne from drowning, and was asked to visit the great English poet at his strange home, where nothing but monkey flesh was eaten, and

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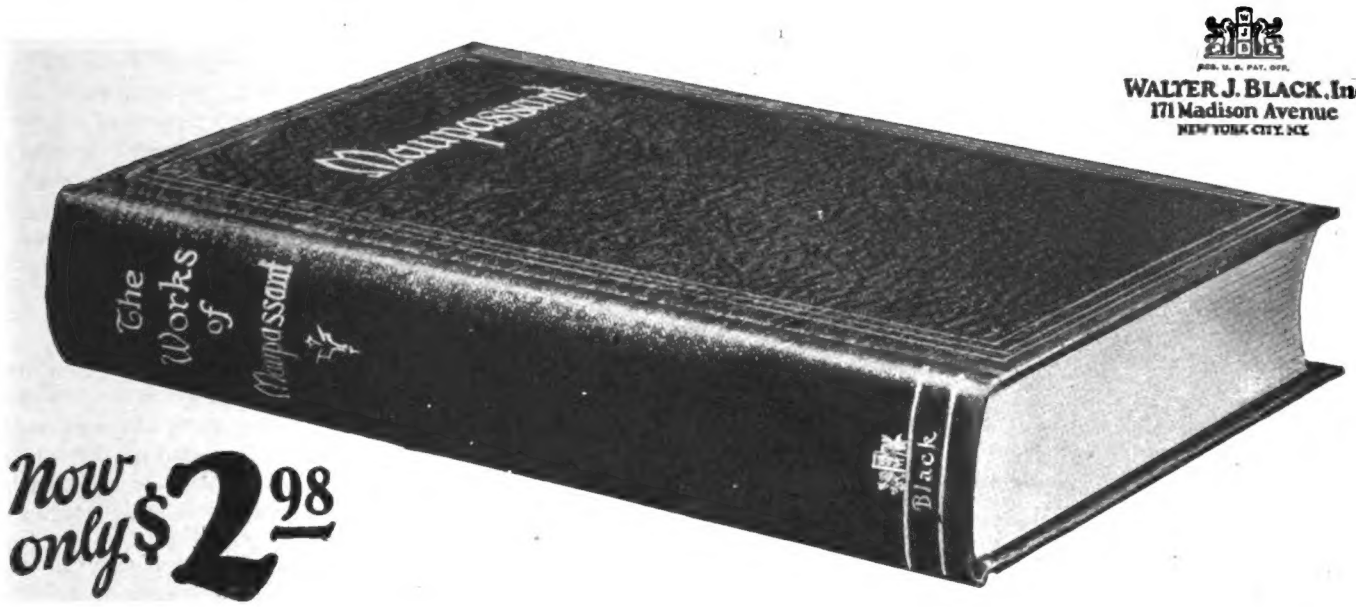

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where a huge ape at liberty played clumsy tricks on the appalled and fascinated boy. In Paris Maupassant served as a clerk at the Ministry of Marine, found a prominent place among the young literary men of the day who gathered at the home of Zola, fought off the sickness and melancholia which were to grow stronger and stronger. Then came the publication of his poetry, branded as obscene, and in 1880 of his first volume of short stories, containing the long tale, "Boule de Suif," which marked him unmistakably as a genius.

Yet after this beginning the end was to come swiftly. In 1893 Maupassant was dead, and for several years before that his nervous malady had stopped his pen. But in the meantime he wrote voluminously, and established a preëminent reputation. He was criticized for the immorality and sordid realism of his subjects, but he was also recognized as the greatest short story writer of his day. Before his death, 275,000 copies of his books had been sold—a tremendous figure for that day.

"I KNOW SCARCELY a novel by any living Englishman, except a score of Thomas Hardy's, that I would rather have written," said J. M. Barrie about one of Leonard Merrick's books. It is a comment typical of dozens of his fellow craftsman, all of whom express a loving reverence for Merrick's quiet, charming art.

Leonard Merrick, author of only a dozen books—although he has had time, as best-seller writers count it, to write four times that number—writes only a few thousand words a week. He finds it difficult to get started and to keep going, but what he writes has the indefinable quality of art—a subtle, delicate art, not great, but deeply pleasing.

Mr. Merrick likes best to write about actors and poets and writers—in the course of his sixty-six years he has tried the professions of all of them and knows what he is writing about. "The Judgment of Paris" is not one of his best stories, but it is one of his most entertaining and neatly turned.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY of Wilmington, Delaware, belongs primarily to Yale University and New York. He not only graduated from Yale and completed post-graduate work there, but for thirty years he has been a member of its teaching staff. And if New York is the center of writing and publishing America, Dr. Canby—as one of the country's foremost critics—is one of the centers of it. In 1920 he became editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*, and in 1924 helped to establish—and has edited ever since—the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

When Dr. Canby himself publishes a review or essay in his distinguished magazine, it is more than likely to be the best thing in it. His criticisms, sound and good-humored—almost too good-humored at times—and always couched in beautiful prose, are among the most responsible appraisals of modern literature being written today.

Dr. Canby's books include several volumes of essays and criticism: *Everyday Americans, Saturday Papers, Definitions* and *Definitions, Second Series;* several discussions of the technique of writing, notably *Better Writing* (with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *On the Art of Writing*, the best book we know in the field); books on the short story, and other volumes.

JUST AS ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON has never received credit as the author of the famous four-line chorus in *Treasure Island*, "Fifteen Men on the

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Dead Man's Chest," so Young E. Allison is not known as the author of the longer poem, "Derelict," which is an expansion of Stevenson's four lines. In fact, Allison's poem, written ten years after Stevenson's chorus, is usually believed to be the original old sea song from which the Stevenson chorus was taken.

When Allison's poem first appeared in the Louisville *Courier*, not long after it was written in 1891, it was immediately copied all over the country. But the poet's name being unknown, it was soon dropped off, and other editors copying it credited it to that vigorous author, Anon.

In the meantime, however, the author was constantly working over the poem, changing, smoothing, adding to the verisimilitude. It was continually spoken of as "that fine old sea poem" in spite of the fact that it was not old, and that as a work of art it was too polished to be a real seaman's poem. Also, several sailors had pointed out that one might as well try to wrap a man in sheet iron as in a piece of mainsail, and that it would be a Herculean task to make a bight, or loop, in a hawser, the biggest rope on a ship.

"I WANT TO BE allowed to sit in a rocking-chair on the curb at the corner of State and Madison Streets and watch the folks go by," says Edna Ferber. And that is what, at least spiritually, Miss Ferber has done: proof to be found in at least fifty of her stories, peopled with these everyday persons who crowd Chicago's main thoroughfares, or with other everyday persons of any town or city in America, all of whom spring right and real from Miss Ferber's decisive pen.

Beginning in 1911 as a "popular" author, with a pleasant novel, *Dawn O'Hara*; and the entertaining stories about Emma McChesney, business woman—the first of their kind—Miss Ferber has grown steadily in strength and stature. "Old Man Minick," "The Gay Old Dog," "The Afternoon of a Faun" for short stories, *The Girls*, *So Big*, and *Show Boat* for novels, are achievements of which almost any writer in America today might be proud.

Miss Ferber is a small, dark, forceful person, born in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Her father was a Hungarian, her mother an American. She was brought up and educated in Appleton, Wisconsin, and there at the age of seventeen she began her professional career as reporter on the Appleton daily. She wrote *Dawn O'Hara* in what free time she had while she was a reporter in Milwaukee. Soon she moved to Chicago. Her life and art have centered in Chicago ever since, although recently she has made her home in New York. William Allen White says:

Miss Ferber's people come from the stores and offices and workshops. They will, as the Gospel hymn has it, come rejoicing, bringing home the bacon.

ELIOT GREGORY was one of those delightful figures of the 1900's—a polished, witty man of the world, the darling portrait painter of society, who knew everybody who was "anybody," and whom everybody knew. He was the center of a charmed circle which no longer exists. The boundaries of a "400," a small-town world in which all persons of culture and breeding were a sharply demarked fraternity and wielded a not inconsiderable power, were necessary to his being what he was.

Gregory was a clear-eyed, mildly good-looking, mustached gentleman who knew every corner of the world and most of its foibles. In the late nineties he became a writer, as well as a sculptor, portrait painter, patron of music and the theater, and cosmopolite. Over the signature of *An Idler* he contributed a series of essays to the New York *Evening Post* which were an immediate success. They were graceful, witty satires on society, reminiscences of the many great figures he had known, light and inimitable reflections of his own.

Later these papers were collected into a small series of volumes under the titles, *Idler Papers*, *Worldly Ways and By-Ways*, and *Ways of Men* (from which the immensely entertaining "Domestic Despots" is taken). Mr. Gregory was a graduate of Yale and studied much in Paris and Rome; he was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and founder of the New Theater. He died in 1915.

Hermann Bahr is one of the most versatile and attractive personalities of German current literature, and his career might be described as a pilgrimage from one extreme to the other, always in search for Truth, and always acquiring experience and knowledge both of the possibilities and limitations of each vantage-ground occupied.—R. T. GRIBBLE.

BAHR WAS BORN in 1863 at Linz, a delightful Old-World town on the upper Danube. He began life as a gay and fashionable student in Vienna, devoting his time to philosophy, jurisprudence, political economy, and a wealth of rapidly changing "causes." After a Socialist period in Berlin he became an exponent of æstheticism in Paris; then back to Berlin and Vienna, the founding of the famous periodical *Die Zeit* in Vienna, and the publication of a variety of books: light volumes of essays, some short stories, nine novels, and eleven plays.

Bahr early resolved to make Vienna the cultural center of Europe, and in the brilliant days before the War he had succeeded. For years the sparkling life of the capital revolved around his volcanic, striking figure. At present, Bahr, now 67, lives quietly in Munich.

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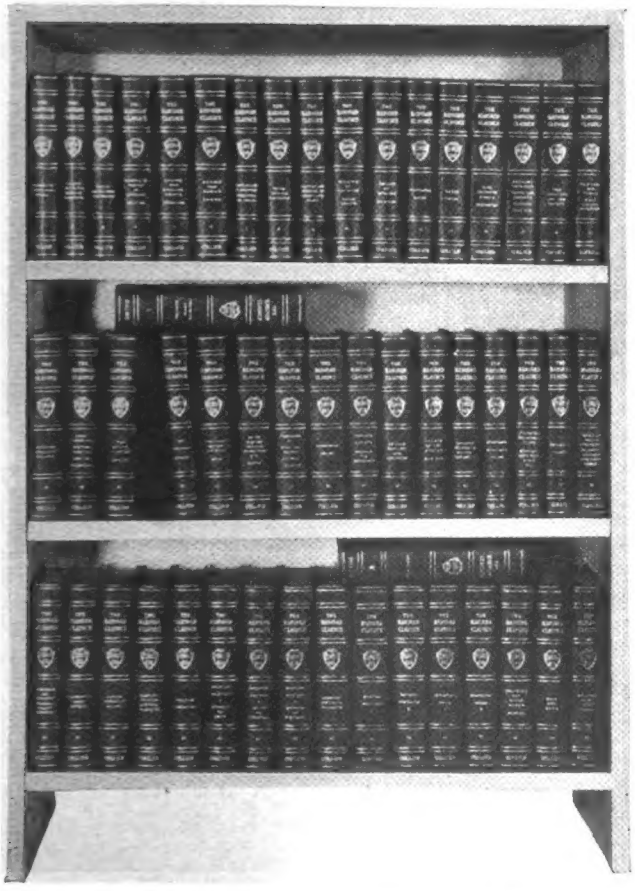

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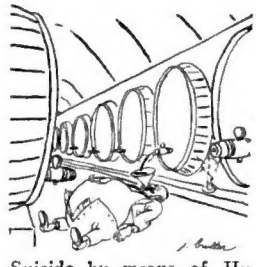
Louis Stern

Authors and Books

WE SEE by the statistics that 10,187 new books were published in this country in 1929, and that 227,495,544 copies of them were printed. . . . The ones that mattered to us, as we look briefly back, were *A Farewell to Arms, Ultima Thule, The Tragic Era, All Quiet on the Western Front, The Innocent Voyage, Dodsworth, Henry VIII.*, and *A Preface to Morals*. . . .

ALREADY 1930 has added at least one to the list: *All Our Yesterdays*, by "the great Tomlinson, the only Tomlinson." . . . Here is a superb book, and one so well reviewed by Dr. Canby on page 94 of this issue that we dare say no word more. . . .

PERHAPS NEXT most important this month is *Australia Felix*. . . . Fifty years from now the works of Henry Handel Richardson will probably be read as classics of our day, and the figures of Richard and Mary Mahony will stand among great characters of fiction. . . . Yet, until the publication of the third volume of the Mahony trilogy last fall, Henry Handel Richardson (she is a lady, by the way) was almost unknown to her own generation. . . . The gigantic success of *Ultima Thule* luckily resulted in W. W. Norton's reissuing just now the first volume of the trilogy, *Australia Felix*, with the second soon to follow. . . . Not even the strange, upside-downness of reading the Mahonys' story backwards can destroy it—these are the sort of books one can reread anyway. . . . The character building has such an organic relation of cause and result that it holds together at any point you pick it up, as one can review the life of a friend. . . . Everything that happens to Richard and Mary in *Ultima Thule* is certainly implicit in their characters in this first volume, which is the story of their early married life. . . . *Australia Felix* is described on the jacket as "a superb story of the Australian gold rush," but as a matter of fact we found ourselves impatient with this local coloring, careful and brilliant though it is. . . . Australia is interesting chiefly for its effect on Richard and Mary—Kalamazoo or Sussex would have done as well. . . . For Mary would have been as practical and loyal and fine, Richard as high-minded, over-sensitive, unreasonable and infinitely pathetic. . . . *Australia Felix* is a worthy and satisfying prelude to *Ultima Thule*, which however, remains the colossus. . . .



Suicide by means of Hydraulic Excess, from J. Bruller's *21 Delightful Ways of Committing Suicide.*

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT in the biography fever is the anthology of biography. . . . Following William Bolitho's *Twelve Against the Gods* comes Gamaliel Bradford's *Daughters of Eve* (Houghton Mifflin), which contains sketches of eight women—"all adventurers, all free, joyous, careless experimenters with life." . . . Ninon de l'Enclos, modern to the core, fearing neither God nor man, daring everything, though a child of the seventeenth century; Madame de Maintenon, executive; Mme. Guyon, saint and mystic; Mlle. de Lespinasse, lover; Catherine the Great, empress; George Sand, idealist, and Sarah Bernhardt, actress—an interesting choice, handled with great charm. . . . We recommend this adventure into the lives of women so modern in spirit, though so varied in time and circumstance. . . .

Royal Marys, by E. Thornton Cook, is another anthology of biographical sketches of women, offered by Dutton. . . . Mrs. Cook has written previously of the Queens of England, and of the Kings of Scotland. . . . She now pursues her high-born subjects with sketches of the Princess Marys of England, twelve in all. . . . The thirteenth century Mary Plantagenet is our favorite. Though a nun, she was a capable attorney and a royal lady, who regularly lost so much money at dice that her father had continually to raise her allowance to keep her from debt. . . . She saw three kings come to the throne and die, but she never lost her importance in the royal family, nor her zest in life within and without the convent. . . .

Suicide by means of Partial Immersion, from J. Bruller's *21 Delightful Ways of Committing Suicide.*

WE CAN'T DECIDE which of Jean Bruller's *21 Delightful Ways of Committing Suicide* we would liefer go in for. . . . Empalement—no-o-o. . . . Partial immersion is nice, of course: "This method consists merely of plunging the head into a receptacle filled with water, or other fluid, and of maintaining this position until death has ensued. . . . If the water does not cause rapid death, one may be assured of eventual suicide by a rush of blood to the head. . . ." Some of M. Bruller's other methods, most gruesomely depicted by him in color, in a volume that all but the most squeamish will cherish, are Suicide by Means of Precipitation from an Elevated Site; Poison; Arterial Section; Applied Pressure (some would call it being run over by a train); Animal Absorption (as by a lion); Combustion (setting a match to your own toe); Hydraulic Excess (avoid at all costs); Voluntary Contagion; Deficiency of Alimentation; and finally Suicide by Means of Excessive Longevity, "the most painful, vexatious, and unsatisfactory of all varieties of suicide" and the most popular. . . . Corey Ford has written a very funny preface to this hilarious and horrid volume, and Covici-Friede, its publishers, have added a heart-embellished wrapper, inscribed "To My Valentine." . . .

"IN THE SUMMER of 1919, while waiting for a train in the depot of a small town in Southern Minnesota," writes O. E. Rolvaag, author of *Giants in the Earth*, "I picked up a page from a local news-

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Entering Its Fourth Year the LITERARY GUILD Remains the Most Practical Way to Acquire the Best New Books

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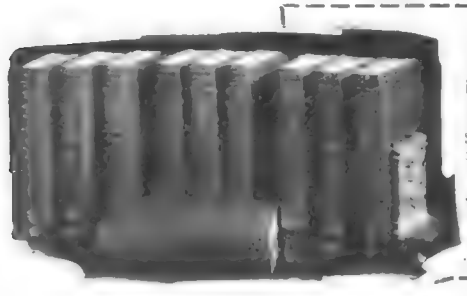

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paper. In spite of the oppressive heat and the dull drabness of the place, I was soon lost in a brief news item in that paper, telling about a man occupied in the task of excavating a basement for a new dwelling. He had not dug long before he unearthed a crock of gold, containing about $4000. Having dug a while longer, the man came upon another crock, not quite so rich in contents; this one held about $2000. Then the man became frantic, went mad, almost, because he was sure he had not uncovered all the treasures this particular piece of ground concealed.

"I threw the sheet away but the crocks I could not get rid of so easily. They stayed with me for several months. It wasn't the crocks, exactly, that bothered me; rather their original owners. I had never had more money than I could easily keep in my pockets. To me it seemed beyond all measure insane that people could find pleasure in saving up good money for no better purpose than digging it down into the cold ground. By and by I was sketching a picture of the owner of the crocks; I had found a scheme that seemed workable. The result of the scheme was *Pure Gold*."

Pure Gold is O. E. Rolvaag's latest novel, just published by Harpers, in which once again Rolvaag builds literature out of the simple lives of his Norwegian compatriots settling in American grainlands. This is less, however, of the story of the life blood ploughed into the land than of a development of human nature that might be universal. . . . It is the story of gay and generous Louis Houglum and Lizzie his wife, setting up a farm and prospering . . . until one day Louis returns from market with a new gold piece in his hand. With his "See, Lizzie, this is pure gold!" desire and fear are born in them, to grow until the beauty and security of their lives are totally destroyed. . . .

Victor Hugo, says Raymond Escholier, is "the only great man France can set beside Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe" . . . M. Escholier's episodic biography of his hero was one of the outstanding books of the Paris season, and it is now translated by Lewis Galantière and published by Brewer and Warren (formerly Payson and Clarke). . . . Here is the brilliant career of the great Romanticist with a thousand sidelights thrown on it by this painstaking student of Hugo's period, who is also curator of the Victor Hugo museum in Paris. . . . At twenty, Hugo was a recognized poet, at thirty he was the leader of the Romantic movement in France; an Academician at forty; an exile a few years later; author of *Les Miserables* in 1862 and from that time on, until his death in 1883, the idol of all France. . . . There exists no more thorough and human biography than this one of Hugo, the colossus who bestrides our generation as he did his own. . . .

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(THE PUBLISHING FIRM of Payson and Clarke officially re-christened itself Brewer and Warren, Inc. at a very giddy party not long ago. . . . Nearly every literary lion that roars was there, and each and every happy Brewer and Warren author wore a gardenia.) . . .

NEVER TO HAVE HEARD OF Ilya Ehrenbourg is about to become a pretty dreadful literary admission. . . . This startling young Russian's most famous novel has already been translated into German, French, Swedish, Danish, Spanish, Polish, and Hungarian, and there is some talk of Chinese. . . . Now it appears in English under the title of *The Love of Jeanne Ney*, published by Doubleday, Doran. . . . It is an idyll twined with revolution, beauty lashed with irony and horror. . . . The flower-like delicacy of one page in which Jeanne and Andrew are for a time reunited is shattered by ugliness and death on the next. . . . We can promise that you will never have read anything quite like this. . . . We cannot promise that you will like it, but it cannot fail to make a deep impression on you of one sort or another—certainly that here is an author who imperatively demands watching. . . .

IN *Good-bye to All That* Robert Graves calmly undresses his life in front of a brilliantly lighted window with the shades up. . . . It is an autobiography that is a frank and dispassionate picture of himself and his friends, of famous men whom he meets, of the World War particularly, because the War and its aftermath is the story of his life. . . . Graves is a young Englishman, and his frank revelations and comments have made the book a London sensation, while critics have gone on to hail it as one of the finest books about the War. . . . His picture of the War is astonishing to us for the perspective it gives us of the whole. . . . Here was a man deeply sensitive to the emotional implications, yet presenting always the scientific and dispassionate picture. . . . Here was the sufferer, with nearly all his generation, of post-war neuroses achieving control of his intellect over his emotions with his gesture of "good-bye to all that." . . . Intimate yet impersonal, this is an amazing book. . . . Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith publish it. . . .

The Revolt of the Fishermen is the hungriest book we have ever read. . . . It has the harshness and bitterness of the life it describes. Desperately but hopelessly the fishermen of Santa Barbara strike for a wage that will keep their women from starving, their babies from dying as soon as they are born. . . . Led on by Hull the agitator, the fishermen drag themselves out of their half-stupor of hunger into dreary resistance to the company. . . . They fail, and go back to work again. . . . Far be it from us to recommend this novel to the reader in

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Revolutionary Idea In Publishing Cuts Price of Good New Books to 42c

By ALFRED L. EICHLER

Every once in a while an idea comes along which, by its very nature, seems doomed to failure. Public opinion and precedent point to inevitable disaster. "It *can't* be done!" the public says. "It *will* be done!" a few imaginative men insist, and by their efforts proceed to make the "impossible" a practical, everyday reality.

Such an idea is the revolutionary Paper Book Club which sends to subscribers significant new books of travel, fiction, biography, psychology—for only 42c.

When Charles Boni, well-known American publisher, first announced that he would issue important books by leading authors, and sell them for only 42c a volume—people said it was impossible. Ever since they could remember, outstanding new novels and non-fiction had sold for two, three and five dollars. Surely here was a venture beyond the scope of even a miraculous Modern Press. How could anyone hope to publish full-length volumes and sell them for 1/6 the ordinary prices?

In spite of such warnings, Charles Boni continued his plans. Years of publishing experience enabled him to understand the factors which boost the price of books. He knew that if these could be eliminated it would be possible to offer leading new books by famous writers, *for only* 42c *a volume.*

The most important thing was to obtain a *fixed audience.* If enough subscribers could be obtained in advance, it would be possible to publish a large first edition. By spreading the cost of production over many books—the price could be reduced considerably. This is the principle of all book clubs. But Mr. Boni planned to go one courageous step further—he decided to *pass on this great saving to the book buyer.*

Furthermore, by doing away with heavy board covers and cloth bindings the books are considerably lighter—and therefore much less expensive to ship and handle. The volumes are bound with durable Art Stock semi-stiff paper, reinforced with crash. The type face is clear and readable, printed on finely textured paper. Thus, two more reasons for the high cost of good books are eliminated. The result is a saving of more than 80% to YOU.

And so, Mr. Boni was able to create the Paper Book Club which brings to you 12 important new books, never before published (one a month), beautifully bound and artistically decorated—for only $5.00—42c a volume.

First Book Sent Out In September, 1929

In September, 1929, Charles Boni sent out his first Paper Book to the largest number of charter members to ever join any book club. The volume selected was "The Golden Wind" by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry, a fascinating novel of the Orient—of a man who missed the love he wanted and did not wish the love which came so easily to him.

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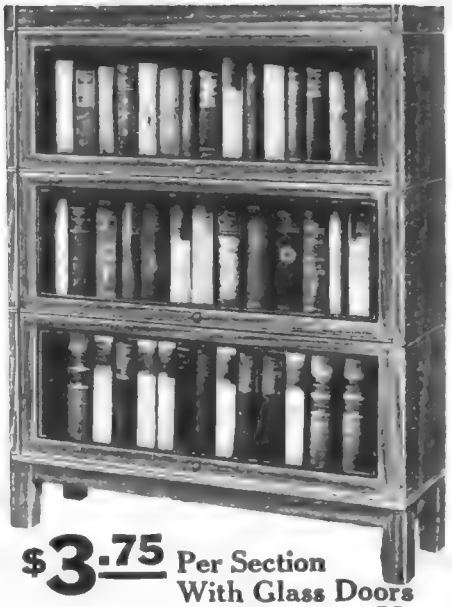

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PROSECUTED as a criminal! Hailed before the court as a corrupter of morals! Such was the astounding fate of Gustave Flaubert, whose *Madame Bovary* shocked even France with its candid realism. Yet critics and sophisticated readers have saluted this book with salvos of praise. Recently, Dr. Will Durant said: *"It was the first book of utter realism, and it is still the best."*

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book, and in no way remarkable—as the first chapters led one to think it might be. Then the story still centered in Lucy and Fred, mother and father of the boys, who come from the land with only their physical strength and their love for one another with which to combat existence in the London slums. . . . These two are alive and individual characters, whom one regretfully sees relegated to the background as the more artificially valiant tale of the two boys develops. . . .

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN'S DEPARTMENT of Limited Editions has a fine long list of books. . . . There are a half-dozen we want, and at least two that we are going to buy as soon as the Christmas bills are paid. . . . One is Voltaire's *Zadig*, with illustrations by Angelo. . . . The other is *Punch and Judy*, with a foreword by Tony Sarg, the dialogue and history of the play by J. P. Collier, and twenty-eight illustrations by Cruikshank no less. . . . Total, $25. . . . Almost equal delights are Keating's *Conrad Memorial Library*, *The Etchings of Troy Kinney*—if you like Troy Kinney—and *The Chase*, a poem by Somerville with eighteen engravings by Thomas Bewick, reprinted from the first edition, and almost worth to us the $20 that it costs. . . . This Limited Editions department of Doubleday, Doran is something to know about. . . .

THERE IS SOMETHING TREMENDOUS, at once unwieldy and engulfing, about Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*. . . . This first novel, published by Scribner, is a chronicle of the Gant family, violent and despicable, pathetic, lonely, at moments fine. . . . But it is more than a rawly-alive picture of an American family in a provincial Southern city. . . . Its story is the tragedy of the ugliness, the stupidity, the lust, the aloneness, the apparent meaninglessness of everyday human life. . . . This life shapes clumsily at Eugene, youngest of the Gant tribe. . . . From his family he gets nothing of such beauty and purpose in life as he finds; yet they are innocent of guilt in the matter, and they are without help themselves. . . . The author of this absorbing and robust tale is a young North Carolinian and Harvard graduate who shows here that he has that power which can make great artists—the power to wrest the meaning from his material before he writes. . . .

A DON JUAN with a faint heart is the hero of a Chekov play now brought to light for the first time. . . . *That Worthless Fellow Platonov* was hitherto not only untranslated, but unpublished. . . . It is, according to the translator, an early, unpolished piece for some reason never finished. . . . But while these rough places are perfectly apparent, and the whole never swings to the dramatic heights of *The Cherry Orchard* or *The Sea Gull*, it is excellent reading. . . . Particularly

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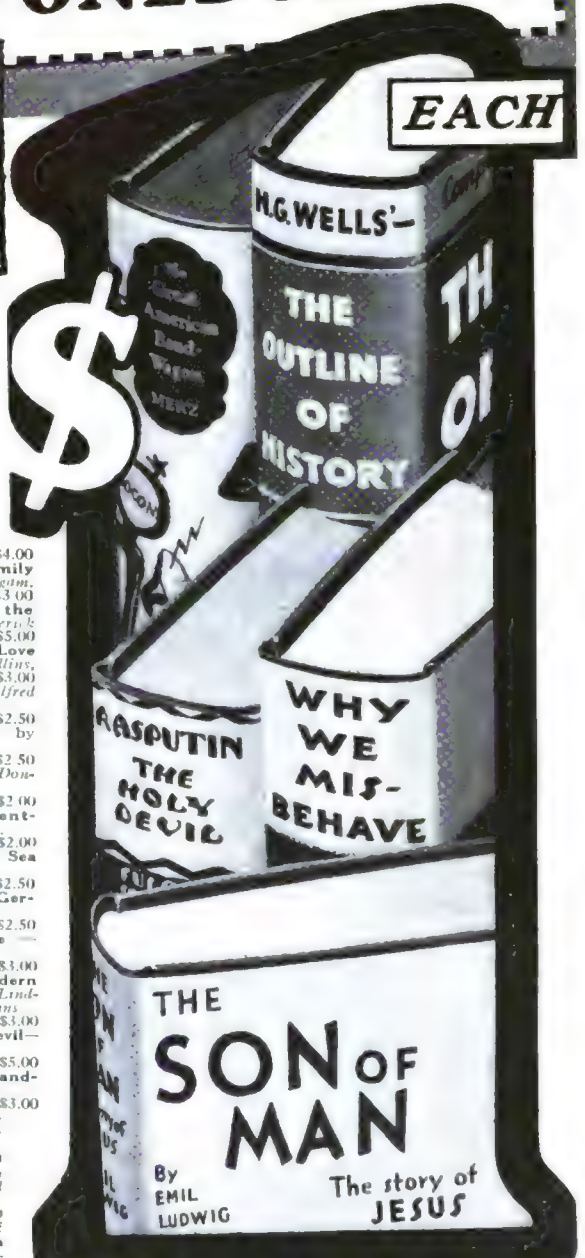

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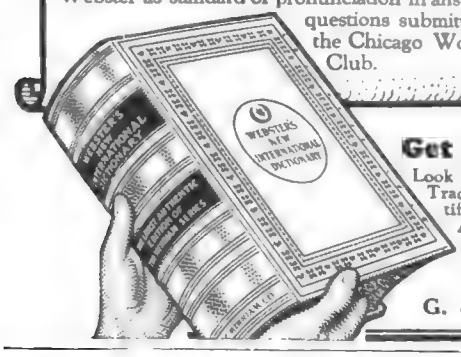

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STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT (see also *John Brown's Body*) has gone to Hollywood to write the scenario and dialogue for Griffith's forthcoming "talkie" production of "Abraham Lincoln." . . . We suppose the casting director is having quite a lot of trouble with the hundreds storming his doors wanting to recite the Gettysburg Address. . . . Mr. Benét is definitely back from Paris, where he wrote *John Brown's Body* while on a Guggenheim fellowship. . . .

THE CRIME WAVE closed over our heads again this month, and we came up a wreck of our usual sunny self, but with three good ones—*The W Plan,* by Graham Seton (Cosmopolitan), *The Rat Trap,* by William LeQueux (Macaulay) and *Grandmother Martin is Murdered* (Farrar & Rinehart). . . . If you like that sort of thing *The W Plan* is as generally unpleasant and absorbing a spy story as one could wish—all about the Great

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READABLE, PLEASANT NOVELS are Beatrice Kean Seymour's *False Spring* (Knopf)—a young girl's indiscretion as it affects her later life; *Passion Flower,* by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Doran)—a strictly brought up young thing's struggle with poverty, faithlessness and divorce; *Joy Is My Name,* by Sarah Salt (Brewer and Warren), whose little actress heroine, because the author does not make her real to us, we refuse to take seriously. . . .

According to Baker & Taylor, the ten best-selling novels of the moment are:

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque.
A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway.
Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton.
Blair's Attic, by Joseph C. and Freeman Lincoln.
Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush.
Laughing Boy, by Oliver La Farge.
Sincerity, by John Erskine.
Burning Beauty, by Temple Bailey.
Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett.
Fighting Caravans, by Zane Grey.

And the ten best-sellers of the non-fiction books are:

The Specialist, by Charles (Chic) Sales.
Caught Short, by Eddie Cantor.
Franklin: The Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fäy.
The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet.
Twelve Against the Gods, by William Bolitho.
Peter Arno's Parade, by Peter Arno.
New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton.
Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge.
The Cross Word Puzzle Book, by Buranelli, Hartswick & Petherbridge.
Contract Bridge for All, by Milton C. Work.

THE EARNEST SEEKERS after crosswords and anagrams will have a busy Spring. . . . Not only is there the usual *Cross Word Puzzle Series 15* and *Series 16* soon to come, but the untiring team of Buranelli, Hartswick and Petherbridge have designed a *Post Graduate Cross Word Puzzle Book* of fifty-five puzzles so dreadful

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that even the most advanced addicts will shudder to be left alone with them at night. . . . Then there is Putnam's new variant of the crossword puzzle racket, *Pinwheel Puzzles*, which by means of a hop-scotch arrangement provides more than the usual interlockings between words. . . . Jimmy Walker and Harpo Marx, David Belasco and Ina Claire all seem to like the new game very much. . . .

FOR MONTHS the publishers of Thornton Wilder's new novel have been throwing out dark hints about it. . . . Its title is *The Woman of Andros*, and both Albert and Charles Boni expect that it will be the best-selling novel of 1930. . . . We will tell you how we feel about it next month. . . .

COMES the dawn. . . .

F. F.

Recommended Books

Fiction

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS, by H. M. Tomlinson. Harpers. $2.50. A modern prophet looks back at the years that culminated in the War, and at the War itself, and makes magnificent comment.

AUSTRALIAN FELIX, by Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton. $2.50. The first volume in the trilogy of which *Ultima Thule* was the last. The earlier lives of Mary and Richard Mahony—nearly as grand as *Ultima Thule* and with a happy ending—if you can forget the story to come.

PURE GOLD, by O. E. Rolvaag. Harpers. $2.50. The conquest of two human souls by avarice is the theme of Mr. Rolvaag's latest story of the Scandinavian settlers in the Northwest.

THE REVOLT OF THE FISHERMEN, by Anna Seghers. Longmans. $2. This brief and bitter story of a starving fishing village won Germany's principal literary award for 1929.

TO THE VALIANT, by Norah C. James. Morrow. $2.50. Robert, the younger brother, devotes his life to the care of blind Benny—until the woman arrives whom they both love. The setting is the London slums.

AND COMPANY, by Jean-Richard Bloch. Simon & Schuster. $2.50. The building up of a great business and with it a great Jewish family in Alsace since 1870.

THE LOVE OF JEANNE NEY, by Ilya Ehrenbourg. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A startling, brilliant, beautiful and horrible story of love against the background of the Russian revolution.

TOWER OF SAND, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harpers. $2.50. Mr. Steele's latest and excellent collection of short stories. Half a dozen strongly built, and very powerful tales, that admirably combine a fine modern psychology and swiftly moving plot.

DANCE, LITTLE GENTLEMAN! by Gilbert Frankau. Harpers. $2.50. The pitfalls and rise of a gigolo, who skates on thin ice with affluent ladies in search of their youth.

THE END OF THE AVENUE, by Pamela Wynne. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A girl sacrifices herself into a desperately unhappy marriage, but out of her wretchedness springs an unusually charming romance.

EPIC PETERS, PULLMAN PORTER, by Octavus Roy Cohen. Appleton. $2. The dilemmas and adventures of a dusky Alabaman, told in Mr. Cohen's best blues-chasing manner.

MISSISSIPPI, by Ben Lucien Burman. Cosmopolitan. $2. Many types of Mississippi river people, unsophisticated and picturesque, form a background for the story of the fiercely loyal and loving soul of a boy.

SHADOWS OF MEN, by Jim Tully. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. The author of *Shanty Irish* organizes an interesting, and sometimes quite shocking, parade of jail-birds, murderers, dope fiends, pickpockets, and various other types of criminals, who, in the jargon of the underworld, reveal strange histories.

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FALSE SPRING, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. Knopf. $2.50. Should a young girl confess to a youthful indiscretion? This capable young authoress makes an excellent story of her answer.

JOY IS MY NAME, by Sarah Salt. Brewer and Warren. $2.50. The pathetically sordid little tragedy of a would-be actress.

PASSION FLOWER, by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran. $2. A carefully nurtured young girl faces poverty and faithlessness as the wife of her father's chauffeur.

Biography

DAUGHTERS OF EVE, by Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. Interesting biographies of eight famous and adventurous woman, all daughters of that woman who gets all the blame.

ROYAL MARYS, by E. Thornton Cook. Dutton. $3.50. The biographies of all England's Princess Marys, and some of them have been very entertaining women.

VICTOR HUGO, by Raymond Escholier. Brewer and Warren. $5. The Curator of the Victor Hugo Museum in Paris has amassed an astonishing amount of new and old material about his hero, and here gives it able interpretation.

GOODBYE TO ALL THAT, by Robert Graves. Cape and Smith. $3. A young Englishman tells all he knows. He himself, his friends, and the War are his subjects, and his revelations are deeply worth reading.

LIVINGSTONE, by R. J. Campbell. Dodd, Mead. $3. A new biography of the great missionary explorer in Africa. An unique personality and incredible exploits set forth with balance and clarity.

MAN HUNTING IN THE JUNGLE, by G. M. Dyott. Bobbs-Merrill. $5. The story of the search for the lost expedition of Colonel Fawcett in the wilds of Brazil.

General

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY, by Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. $2.50. England's Poet Laureate in his eighty-sixth year expresses his unshaken faith.

THAT WORTHLESS FELLOW PLATONOV, by Anton Chekhov. Translated by John Cournos. Dutton. $2.50. The newly translated and published play by the great Russian author concerning a faint-hearted Don Juan.

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THE GOURMET'S ALMANAC, by Allen Ross Macdougall. Covici-Friede. $4. A toothsome collection of recipes, quotations, pictures and wisecracks, all having to do with the ultimate refinements of the art of cooking.

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DO WHAT YOU WILL, by Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. Mr. Huxley discusses, among other things, the "talkies," love, the necessity of diverse gods, and human inconsistencies, with unaccustomed mellowness and optimism.

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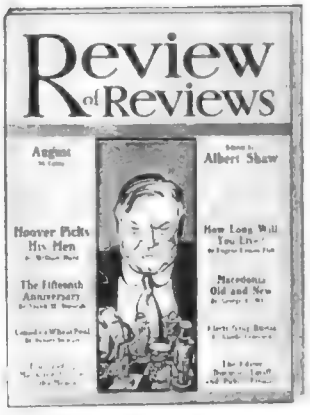

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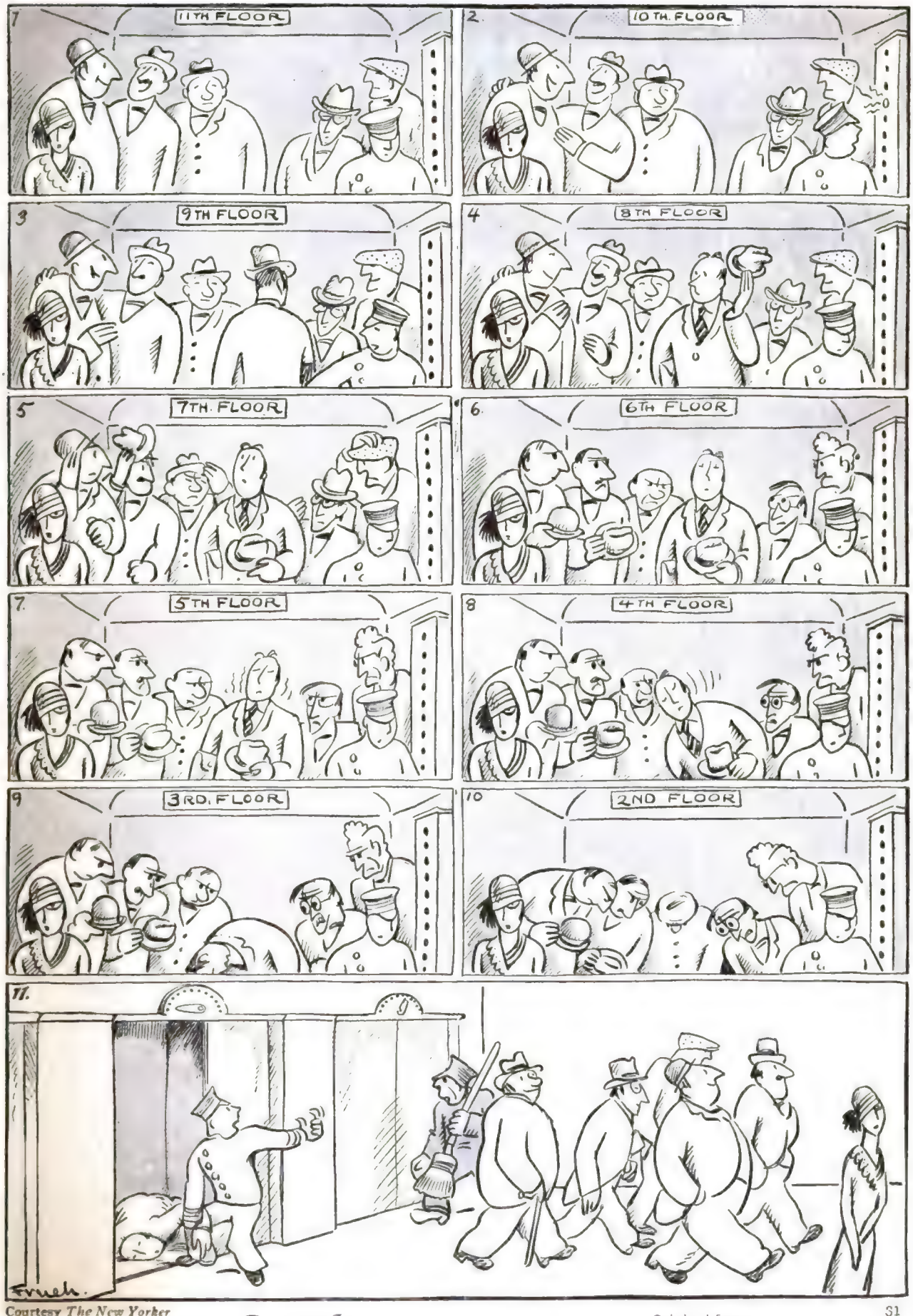
If Looks Could Kill

By FRUEH



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MARCH

On Running *after* One's Hat

By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

THERE IS A CURRENT IMPRESSION that it is unpleasant to have to run after one's hat. Why should it be unpleasant to the well-ordered and pious mind? Not merely because it is running, and running exhausts one. The same people run much faster in games and sports. The same people run much more eagerly after an uninteresting little leather ball than they will after a nice silk hat. There is an idea that it is humiliating to run after one's hat; and when people say it is humiliating they mean that it is comic. It certainly is comic; but man is a very comic creature, and most of the things he does are comic—eating, for instance. And the most comic things of all are exactly the things that are most worth doing—such as making love. A man running after a hat is not half so ridiculous as a man running after a wife.

Now a man could, if he felt rightly in the matter, run after his hat with the manliest ardor and the most sacred joy. He might regard himself as a jolly huntsman pursuing a wild animal, for certainly no animal could be wilder. In fact, I am inclined to believe that hat-hunting on windy days will be the sport of the upper classes in the future. There will be a meet of ladies and gentlemen on some high ground on a gusty morning. They will be told that the professional attendants have started a hat in such-and-such a thicket, or whatever be the technical term. Notice that this employment will, in the fullest degree, combine sport with humanitarianism. The hunters would feel that they were not inflicting pain. Nay, they would feel that they were inflicting pleasure, rich, almost riotous pleasure, upon the people who were looking on. When last I saw an old gentleman running after his hat in Hyde Park I told him that a heart so benevolent as his ought to be filled with peace and thanks at the thought of how much unaffected pleasure his every gesture and bodily attitude were at that moment giving to the crowd.

G. K. Chesterton

Woodcuts by Charles R. Gardner

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VOLUME XI
NUMBER 63

The Golden Book Magazine

MARCH
1930

The idyll of a young garage mechanic

The Afternoon of a Faun

By EDNA FERBER

THOUGH HE RARELY HEEDED its summons—cagy boy that he was—the telephone rang oftenest for Nick. Because of the many native noises of the place, the telephone had a special bell that was a combination buzz and ring. It sounded above the roar of outgoing cars, the splash of the hose, the sputter and hum of the electric battery in the rear. Nick heard it, unheeding. A voice—Smitty's or Mike's or Elmer's—answering its call. Then, echoing through the gray, vaulted spaces of the big garage: "Nick! Oh, Ni-ick!"

From the other side of the great cement-floored enclosure, or in muffled tones from beneath a car: "Whatcha want?"

"Dame on the wire."

"I ain't in."

The obliging voice again, dutifully repeating the message: "He ain't in. . . . Well, it's hard to say. He might be in in a couple hours, and then again he might not be back till late. I guess he's went to Hammond on a job——" (Warming to his task now.) "Say, won't I do? . . . Who's fresh! Aw, say, *lady!*"

You'd think, after repeated rebuffs of this sort, she could not possibly be so lacking in decent pride as to leave her name for Smitty or Mike or Elmer to bandy about. But she invariably did, baffled by Nick's elusiveness. She was likely to be any one of a number. Miss Bauers phoned: Will you tell him, please? (A nasal voice, and haughty, with the hauteur that seeks to conceal secret fright.) Tell him it's important. Miss Ahearn phoned: Will you tell him, please? Just say Miss Ahearn. A-h-e-a-r-n. Miss Olson. Just Gertie. But oftenest Miss Bauers.

Cupid's messenger, wearing grease-grimed overalls and the fatuous grin of the dalliant male, would transmit his communication to the uneager Nick.

" 'S wonder you wouldn't answer the phone oncet yourself. Says you was to call Miss Bauers any time you come in between one and six at Hyde Park—wait a min't'—yeh—Hyde Park 6079, and any time after six at——"

"Wha'd she want?"

"Well, how the hell should *I* know! Says call Miss Bauers any time between one and six at Hyde Park 6——"

"Swell chanst. *Swell* chanst!"

Which explains why the calls came oftenest for Nick. He was so indifferent to them. You pictured the patient and persistent Miss Bauers, or the ox-like Miss Olson, or Miss Ahearn, or just Gertie hovering within hearing distance of the telephone listening, listening—while one o'clock deepened to six—for the call that never came; plucking up fresh courage at six until six o'clock dragged on to bedtime. When next they met: "I bet you was there all the time. Pity you wouldn't answer a call when a person leaves their name. You could of give me a ring. I bet you was there all the time."

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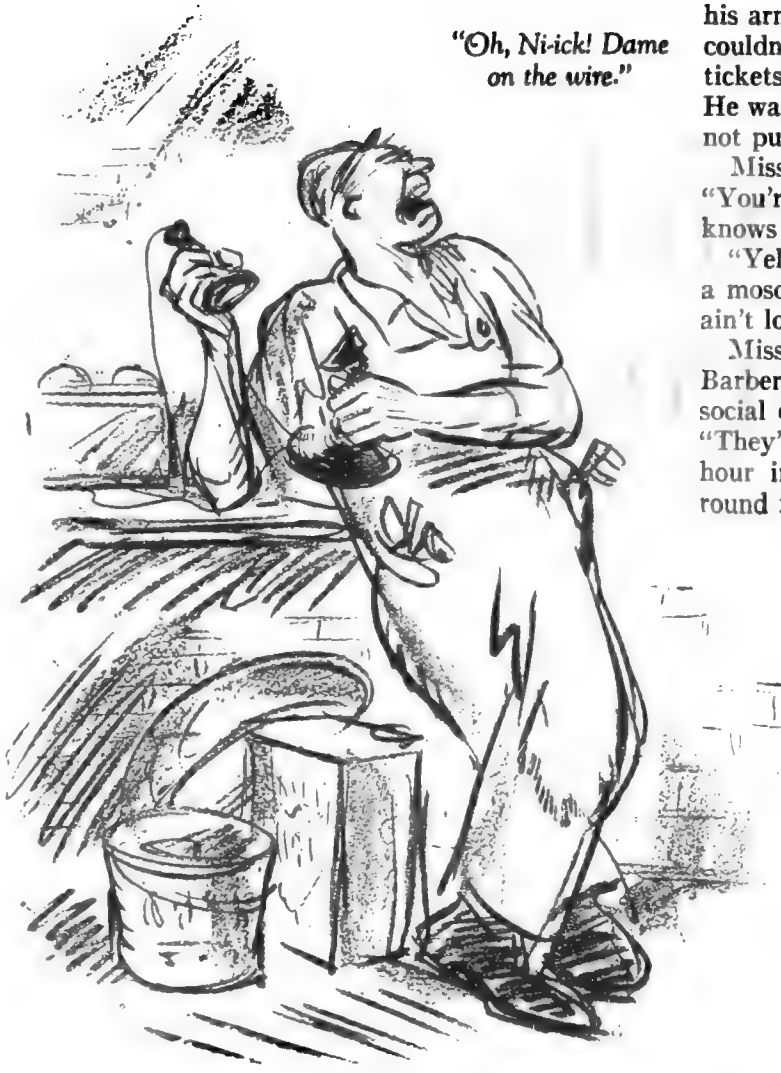

"Oh, Ni-ick! Dame on the wire."

"Well, maybe I was."

Bewildered, she tried to retaliate with the boomerang of vituperation.

How could she know? How could she know that this slim, slick young garage mechanic was a woodland creature in disguise—a satyr in store clothes—a wild thing who perversely preferred to do his own pursuing? How could Miss Bauers know—she who cashiered in the Green Front Grocery and Market on Fifty-third Street? Or Miss Olson, at the Rialto ticket window? Or the Celtic, emotional Miss Ahearn, the manicure? Or Gertie the goof? They knew nothing of mythology; of pointed ears and pug noses and goat's feet. Nick's ears, to their fond gaze, presented an honest red surface protruding from either side of his head. His feet, in tan laced shoes, were ordinary feet, a little more than ordinarily expert, perhaps, in the convolutions of the dance at Englewood Masonic Hall, which is part of Chicago's South Side. No; a faun, to Miss Bauers, Miss Olson, Miss Ahearn, and just Gertie, was one of those things in the Lincoln Park Zoo.

Perhaps, sometimes, they realized, vaguely, that Nick was different. When, for example, they tried—and failed—to picture him looking interestedly at one of those three-piece bedroom sets glistening like pulled taffy in the window of the instalment furniture store, while they, shy yet proprietary, clung to his arm and eyed the price ticket. Now $98.50. You couldn't see Nick interested in bedroom sets, in price tickets, in any of those settled, fixed, everyday things. He was fluid, evasive, like quicksilver, though they did not put it thus.

Miss Bauers, goaded to revolt, would say pettishly: "You're like a mosquito, that's what. Person never knows from one minute to the other where you're at."

"Yeh," Nick would retort. "When you know where a mosquito's at, what do you do to him? Plenty. I ain't looking to be squashed."

Miss Ahearn, whose public position (the Hygienic Barber Shop. Gent's manicure, 50c.) offered unlimited social opportunities, would assume a gay indifference. "They's plenty boys begging to take me out every hour in the day. Swell lads, too. I ain't waiting round for any greasy mechanic like you. Don't think it. Say, lookit your nails! They'd queer you with me, let alone what else all is wrong with you."

In answer Nick would put one hand—one broad, brown, steel-strong hand with its broken, discolored nails—on Miss Ahearn's arm, in its flimsy georgette sleeve. Miss Ahearn's eyelids would flutter and close, and a little shiver would run with icy-hot feet all over Miss Ahearn.

Nick was like that.

Nick's real name wasn't Nick at all—or secretly at all. His last name was Nicholas, and his parents, long before they became his parents, traced their origin to some obscure Czechoslovakian province—long before we became so glib with our Czechoslovakia. His first name was Dewey, knowing which you automatically know the date of his birth. It was a patriotic but unfortunate choice on the part of his parents. The name did not fit him; was too mealy; not debonair enough. Nick. Nicky in tenderer moments (Miss Bauers, Miss Olson, Miss Ahearn, just Gertie, *et al.*).

His method with women was firm and somewhat stern, but never brutal. He never waited for them if they were late. Any girl who assumed that her value was enhanced in direct proportion to her tardiness in keeping an engagement with Nick found herself standing disconsolate on the corner of Fifty-third and Lake trying to look as if she were merely waiting for the Lake Park car and not peering wistfully up and down the street in search of a slim, graceful, hurrying figure that never came.

It is difficult to convey in words the charm that Nick possessed. Seeing him, you beheld merely a medium-sized young mechanic in reasonably grimed garage clothes when working; and in tight pants, tight coat, silk shirt, long-visored green cap when at leisure. A rather pallid skin due to the nature of his work. Large deft hands, a good deal like the hands of a surgeon, square, blunt-fingered, spatulate. Indeed, as you saw him at work, a wire-netted electric bulb held in one hand, the other plunged deep into the vitals of the car on which he was engaged, you thought of a surgeon performing a major operation. He wore one of those round skullcaps characteristic of his craft (the brim-

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less crown of an old felt hat). He would deftly remove the transmission case and plunge his hand deep into the car's guts, feeling expertly about with his engine-wise fingers as a surgeon feels for liver, stomach, gall bladder, intestines, appendix. When he brought up his hand, all dripping with grease (which is the warm blood of the car), he invariably had put his finger on the sore spot.

All this, of course, could not serve to endear him to the girls. On the contrary, you would have thought that his hands alone, from which he could never quite free the grease and grit, would have caused some feeling of repugnance among the lily-fingered. But they, somehow, seemed always to be finding an excuse to touch him: his tie, his hair, his coat sleeve. They seemed even to derive a vicarious thrill from holding his hat or cap when on an outing. They brushed imaginary bits of lint from his coat lapel. They tried on his seal ring, crying: "Oo, lookit, how big it is for me, even my thumb!" He called this "pawing a guy over"; and the lint ladies he designated as "thread pickers."

No; it can't be classified, this powerful draw he had for them. His conversation furnished no clue. It was commonplace conversation, limited, even dull. When astonished, or impressed, or horrified, or amused, he said: "Ken yuh feature that!" When emphatic or confirmatory, he said: "You *tell* 'em!"

It wasn't his car and the opportunities it furnished for drives, both country and city. That motley piece of mechanism represented such an assemblage of unrelated parts as could only have been made to coördinate under Nick's expert guidance. It was out of commission more than half the time, and could never be relied upon to furnish a holiday. Both Miss Bauers and Miss Ahearn had twelve-cylinder opportunities that should have rendered them forever unfit for travel in Nick's one-lung vehicle of locomotion.

It wasn't money. Though he was generous enough with what he had, Nick couldn't be generous with what he hadn't. And his wage at the garage was $40 a week. Miss Ahearn's silk stockings cost $4.50.

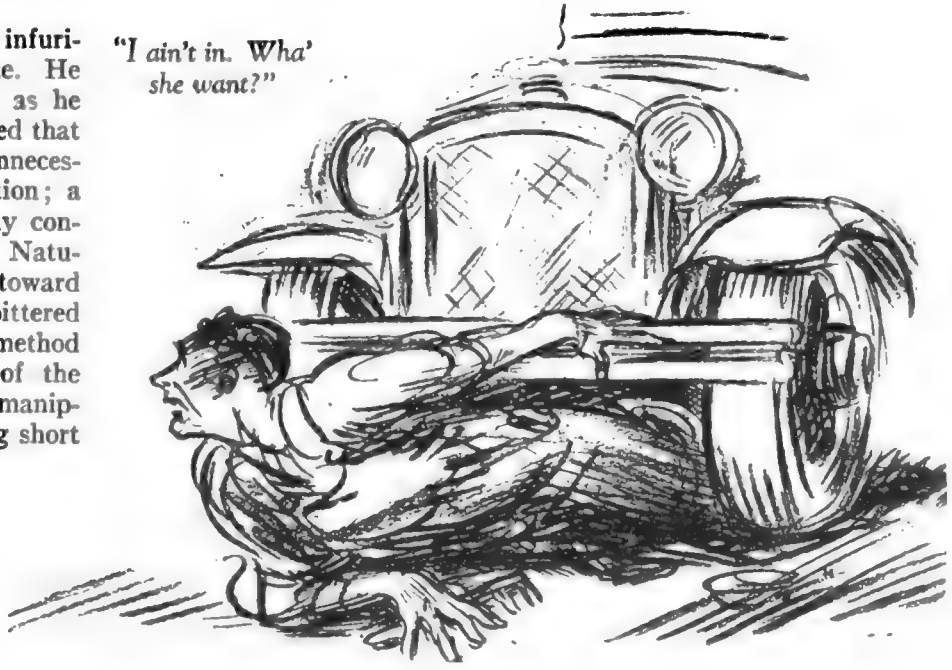
His unconcern should have infuriated them, but it served to pique. He wasn't actually as unconcerned as he appeared, but he had early learned that effort in their direction was unnecessary. Nick had little imagination; a gorgeous selfishness; a tolerantly contemptuous liking for the sex. Naturally, however, his attitude toward them had been somewhat embittered by being obliged to watch their method of driving a car in and out of the Ideal Garage doorway. His own manipulation of the wheel was nothing short of wizardry.

He played the harmonica.

Each Thursday afternoon was Nick's half day off. From twelve until seven-thirty he was free to range the bosky highways of Chicago. When his car—he called it "the bus"—was agreeable, he went awheel in search of amusement. The bus being indisposed, he went afoot. He rarely made plans in advance; usually was accompanied by some successful telephonee. He rather liked to have a silken skirt beside him fluttering and flirting in the breeze as he broke the speed regulations.

On this Thursday afternoon in July he had timed his morning job to a miraculous nicety so that at the stroke of twelve his workaday garments dropped from him magically, as though he were a male (and reversed) Cinderella. There was a washroom and a rough sort of sleeping-room containing two cots situated in the second story of the Ideal Garage. Here Nick shed the loose garments of labor for the fashionably tight habiliments of leisure. Private chauffeurs whose employers housed their cars in the Ideal Garage used this nook for a lounge and smoker. Smitty, Mike, Elmer, and Nick snatched stolen siestas there in the rare absences of the manager. Sometimes Nick spent the night there when forced to work overtime. His home life, at best, was a sketchy affair. Here chauffeurs, mechanics, washers lolled at ease exchanging soft-spoken gossip, motor chat, speculation, comment, and occasional verbal obscenity. Each possessed a formidable knowledge of Hyde Park. This knowledge was not confined to car costs and such impersonal items, but included meals, scandals, relationships, finances, love affairs, quarrels, peccadillos. Here Nick often played his harmonica, his lips sweeping the metal length of it in throbbing rendition of such sure-fire sentimentality as "The Long, Long Trail," or "Mammy," while the others talked, joked, kept time with tapping feet or wagging heads.

Today the hot little room was empty except for Nick, shaving before the cracked mirror on the wall, and old Elmer, reading a scrap of yesterday's newspaper as he lounged his noon hour away. Old Elmer was thirty-seven, and Nicky regarded him as an octogenarian. Also, old Elmer's conversation bored Nick



"I ain't in. Wha' she want?"

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to the point of almost sullen resentment. Old Elmer was a family man. His talk was all of his family—the wife, the kids, the flat. A garrulous person, lank, pasty, dish-faced, and amiable. His half day off was invariably spent tinkering about the stuffy little flat—painting, nailing up shelves, mending a broken window shade, puttying a window, playing with his pasty little boy, aged sixteen months, and his pasty little girl, aged three years. Next day he regaled his fellow workers with elaborate recitals of his holiday hours.

"Believe me, that kid's a caution. Sixteen months old, and what does he do yesterday? He unfastens the ketch on the back-porch gate. We got a gate on the back porch, see." (This frequent "see" which interlarded Elmer's verbiage was not used in an interrogatory way, but as a period, and by way of emphasis. His voice did not take the rising inflection as he uttered it.) "What does he do, he opens it. I come home, and the wife says to me: 'Say, you better get busy and fix a new ketch on that gate to the back porch. Little Elmer, first thing I know, he'd got it open today and was crawling out almost.' Say, can you beat that for a kid sixteen months——"

Nick had finished shaving, had donned his clean white soft shirt. His soft collar fitted to a miracle about his strong throat. Nick's sartorial effects were a triumph—on forty a week. "Say, can't you talk about nothing but that kid of yours? I bet he's a bum specimen at that. Runt, like his pa."

Elmer flung down his newspaper in honest indignation as Nick had wickedly meant he should. "Is that so! Why, we were wrastling round—me and him, see—last night on the floor, and what does he do, he raises his mitt and hands me a wallop in the stomick it like to knock the wind out of me. That's all. Sixteen months——"

"Yeh. I suppose this time next year he'll be boxing for money."

Elmer resumed his paper. "What do *you* know?" His tone mingled pity with contempt.

Nick took a last critical survey of the cracked mirror's reflection and found it good. "Nothing, only this: you make me sick with your kids and your missus and your place. Say, don't you never have no fun?"

"Fun! Why, say, last Sunday we was out to the beach, and the kid swum out first thing you know——"

"Oh, shut up!" He was dressed now. He slapped his pockets. Harmonica. Cigarettes. Matches. Money. He was off, his long-visored cloth cap pulled jauntily over his eyes.

Elmer, bearing no rancor, flung a last idle query: "Where you going?"

"How should I know? Just bumming around. Bus is outa commission, and I'm outa luck."

He clattered down the stairs, whistling.

Next door for a shine at the Greek bootblack's. Enthroned on the dais, a minion at his feet, he was momentarily monarchial. How's the boy? Good? Same here. Down, his brief reign ended. Out into the bright noon-day glare of Fifty-third Street.

A fried-egg sandwich. Two blocks down and into the white-tiled lunchroom. He took his place in the row perched on stools in front of the white slab, his feet on the railing, his elbows on the counter. Four white-aproned vestals with blotchy skins performed rites over the steaming nickel urns, slid dishes deftly along the slick surface of the white slab, mopped up moisture with a sly gray rag. No nonsense about them. This was the rush hour. Hungry men from the shops and offices and garages of the district were bent on food (not badinage). They ate silently, making a dull business of it. Coffee? What kinda pie do you want? No fooling here. "Hello, Jessie."

As she mopped the slab in front of him you noticed a slight softening of her features, intent so grimly on her task. "What's yours?"

"Bacon-and-egg sandwich. Glass of milk. Piece of pie. Blueberry."

Ordinarily she would not have bothered. But with him: "The blueberry ain't so good today, I noticed. Try the peach."

"All right." He looked at her. She smiled. Incredibly, the dishes ordered seemed to leap out at her from nowhere. She crashed them down on the glazed white surface in front of him. The bacon-and-egg sandwich was served open-faced, an elaborate confection. Two slices of white bread, side by side. On one reposed a fried egg, hard, golden, delectable, indigestible. On the other three crisp curls of bacon. The ordinary order held two curls only. A dish so rich in calories as to make it food sufficient for a day. Jessie knew nothing of calories, nor did Nick. She placed a double order of butter before him—two yellow pats, moisture-beaded. As she scooped up his milk from the can you saw that the glass was but three quarters filled. From a deep crock she ladled a smaller scoop and filled the glass to the top. The deep crock held cream. Nick glanced up at her again. Again Jessie smiled. A plain damsel, Jessie, and capable. She went on about her business. What's yours? Coffee with? White or rye? No nonsense about her. And yet: "Pie all right?"

"Yeh. It's good." She actually blushed.

He finished, swung himself off the stool, nodded to Jessie. She stacked his dishes with one lean, capable hand, mopped the slab with the other, but as she made for the kitchen she flung a glance at him over her shoulder.

"Day off?"

"Yeh."

"Some folks has all the luck."

He grinned. His teeth were strong and white and even. He walked toward the door with his light quick step, paused for a toothpick as he paid his check, was out again into the July sunlight. Her face became dull again.

Well, not one o'clock. Guessed he'd shoot a little pool. He dropped into Moriarty's cigar store. It was called a cigar store because it dealt in magazines, newspapers, soft drinks, golf balls, cigarettes, pool, billiards, chocolates, chewing gum, and cigars. In the rear of the store were four green-topped tables, three for pool and one for billiards. He hung about aimlessly, watching the game at the one occupied table. The players were slim young men like himself, their clothes replicas of his own, their faces lean and a

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bit hard. Two of them dropped out. Nick took a cue from the rack, shed his tight coat. They played under a glaring electric light in the heat of the day, yet they seemed cool, aloof, immune from bodily discomfort. It was a strangely silent game and as mirthless as that of the elfin bowlers in Rip Van Winkle. The slim-waisted, shirted figures bent plastically over the table in the graceful postures of the game. You heard only the click of the balls, an occasional low-voiced exclamation. A solemn crew, and unemotional.

Now and then: "What's all the shootin' fur?"

"In she goes."

Nick, winner, tired of it in less than an hour. He bought a bottle of some acidulous drink just off the ice and refreshed himself with it, drinking from the bottle's mouth. He was vaguely restless, dissatisfied. Out again into the glare of two o'clock Fifty-third Street. He strolled up a block toward Lake Park Avenue. It was hot. He wished the bus wasn't sick. Might go in swimming, though. He considered this idly. Hurried steps behind him. A familiar perfume wafted to his senses. A voice nasal yet cooing. Miss Bauers. Miss Bauers on pleasure bent, palpably, being attired in the briefest of silks, white-strapped slippers, white silk stockings, scarlet hat. The Green Front Grocery and Market closed for a half a day each Thursday afternoon during July and August. Nicky had not availed himself of the knowledge.

"Well, if it ain't Nicky! I just seen you come out of Moriarty's as I was passing." (She had seen him go in an hour before and had waited a patient hour in the drug store across the street.) "What you doing around loose this hour the day, anyway?"

"I'm off 'safternoon."

"Are yuh? So'm I." Nicky said nothing. Miss Bauers shifted from one plump silken leg to the other. "What you doing?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"So'm I. Let's do it together." Miss Bauers employed the direct method.

"Well," said Nick, vaguely. He didn't object particularly. And yet he was conscious of some formless program forming mistily in his mind—a program that did not include the berouged, bepowdered, plump, and silken Miss Bauers.

"I phoned you this morning, Nicky. Twice."

"Yeh?"

"They said you wasn't in."

"Yeh?"

A hard young woman, Miss Bauers, yet simple; powerfully drawn toward this magnetic and careless boy; powerless to forge chains strong enough to hold him. "How about Riverview? I ain't been this year."

"Oh, that's so darn far. Take all day getting there, pretty near."

"Not driving, it wouldn't."

"I ain't got the bus. Busted."

His apathy was getting on her nerves. "How about a movie, then?" Her feet hurt. It was hot.

His glance went up the street toward the Harper, down the street toward the Hyde Park. The sign above the Harper offered "Mother o' Mine." The lettering above the Hyde Park announced "Love's Sacrifice."

"Gawd, no," he made decisive answer.

Miss Bauer's frazzled nerves snapped. "You make me sick! Standing there. Nothing don't suit you. Say, I ain't so crazy to go round with you. Cheap guy! Prob'ly you'd like to go over to Wooded Island or something, in Jackson Park, and set on the grass and feed the squirrels. That'd be a treat for me, that would." She laughed a high, scornful tear-near laugh.

"Why — say ——" Nick stared at her, and yet she felt he did not see her. A sudden peace came into his face—the peace of a longing fulfilled. He turned his head. A Lake Park Avenue street car was roaring its way toward them. He took a step toward the roadway. "I got to be going."

Fear flashed its flame into Miss Bauers' pale blue eyes. "Going! How do you mean, going? Going where?"

"I got to be going." The car had stopped opposite them. His young face was stern, implacable. Miss Bauers knew she was beaten, but she clung to hope tenaciously, piteously. "I got to see a party, see?"

"You never said anything about it in the first place. Pity you wouldn't say so in the first place. Who you got to see, anyway?" She knew it was useless to ask. She knew she was beating her fists against a stone wall, but she must needs ask, notwithstanding: "Who you got to see?"

"I got to see a party. I forgot." He made the car step in two long strides; had swung himself up. "So long!" The car door slammed after him. Miss Bauers, in her unavailing silks, stood disconsolate on the hot street corner.

He swayed on the car platform until Sixty-third Street was reached. There he alighted and stood a moment at the curb surveying idly the populous corner. He purchased a paper bag of hot peanuts from a vender's glittering scarlet and nickel stand, and crossed the street into the pathway that led to Jackson Park, munching as he went. In an open space reserved for games some boys were playing baseball with much hoarse hooting and frenzied action. He drew near to watch. The ball, misdirected, sailed suddenly toward

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Drawings by
August Henkel

him. He ran backward at its swift approach, leaped high, caught it, and with a long curving swing, so easy as to appear almost effortless, sent it hurtling back. The lad on the pitcher's mound made as if to catch it, changed his mind, dodged, started after it.

The boy at bat called to Nick: "Hey, you! Wanna come on and pitch?"

Nick shook his head and went on.

He wandered leisurely along the gravel path that led to the park golf shelter. The wide porch was crowded with golfers and idlers. A foursome was teed up at the first tee. Nick leaned against a porch pillar waiting for them to drive. That old boy had pretty good practice swing. . . . Stiff, though. . . . Lookit that dame. Je's! I bet she takes fifteen shots before she ever gets on the green. . . . There, that kid had pretty good drive. Must of been hundred and fifty, anyway. Pretty good for a kid.

Nick, in the course of his kaleidoscopic career, had been a caddie at thirteen in torn shirt and flapping knickers. He had played the smooth, expert, scornful game of the caddie with a natural swing from the lithe waist and a follow-through that was the envy of the muscle-bound men who watched him. He hadn't played in years. The game no longer interested him. He entered the shelter lunchroom. The counters were lined with lean, brown, hungry men and lean, brown, hungry women. They were eating incredible dishes considering that the hour was 3 P. M. and the day a hot one. Corned-beef hash with a poached egg on top; wieners and potato salad; meat pies; hot roast beef sandwiches; steaming cups of coffee in thick white ware; watermelon. Nick slid a leg over a stool as he had done earlier in the afternoon. Here, too, the Hebes were of stern stuff, as they needs must be to serve these ravenous hordes of club swingers who swarmed upon them from dawn to dusk. Their task it was to wait upon the golfing male, which is man at his simplest—reduced to the least common denominator and shorn of all attraction for the female eye and heart. They represented merely hungry mouths, weary muscles, reaching fists. The waitresses served them as a capable attendant serves another woman's child—efficiently and without emotion.

"Blueberry pie à la mode," said Nick—"with strawberry ice cream."

Inured as she was to the horrors of gastronomic miscegenation, the waitress—an old girl—recoiled at this.

"Say, I don't think you'd like that. They don't mix so very good. Why don't you try the peach pie, instead, with the strawberry ice cream—if you want strawberry?" He looked so young and cool and fresh.

"Blueberry," repeated Nick sternly, and looked her in the eye. The old waitress laughed a little and was surprised to find herself laughing. " 'S for you to say." She brought him the monstrous mixture, and he devoured it to the last chromatic crumb.

"Nothing the matter with that," he remarked as she passed, dish-laden.

She laughed again tolerantly, almost tenderly. "Good thing you're young." Her busy glance lingered a brief moment on his face. He sauntered out.

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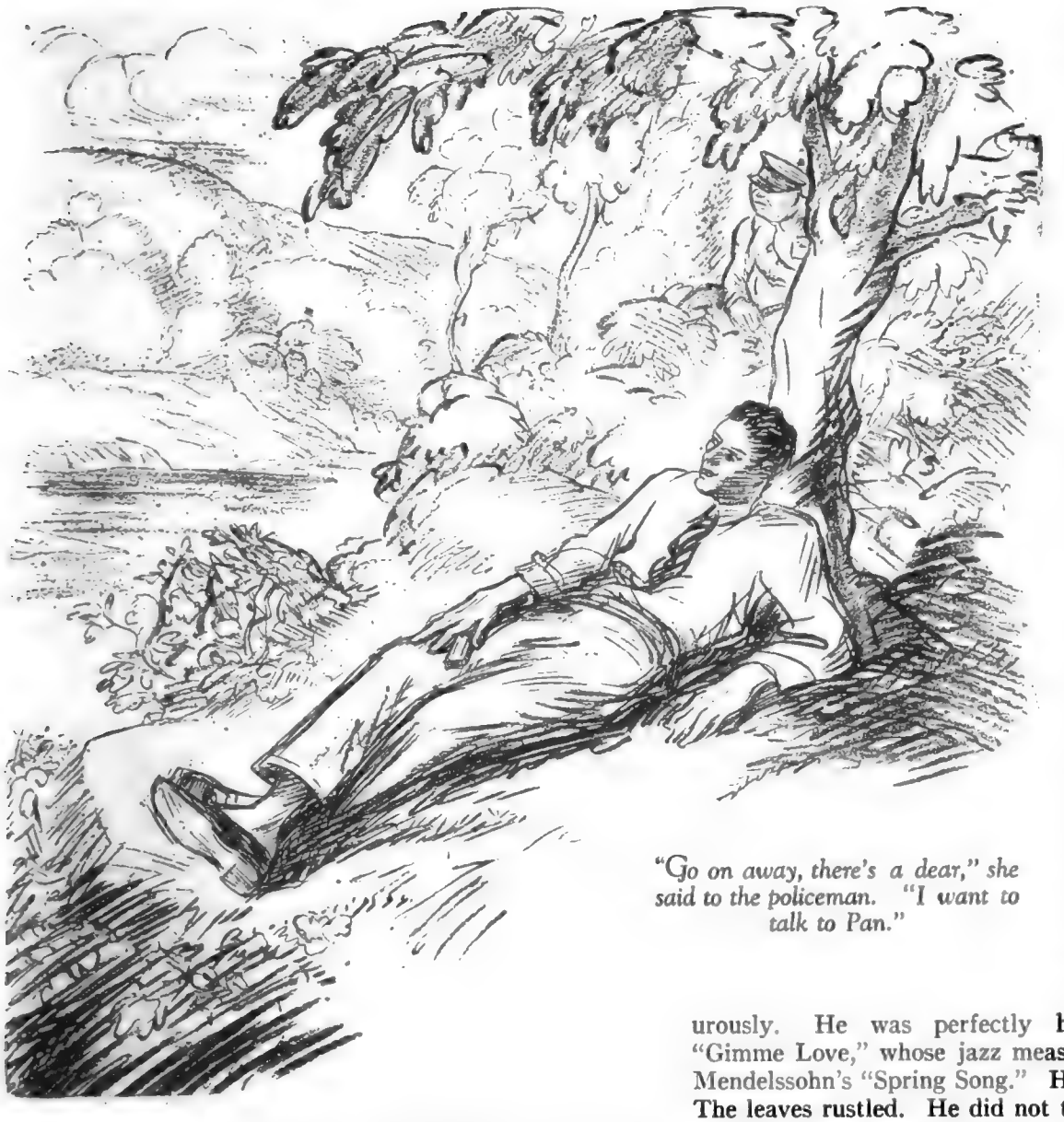

"Go on away, there's a dear," she said to the policeman. "I want to talk to Pan."

Now he took the path to the right of the shelter, crossed the road, struck the path again, came to a rustic bridge that humped high in the middle, spanning a cool green stream, willow-bordered. The cool green stream was an emerald chain that threaded its way in a complete circlet about the sylvan spot known as Wooded Island, relic of World's Fair days.

The little island lay, like a thing under enchantment, silent, fragrant, golden, green, exquisite. Squirrels and blackbirds, rabbits and pigeons mingled in Æsopian accord. The air was warm and still, held by the encircling trees and shrubbery. There was not a soul to be seen. At the far north end the two Japanese model houses, survivors of the exposition, gleamed white among the trees.

Nick stood a moment. His eyelids closed, langorously. He stretched his arms out and up deliciously, bringing his stomach in and his chest out. He took off his cap and stuffed it into his pocket. He strolled across the thick cool nap of the grass, deserting the pebble path. At the west edge of the island a sign said: "No One Allowed in the Shrubbery." Ignoring it, Nick parted the branches, stopped and crept, reached the bank that sloped down to the cool green stream, took off his coat, and lay relaxed upon the ground. Above him the tree branches made a pattern against the sky. Little ripples lipped the shore. Scampering velvet-footed things, feathered things, winged things made pleasant stir among the leaves. Nick slept.

He awoke in half an hour refreshed. He lay there, thinking of nothing—a charming gift. He found a stray peanut in his pocket and fed it to a friendly squirrel. His hand encountered the cool metal of his harmonica. He drew out the instrument, placed his coat, folded, under his head, crossed his knees, one leg swinging idly, and began to play raptourously. He was perfectly happy. He played "Gimme Love," whose jazz measures are stolen from Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." He did not know this. The leaves rustled. He did not turn his head.

"Hello, Pan!" said a voice. A girl came down the slope and seated herself beside him. She was not smiling.

Nick removed the harmonica from his lips and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Hello, who?"

"Hello, Pan."

"Wrong number, lady," Nick said, and again applied his lips to the mouth organ. The girl laughed then, throwing back her head. Her throat was long and slim and brown. She clasped her knees with her arms and looked at Nick amusedly. Nick thought she was a kind of homely little thing.

"Pan," she explained, "was a pagan deity. He played pipes in the woods."

" 'S all right with me," Nick ventured, bewildered but amiable. He wished she'd go away. But she didn't. She began to take off her shoes and stockings. She went down to the water's edge, then, and paddled her feet. Nick sat up, outraged. "Say, you can't do that."

She glanced back at him over her shoulder. "Oh, yes, I can. It's so hot." She wriggled her toes ecstatically.

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The leaves rustled again, briskly, unmistakably this time. A heavy tread. A rough voice. "Say, looka here! Get out of there, you! What the——" A policeman, red-faced, wroth. "You can't do that! Get outa here!"

It was like a movie, Nick thought. The girl turned her head. "Oh, now, Mr. Elwood," she said.

"Oh, it's you, miss," said the policeman. You would not have believed it could be the same policeman. He even giggled. "Thought you was away."

"I was. In fact, I am, really. I just got sick of it and ran away for a day. Drove. Alone. The family'll be wild."

"All the way?" said the policeman, incredulously. "Say, I thought that looked like your car standing out there by the road; but I says no, she ain't in town." He looked sharply at Nick, whose face had an Indian composure, though his feelings were mixed. "Who's this?"

"He's a friend of mine. His name's Pan." She was drying her feet with an inadequate rose-colored handkerchief. She crept crabwise up the bank, and put on her stockings and slippers.

"Why'n't you come out and set on a bench?" suggested the policeman, worriedly.

The girl shook her head. "In Arcadia we don't sit on benches. I should think you'd know that. Go on away, there's a dear. I want to talk to this—to Pan."

He persisted. "What'd your pa say, I'd like to know!" The girl shrugged her shoulders. Nick made as though to rise. He was worried. A nut, that's what. She pressed him down again with a hard brown hand.

"Now it's all right. He's going. Old Fuss!" The policeman stood a brief moment longer. Then the foliage rustled again. He was gone. The girl sighed happily. "Play that thing some more, will you? You're a 'wiz' at it, aren't you?"

"I'm pretty good," said Nick, modestly. Then the outrageousness of her conduct struck him afresh. "Say, who're you, anyway?"

"My name's Berry—short for Bernice. . . . What's yours, Pan?"

"Nick—that is—Nick."

"Ugh, terrible! I'll stick to Pan. What d'you do when you're not Panning?" Then, at the bewilderment in his face: "What's your job?"

"I work in the Ideal Garage. Say, you're pretty nosey, ain't you?"

"Yes, pretty. . . . That accounts for your nails, h'm?" She looked at her own brown paws. "'Bout as bad as mine. I drove one hundred and fifty miles today."

"Ya-as, you did!"

"I did! Started at six. And I'll probably drive back tonight."

"You're crazy!"

"I know it," she agreed, "and it's wonderful. . . . Can you play the Tommy Toddle?"

"Yeh. It's kind of hard, though, where the runs are. I don't get the runs so very good." He played it. She kept time with head and feet. When he had finished and wiped his lips:

"Elegant!" She took the harmonica from him, wiped it brazenly on the much-abused, rose-colored handkerchief and began to play, her cheeks puffed out, her eyes round with effort. She played the Tommy Toddle, and her runs were perfect. Nick's chagrin was swallowed by his admiration and envy.

"Say, kid, you got more wind than a factory whistle. Who learned you to play?"

She struck her chest with a hard brown fist. "Tennis. . . . Tim taught me."

"Who's Tim?"

"The—a chauffeur."

Nick leaned closer. "Say, do you ever go to the dances at Englewood Masonic Hall?"

"I never have."

"'Jah like to go some time?"

"I'd love it." She grinned up at him, her teeth flashing white in her brown face.

"It's swell here," he said, dreamily. "Like the woods?"

"Yes."

"Winter, when it's cold and dirty, I think about how it's here summers. It's like you could take it out of your head and look at it whenever you wanted to."

"Endymion."

"Huh?"

"A man said practically the same thing the other day. Name of Keats."

"Yeh?"

"He said: 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

"That's one way putting it," he agreed, graciously.

Unsmilingly she reached over with one slim forefinger, as if compelled, and touched the blond hairs on Nick's wrist. Just touched them. Nick remained motionless. The girl shivered a little, deliciously. She glanced at him shyly. Her lips were provocative. Thoughtlessly, blindly, Nick suddenly flung an arm about her, kissed her. He kissed her as he had never kissed Miss Bauers—as he had never kissed Miss Ahearn, Miss Olson, or just Gertie. The girl did not scream, or push him away, or slap him, or protest, or giggle as would have the above-mentioned young ladies. She sat breathing rather fast, a tinge of scarlet showing beneath the tan.

"Well, Pan," she said, low-voiced, "you're running true to form, anyway." She eyed him appraisingly. "Your appeal is in your virility, I suppose. Yes."

"My what?"

She rose. "I've got to go."

Panic seized him. "Say, don't drive back tonight, huh? Wherever it is you've got to go. You ain't driving back tonight?"

She made no answer; parted the bushes, was out on the gravel path in the sunlight, a slim, short-skirted, almost childish figure. He followed. They crossed the bridge, left the island, reached the roadway almost in silence. At the side of the road was a roadster. Its hood was the kind that conceals power. Its lamps were two giant eyes rimmed in precious metal. Its line spelled strength. Its body was foreign. Nick's engine-wise eyes saw these things at a glance.

"That your car?"

"Yes."

"Gosh!"

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She unlocked it, threw in the clutch, shifted, moved. "Say!" was wrung from Nick helplessly. She waved at him. "Good-by, Pan." He stared, stricken. She was off swiftly, silently; flashed around a corner; was hidden by the trees and shrubs.

He stood a moment. He felt bereaved, cheated. Then a little wave of exaltation shook him. He wanted to talk to someone. "Gosh!" he said again. He glanced at his wrist. Five-thirty. He guessed he'd go home. He guessed he'd go home and get one of Ma's dinners. One of Ma's dinners and talk to Ma. The Sixty-third Street car. He could make it and back in plenty time.

Nick lived in that section of Chicago known as Englewood, which is not so sylvan as it sounds, but appropriate enough for a faun. Not only that; he lived in S. Green Street, Englewood. S. Green Street, near Seventieth, is almost rural with its great elms and poplars, its frame cottages, its back gardens. A neighborhood of thrifty, foreign-born fathers and mothers, many children, tree-lined streets badly paved. Nick turned in at a two-story brown frame cottage. He went around to the back. Ma was in the kitchen.

Nick's presence at the evening meal was an uncertain thing. Sometimes he did not eat at home for a week, excepting only his hurried early breakfast. He rarely spent an evening at home, and when he did, used the opportunity for making up lost sleep. Pa never got home from work until after six. Nick liked his dinner early and hot. On his rare visits his mother welcomed him like one of the Gracchi. Mother and son understood each other wordlessly, having much in common. You would not have thought it of her (forty-six bust, forty waist, measureless hips), but Ma was a nymph at heart. Hence Nick.

"Hello, Ma!" She was slamming expertly about the kitchen. "Hello, yourself," said Ma. Ma had a line of slang gleaned from her numerous brood. It fell strangely from her lips. Ma had never quite lost a tinge of foreign accent, though she had come to America when a girl. A hearty, zestful woman, savoring life with gusto, undiminished by child-bearing and hard work. "Eating home, Dewey?" She alone used this name.

"Yeh, but I gotta be back by seven-thirty. Got anything ready?"

"Dinner ain't, but I'll get you something. Plenty. Platter ham and eggs and a quick fry. Cherry cobbler's done. I'll fix you some." (Cherry cobbler is shortcake with a soul.)

He ate enormously at the kitchen table, she hovering over him. "What's the news, Dewey?"

"Ain't none." He ate in silence. Then: "How old was you when you married Pa?"

"Me? Say, I wasn't no more'n a kid. I gotta laugh when I think of it."

"What was Pa earning?" She laughed a great hearty laugh, dipping a piece of bread sociably in the ham fat on the platter, just to bear him company.

"Say, earn! If he'd of earned what you was earning now, we'd of thought we was millionaires. Time Etty was born he was pulling down thirteen a week, and we saved on it." She looked at him suddenly, sharply. "Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering."

"Look what good money he's getting now! If I was you, I wouldn't stick around no old garage for what they give you. You could get a good job in the works with Pa; first thing you know you'd be pulling down big money. You're smart like that with engines. . . . Takes a lot of money nowadays for a feller to get married."

"You *tell* 'em," agreed Nick. He looked up at her, having finished eating. His glance was almost tender. "How'd you come to marry Pa, anyway? You and him's so different." The nymph in Ma leaped to the surface and stayed there a moment, sparkling, laughing, dimpling. "Oh, I dunno. I kept running away and he kept running after. Like that."

He looked up again quickly at that. "Yeh. That's it. Fella don't like to have no girl chasing him all the time. Say, he likes to do the chasing himself. Ain't that the truth?"

"You *tell* 'em!" agreed Ma. A great jovial laugh shook her. Heavy-footed now, but light of heart.

Suddenly: "I'm thinking of going to night school. Learn something. I don't know nothing."

"You do, too, Dewey!"

"Aw, wha'd I know? I never had enough schooling. Wished I had."

"Who's doing was it? You wouldn't stay. You wouldn't go no more than sixth reader and quit. Nothing wouldn't get you to go."

He agreed gloomily. "I know it. I don't know what nothing is. Uh—Arcadia—or—now—vitality or nothing."

"Oh, that comes easy," she encouraged him, "when you begin once."

He reached for her hand gratefully. "You're a swell cook, Ma." He had a sudden burst of generosity, of tenderness. "Soon's the bus is fixed I'll take you joy-riding over to the lake."

Ma always wore a boudoir cap of draggled lace and ribbon for motoring. Nick almost never offered her a ride. She did not expect him to.

She pushed him playfully. "Go on! You got plenty young girls to take riding, not your ma."

"Oh, girls!" he said, scornfully. Then in another tone: "Girls." He was off. It was almost seven. He caught a car back to Fifty-third Street. Elmer was lounging in the cool doorway of the garage. Nick, in sheer exuberance of spirits, squared off, doubled his fists, and danced about Elmer in a semicircle, working his arms as a prizefighter does, warily.

"What you been doing," inquired that long-suffering gentleman, "makes you feel so good? Where you been?" "Oh, nowheres. Bumming round. Park."

He turned in the direction of the stairway. Elmer lounged after him. "Oh, say, dame's been calling you for the last hour. Like to busted the phone."

"Aw, Bauers."

"No, that wasn't the name. Name's Mary or Berry, or something like that. A dozen times, I betcha. Says you was to call her as soon as you come in. Drexel 47—wait a min't'—yeh—that's right—Drexel 473—"

"Swell chanst," said Nick. Suddenly his buoyancy was gone. His shoulders drooped. His cigarette dangled limp. Disappointment curved his lips, burdened his eyes. "*Swell* chanst!"

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS'

thrilling account of one of the most important, dramatic, and moving events in modern French history Here Presented for the First Time

The First of Four Parts

The Flight to Varennes

Translated by RICHARD S. GARNETT

A Word from the Translator: History and Romance, though so often united and inseparable in point of fact, have rarely found a writer who has emerged with equal credit both as Historian and as Romancer. Sir Walter Scott, among others, in turn produced volumes of romance and volumes of history, but the public has never accepted him as Historian.

Horace Walpole declared history to be "all lies," but no one has declared romance to be all truth. It is in the successful blending of the two that Alexandre Dumas' genius is so conspicuous.

Strangely enough, however, the one work written by him which has been considered to be above criticism is a historical work—the work, in fact, which, in my translation, I am now offering you for the first time in English.

Dumas was dissatisfied with the Historians, who, said he, evoked pale phantoms, while romancers, on the contrary, created characters of flesh and blood. He went further: finding by his experiences that Historians are often unreliable, he decided to show them the way to perform their work. History, according to him, cannot be written, or, at all events, ascertained in the library—it should be investigated on the *locus in quo* where, only, are to be found together monument, record, and tradition.

I find that this record is unique not merely among the works of Dumas, but among the works of any writer whomsoever.

RICHARD S. GARNETT.

London, November, 1929.

CHAPTER ONE

ONE OF THE POINTS on which you, dear readers, are perhaps insufficiently assured is the amount of conscientious and persistent work that I put into the researches which precede and accompany my historical romances. In order to cure you of your incredulity, supposing you still to be incredulous, I am going to tell you how I set to work when there is any uncertainty in my mind.

Perhaps you may remember the romance called *La Comtesse de Charny*. If you do not know it, read it. If you have read and forgotten it, read it again. It is one of my best. Well, when I had come in this romance to the flight of the King, I set myself to read over again everything that I had read when I wrote and published my *Histoire de Louis XVI*. First I read all the historians who had treated the subject—we will name them in order of date to avoid cause for jealousies—the Abbé Georgel, Lacretelle, Thiers, Michelet, and Louis Blanc. Then all the detailed memoirs: Madame Campan, Weber, Léonard, Bertrand de Molleville, Bouillé, Choiseul, Valory, de Moustier, de Goguelat. Two of these, de Moustier and Valory, accompanied the King; Messieurs de Choiseul and de Goguelat rejoined him at Varennes. They were therefore eye-witnesses of what happened. Moreover, I have had the honor of knowing M. le Duc de Choiseul personally, and have a dozen times talked with him about the great catastrophe.

Well, notwithstanding the illumination of these torch-bearers whom we call historians, and the lantern-carriers we call annalists, and notwithstanding the verbal narrative of the Duc de Choiseul, whose memory was as precise as that of a young man, I had, following them in my twice-told tale, fallen into certain errors which some of my readers in Châlons, Ste. Menehould, and Varennes had pointed out to me with friendly solicitude, offering me means of correction, if ever I brought out a second edition of *Louis XVI.* or the *Comtesse de Charny*, or a new book on the same subject.

One fine day, as I was dreaming of a new romance which is not yet, and probably never will be written, of which the opening scene should be staged at Varennes on the night of June 22-23, 1791, that is, the night the King and Queen were arrested there, I resolved to clear up my doubts once and for all, and to retrace, step by step, starting at Châlons, the route the King had taken from Châlons to Varennes. My investigations should start at Châlons only because it was at Châlons, with the recognition of the King, that there started that train of events which culminated at Varennes on the night of his arrest.

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Madame du Barry threw her arms around the King's neck and, pointing to the portrait of Charles I., said: "There's a King whose head was cut off because he was soft with his Parliament. So, look out and keep yours in hand!"

Starting from Châlons, I should follow, as I have said, each step of the road taken by the illustrious fugitives. At every halt I should consult not only the published records but the oral traditions; not only the oral traditions but the recollections of contemporaries, who had with their own eyes seen the events whose consequences became so grave and which have only increased in gravity during the sixty-seven years which have passed since then.

In fact, when one thinks of it, one is forced to allow that the flight to Varennes is not only the most important event of the French Revolution but even in its whole history.

It was the culminating point of the monarchy. Seven hundred and four years led up to Varennes. From Varennes nineteen months brought it down to the Place de la Révolution. In placing his foot on the first step of Sauce's staircase, the unfortunate Louis XVI. took the first step toward the scaffold.

But it is not from the point of view of the royal family that we estimate the importance of this event. It is because the arrest of the King in this little town—

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still obscure on the evening of June 22nd, and the following morning tragically renowned forever—was the origin of all the political cataclysms since that time.

Had Louis XVI. not attempted to fly, or had he attempted it and succeeded, quite other events would have followed in place of those which actually transpired. There would have been no civil war, no war against neighboring states, no coalition, no End of September, no Terror, no Bonaparte, no Isle of Elba, no Waterloo, no St. Helena.

And who can tell what events would have replaced the things which did happen and which seventy years ago made the history not only of France but of the world?

I imagined, therefore, that in itself it would be an interesting narrative, this account of a tour undertaken not only to correct the inaccuracies of historians ignorant of the localities, but to add to the published accounts those picturesque touches which the surviving witnesses can give; and, in fact, although sixty-four years had elapsed between the flight of the King and the date when I took my journey, I found old men who had seen M. Nicaise at Châlons, M. Mathieu at Ste. Menehould, and M. Bellay at Varennes. Are not the centuries themselves a chain of old men, each holding out a hand to his successor? And thus through my investigations I was able to procure something which our great historians had never thought of.

What would you expect, my dear readers? Being a romancer, I naturally possess imagination. I have procured a map of the town of Varennes as it was on that night when, going to its rest, it was a placid hill-top, only to awake a seething volcano.

It is said that truth penetrates with difficulty to the ear of kings. I will venture on a maxim which you may call a paradox if you will, and it is this: that it is much harder for the truth to penetrate to the ear of the people.

Now it is for the people that I have always written, and it is for the people that I tear off this leaflet from the gigantic epic of our fathers.

THANKS TO THE RAILWAYS, we still arrive at our destinations. We never fail to get there; we get there quicker than ever, but we no longer travel.

We arrived at Châlons, my companion and I, at one o'clock in the morning of the 21st of July, 1856.

Among the names of hotels with which, on emerging into the courtyard of the railway station, our ears were deafened, I noticed that of the Haute-Mère-Dieu. I presumed this hostelry would be sufficiently venerable to have a reputation to preserve. So among the three or four omnibuses in waiting, all open-mouthed like the bull of Phalaris, I inquired for the one which would conduct us to our saintly destination; and we resolutely committed ourselves to it. Five minutes later we were rattling over the marble eggs that pave the most important place in the Department of the Marne; and a quarter of an hour later we had arrived.

The hotel at night-time, like all hotels at night, was a kind of hundred-eyed Argus, asleep, with a single eye open. This single eye was shining with a lamp; and in the light of the lamp slumbered the poor wretch of a waiter whose duty it was to sit up to attend on arrivals. Staggering, he conducted us to a large room with two beds, lit two tapers, and placed one at each end of our apartment to mark its north and south poles. He obsequiously asked us if we wished for anything, all the time hoping that we should say "No"; and when we did reply in the negative, he retired with alacrity to enjoy the four hours of sleep which yet remained to him. A few minutes later, my companion and I launched a "good night" across the hemispheres, and each blew out his taper. . . .

We had hardly risen in the morning when we received a visit from mine host. He had somehow or other discovered my identity; and supposing that we could not have come to Châlons for any other object than to study the wine of Champagne, he put himself at our disposal and offered to show us the cellars of M. Jacquesson.

I thanked him for his obliging offer and told him that if we had the time we should solicit the favor, through his agency, of a visit to the catacombs of the illustrious proprietor, but that for the moment our attention was turned in the direction of historical rather than vinous research. As a matter of fact, I had come to Châlons to see the place where, as if it were an omen, the horses that drew the coach of Louis XVI. had stumbled, fallen, and so entangled themselves in the traces that they had to be taken from the shafts and re-harnessed; all of which had delayed the party nearly half an hour.

Wishing to acquaint myself with the localities, I, in the company of a very obliging and intelligent townsman, M. Leroi, started for the posting stables, which are leased today by M. Duguet.

I was informed that the posting stables had always been in the same place, and that it was there, consequently, that Louis XVI. had changed horses on Tuesday, the 21st of June, at half-past four in the afternoon.

M. Duguet, who was not old enough to throw any light on the matter by his own recollections, had the kindness to look into the title-deeds belonging to the business. He discovered that what had caused the error was that the name "The Royal Coaching Office" had formerly applied to the building which he occupies today, and which became the public posting station when it ceased to be "The Royal Coaching Office."

The posting station of 1791 was situated at the end of the Rue St. Jacques, in the house now inhabited by M. Eugène Perrier. The name of the posting-master was Oudet.

"If we arrive at Châlons without being recognized," the King had said, "we are safe."

They did arrive at Châlons without being recognized.

Let us see what had happened up to then.

This point in the history of France has always so interested me that I believe not one of the smallest details of the flight to Varennes has escaped me.

Who was the first to advise this fatal flight?

History tells us that it was Mirabeau, but we ourselves say it was the portrait of Charles I.

Have you not often fallen into a reverie before Van Dyck's beautiful portrait of Charles I., a *chef d'œuvre* not only of painting but of poetry?

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There he stands, the proud Stuart: a dreamer, melancholy, his right hand on his stick, his left on the hilt of his sword. There he stands with his long hair, in defiance of the cropped polls of the Puritans—"the Roundheads." Behind him is his horse, with lowered head, pawing the earth, held by the page Barry; before him is the ocean, the wild and solitary ocean, that ocean which seems hostile to this "King of the Four Seas," as his predecessors, the kings of the Red and the White Rose, called themselves.

That is all that is to be seen on the surface of this magnificent canvas. But, behind the King, who is half turned to the spectator, behind the restless horse pawing the ground, behind the page—who, having neither the apprehension of the King nor the instinct of the animal, remains unconcerned—behind all this we feel the shadow of the gloomy window of Whitehall, the scaffold draped with black, the masked headsman.

Well, this picture has had a fatal influence on the fortunes of France. We will relate its history in a few words.

It used to be in England; but the English, caring little for art, were ignorant of the value of the painting. A man calling himself a French merchant appeared one day before its owner and offered a thousand louis in bright, shining, true-ringing gold pieces. The thousand louis tempted the Englishman, and the picture became the property of the merchant.

This merchant was an emissary of M. le Duc de Richelieu. Now, what did the Duke want with this picture?

Oh, it was a conspiracy against Parliament. They were to persuade an old worn-out King to throw over his Parliament, and in order to strengthen the King they had to rejuvenate the man.

This King was Louis XV.

M. de Richelieu discovered Madame du Barry, a pretty young minx of just sufficiently low intelligence to exert no personal influence, but lively and witty enough to be a support to the influence of others.

Messieurs d'Aiguillon and de Richelieu first did the little baggage the honor of becoming her lovers; then they married her to a poverty-stricken peer, who gave her his name; then she was passed on to Louis XV. It was just what was wanted. Louis XV. was tickled by the audacious familiarity with which the favorite addressed him; his jaded senses responded to her caresses; and, now that the King's senses were aroused, he was believed capable of making a resolution.

Then it was that M. de Richelieu bought Van Dyck's picture and presented it to the favorite, under the pretext that the page who held Charles' horse, and who was called Barry, was one of her husband's ancestors.

Such was the pretext. Now for the reality.

The portrait of Charles I. was placed in a position where Louis XV. could have it constantly before his eyes. It was hung in the favorite's boudoir, opposite her sofa. She being quartered in the upper story of the château of Versailles, Van Dyck's picture occupied the full height of the wall, touching the ceiling at the top and the floor at the bottom.

This splendid canvas, impressive to everyone, if not as a work of art—kings and courtesans care little as a rule for works of art—yet as a monument of the caprices of destiny, was, for seven or eight years, a witness of the impudent games of the woman who, in Lamartine's fine phrase, "disgraced both the throne and the scaffold, the one by her laughs, the other by her cries." It was before this canvas, as Michelet tells us, that she threw her arm around the King's neck and, pointing to Charles I., said: "There, France" (so she called Louis XV.), "there's a king whose head was cut off because he was soft with his Parliament. So, look out and keep yours in hand!"

Louis XV. dissolved his Parliament. And then heaven dissolved Louis XV.

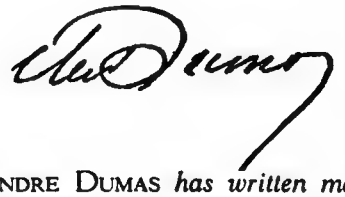
The courtesan was driven out of the royal palace, and the picture descended to the apartments of the dauphin, who became King under the title of Louis XVI.

The 6th of October arrived and the return of Louis XVI. to Paris. The Tuileries were allotted to the King as his residence; and they furnished the Tuileries at the expense of Versailles. The portrait of Charles I. followed the King.

It was like a warning which seemed to repeat: "Bourbon, remember the Stuart!" Louis XVI. did remember; he remembered only too well.

A Saxon on his mother's side, Louis XVI. spoke both German and English. He translated, strange to tell, Horace Walpole's *Apology for Richard III.* He was always reading Hume in the original; and Hume says, as Madame du Barry said to Louis XV., "Here is a king who had his head cut off for having given in to his Parliament."

Louis was irresolute first and foremost. He was more irresolute than ever when he stood before that image with the melancholy eyes, and repeated the last word of the king before his execution: "Remember!" He would not give in to his Parliament like Charles I.; he had not the strength to resist like Louis XV. He resolved on flight.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS *has written more books than any one else living or dead. It was his invariable custom to fill twenty pages a day. On the day that he finished* Monte Cristo *he found that he had used up only fifteen sheets. Seizing a clean page, he wrote* Les Trois Mousquetaires, *and rapidly completed five pages of the new story.*

Dumas was historian, dramatist, politician, soldier, lover, spendthrift and cook as well as romancer—and all on a Gargantuan scale. His talents, his vitality, his generosity, his vanity were measureless. In Who's Who in the GOLDEN BOOK, *on page four, some brief account of his thousand exploits is given.*

His swift-moving story of the flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette is unassailable history. It is also an absorbing picture of those two unwise monarchs at the moment when, the Bastille fallen, their power seized from their hands, their troops mutinying, virtually prisoners of the National Guard in their palace, they are about to go down before the sullen tide of revolution.

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The royal family were literally prisoners . . . most of the attendants were spies

Mirabeau's advice came only after the counsel gathered from Charles I.

Let me be pardoned for retracing this great epoch so often and engraving, if possible, every detail on the memory both of the people and of kings. *Le Moniteur,* from the 14th July, 1789, to the 7th Thermidor, 1795, is the political gospel of the whole world.

Charles I. and Mirabeau, then, both equally counseled Louis XVI. to flee. Then took place an event which made a great impression on him.

This event happened on the 18th of April, 1791. On the 18th of April, 1791, the King wanted to go to St. Cloud; it was the Monday in Easter week. The King, the Queen, the bishops, the attendants were already in the carriages in which they were to make the short journey of two leagues; but the people would not allow the King to leave the Tuileries.

The King insisted. The tocsin of St. Roche began to sound. The King leaned out from his carriage. Thousands of voices cried, "No! No! The King wants to flee!"

"I love you too much to leave you, my children," said the King.

"And we too love you," replied a grenadier; "but yourself alone."

The Queen, thus excluded from the love of France for her sovereign, wept and stamped with grief and passion, but was obliged to re-enter the Tuileries.

The King was a captive; the fact was plain.

However, it is possible for a captive to escape; and the King, from this moment, resolved to flee and began to prepare for his flight.

Now at the very time when the King wanted to escape from France, two parties also desired his escape: the Royalists, so that the King, set at liberty, should be able to take advantage of foreign offers of help; and the Republicans, so that they should not be forced to behead the King in order to proclaim the Republic. We shall show later that those who prevented the King were not the Republicans but the constitutional Royalists.

Flight once resolved on, the next thing was to put it into execution. The Queen was the chief instigator of this project.

The Princesses of the House of Austria were always the evil genii of the kings of France: Marie de Medici, Anne of Austria, Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise.

The King might have left on horseback; a good rider, an accomplished huntsman, nothing would have been easier to him than to obtain an escort strong enough to conduct him in the disguise of a courier to the frontier.

But, during the night of the 5th to the 6th October, the Queen had made him vow that he would never escape alone, and would leave France only in company with her and her children. As good a husband and father as he was a bad king, he did not mind perjuring himself to his people, but he would not break his word to his family. It was resolved, therefore, that they should all flee together, the King, the Queen, and the royal children of France.

This was to double, treble, quadruple their difficulties; it was to make escape almost impossible.

The Queen undertook to intrigue. She was supported by foreign royalties.

On the 27th of May the King wrote to M. de Bouillé that his departure was fixed for the 19th of June following. They should have started on the 11th, but suspicions were entertained about the loyalty of the Dauphin's lady-in-waiting, Madame de Rochereul, who was the mistress of M. de Gouvion, La Fayette's aide-de-camp; and as she would be on duty till the 12th, it would not do, therefore, to start on the 11th.

From the 15th of June the Austrians were to occupy the posting stations two leagues beyond Montmédy. The King was to go out with the royal family in an ordinary private carriage; the great traveling berlin was to wait for them at Bondy. If the King did not arrive at Bondy by two hours after midnight, it would be because he had been arrested at the gate of the Tuileries or at the barrier of the city. In this case, the escort of the berlin was to start alone and ride at top speed to Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, where it was to tell M. de Choiseul that the attempt had failed. M. de Choiseul would pass the word to M. d'Andoins, M. d'Andoins to M. de Damas, M. de Damas to M. de Bouillé, and each would then provide for his own safety.

M. de Bouillé received these instructions and made his dispositions accordingly. He immediately sent M. de Choiseul to Paris. At Paris, M. de Choiseul was to take his instructions from the King and start on the route twelve hours in advance of him. His men and horses were to post themselves at Varennes from the morning of the 18th. On the 19th, rested and fresh, they would take the place of the relays and convoy the carriage from Varennes to Dun. You remember there was no posting station at Varennes, so, in that neighborhood, a man placed on the road would inform the King where he would find fresh horses. The change would thus be made swiftly and without confusion.

On his return, which, as we have said, was to precede the King's departure by twelve hours, M. de Choiseul was to take command of the fifty hussars at Pont-de-Somme-Vesle, wait for the King and royal family, and escort them as far as Sainte-Menehould.

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At Sainte-Menehould the hussars would be relieved by M. d'Andoins' dragoons and would bar the road to pursuit. None would be suffered to pass after the King, but at the end of four-and-twenty hours the prohibition was to be withdrawn. M. de Choiseul was to have an order signed by the King authorizing him to employ force in case of need. He was to distribute six hundred louis d'or among the soldiers. As for M. de Bouillé, who was at Metz, he was to approach Montmédy under pretext of making a tour of inspection.

And so all was arranged. The King had had time to reflect; there would now be no further change.

On the 2nd of June M. de Choiseul was at Paris. On the 14th, M. de Bouillé was at Longwy, and there received a letter from the King: "The departure is postponed four-and-twenty hours."

Why did this fresh delay occur?

Oh, for a sufficiently serious reason: the King drew his civil list pension on the morning of the 20th; and Louis XVI., an economical monarch, did not wish to lose his quarter's allowance. If Paris were well worth a mass, according to Henry IV., then, according to Louis XVI., six million francs was well worth a day. But the reason, however cogent it might be, threw M. de Bouillé into despair. It meant that counter-orders must be given to the whole line. Instead of two days, the relays were to be three days at their posts, and there would be three days' cantonment for the troops. Well, he had to make the best of it. On the 20th of June he advanced to Stenay and there found the Royal-Allemands, on whom he knew he could rely.

Now, let us see what was passing at Paris during these last days. We have said the Queen had set herself to intrigue. She did intrigue. First, she presented the celebrated white horses of Voltaire's triumphal car. On the 19th she had been walking with the Dauphin along the outer boulevards. On the 20th she said to M. de Montmorin, Minister of Foreign Affairs:

"Have you seen Madame Elizabeth? She is causing me great trouble. I have just come from her, and I have been doing everything I can think of to induce her to join us in the procession of the Fête-Dieu; but she absolutely refuses. Do try to persuade her to sacrifice her prejudices, for her brother's sake."

On the same day she met an officer of the National Guard.

"Well, monsieur," she asked him with a smile, "are they still talking about the flight of the King?"

"No, madame," replied the officer, "they are too convinced of the King's attachment to the Constitution and of his love for his people."

"They are quite right!" replied the Queen, and she passed on, saluting the officer with her most gracious smile.

And then attention had to be paid to necessary details.

On the 17th, M. de Moustier, ex-garde du corps, was accosted by an unknown individual as he was walking in the Tuileries. The stranger invited him, in the name of the King, to follow him. M. de Moustier obeyed, and ten minutes later found himself in the King's chamber. Louis XVI. greeted him by name and, without circumlocution, entering on the subject, begged him to tell two of his former comrades, M. de Valory and M. de Malden, to get jackets of chamois color made for themselves. This was pretty imprudent, for chamois was the color of the hunting livery of M. de Condé, who had been an *émigré* for more than a year. He also requested M. de Moustier to walk that evening on the quay of the Port-Royal; there, a lady in his confidence, who would make herself known to him, would bring him the King's final orders.

The citizens were apprehensive that the King planned to escape

On the evening of the 19th M. de Moustier received accordingly the following instructions:

"M. de Moustier and his friends are to be in the courtyard of the château tomorrow at nine o'clock in the evening; they will then be informed of what they have to do."

It remained to procure a passport. This was not easy. No one could travel without a passport at this period, on account of the emigrations. But M. de Fersen solved the difficulty. Madame la Baronne de Korff was intending to leave Paris with her two children, a steward and two maids. This would do nicely: the Queen would pass for la Baronne de Korff; Madame Royale and the Dauphin would represent the two children; the King would be the steward, and Mesdames Brunier and de Neuville, who were to accompany the royal party, were to be the two maids. It is true that neither Madame Elizabeth nor M. d'Agout, whom M. de Bouillé had so strongly recommended the King to take, was included; but something had to be left to chance. In order to procure another passport for Madame la Baronne de Korff, M. de Fersen alleged that the first had by mischance been thrown into the fire with some other papers; and Madame de Korff obtained, without difficulty, a second passport; only, in order to avoid embarrassing the scheme, she was not to leave till the King and Queen should have arrived in safety at Montmédy.

On the morning of the 20th M. de Moustier presented his two companions to the King. These gentlemen received their instructions. M. de Malden was to answer to the name of "Jean," M. de Moustier to "Melchior," and M. de Valory was to be called "François."

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The King, always undecided, had for a moment an idea of putting off the departure to the night between the 21st and 22nd; but M. de Choiseul's instructions were precise, and he had declared that if they did not start on the 20th at midnight, he would himself leave at four in the morning of the 21st and would take with him to Dun, Stenay and Montmédy all the detachments which he should find on the road. Such were M. de Bouillé's positive orders.

M. de Choiseul waited at his residence in the Rue d'Artois for the orders of the court.

At nine on the evening of the 20th he had heard nothing; and he should have started twelve hours before the King. He was beginning to despair, when the only one of his men he had kept with him, who believed that his master was starting that same evening for Metz, came to announce that someone from the Queen wished to speak to him. He sighed with relief and gave orders to admit whoever was there. Still, the messenger might well be sent to say that the Queen was not going. The messenger entered. He wore a round hat pulled down over his eyes; he was wrapped in an immense greatcoat; but in spite of these precautions M. de Choiseul recognized at the first glance the Queen's hairdresser, the famous Léonard, who has left us his *Mémoires*. A man who had constructed those fantastic coiffures which had to be built up from the steps of a ladder, and which represented flower-beds, complete with plants, trees, and even birds and their nests, was a man who would have a high idea of his value. Once he had introduced into the design of one of these crazy head-dressings a ship of the line with its three decks, its masts, sails and rigging, its crew, cannon, and flags. It is true it was done on the voyage to Cherbourg.

"It is you, isn't it, Léonard?" said M. de Choiseul. "*Morbleu!* I was growing very impatient to see someone; I did not know it would be you; but since it is you, I am glad to see you."

"It is not my fault if you have been waiting, monsieur," said Léonard. "It is only ten minutes since the Queen told me to come to you."

"Did she tell you nothing else?"

"She told me to take all her diamonds and to bring you this letter."

"Hand it over!" said M. de Choiseul impatiently. Léonard looked at the young nobleman with astonishment; he was not used to such a lack of courtesy.

M. de Choiseul read the letter; it was long and full of recommendations; she told him they would leave at midnight precisely. And as for himself, she suggested that he should start that very moment, and begged him to take Léonard with him, who, she added, had orders to obey him as he would herself. The Queen did not want to start without her hairdresser and her diamonds.

The Count read the letter again; then, raising his eyes to Léonard, said:

"The Queen has doubtless given you certain instructions by word of mouth, my dear M. Léonard?"

"I will give you what she said word for word, M. le Comte."

"Tell me."

"She summoned me to her and said in a low voice, 'Léonard, can I count on you?' 'Through life and death, Madame!' I replied. 'Then,' she said, 'take all my diamonds, put them in your pockets. Take this letter to M. de Choiseul in the Rue d'Artois; take care above all that you give it to no one but himself!' Then, as I was withdrawing to obey Her Majesty's orders, the Queen called, 'Put on a hat with a wide brim and a long coat so as not to be recognized; and, my good Léonard, obey M. de Choiseul as if he were myself!' Then I went home, borrowed my brother's hat and greatcoat—and here I am."

M. de Choiseul showed Léonard the same directions in writing, and then burned the Queen's letter.

The Comte de Choiseul's servant entered. "M. le Comte's carriage is at the door," he said.

"Come, my dear Léonard, let us go," said the Count.

"What? Am I to go?" cried the hairdresser.

"Certainly; are you not to obey me as if I were the Queen? Well, I command you to come with me."

"And the diamonds?"

"Bring them with you."

"Where?"

"Where we are going."

"And where *are* we going?"

"To a place some leagues from here, where we have to fulfil a very important mission."

"Impossible, M. le Comte!" cried Léonard, drawing back in terror.

"Léonard, you forget you are to obey me as if I were the Queen."

"Certainly, M. le Comte, and I will not refuse anything reasonable; but I have left the latch-key of our rooms behind me; when my brother returns and finds his hat and overcoat gone, he will be in such a state. Then there is Madame de Laage, who won't have her hair dressed by anyone but me, and I have promised to do her hair; and besides, there are my cabriolet and man waiting for me in the courtyard of the Tuileries."

"Well, it can't be helped," said M. de Choiseul, laughing and raging at the same time at the hairdresser's resistance. "Your brother will get himself a new hat and a new overcoat. You will do Mme. de Laage's hair another day, and your man, when he sees you don't return, will conclude you have gone home without him and will go back alone. And as for us, my dear Léonard, we must be off."

And he made the frantic hairdresser get into his cabriolet, and drove off at the utmost speed toward Petite-Villette.

Chapter Two

The ancient proverb says "Whom the gods would destroy, they first deprive of reason." The gods had deprived the King and Queen of France of reason.

First, contrary to the advice of M. de Bouillé, who wanted them to take two plain "English diligences," the Queen ordered two enormous berlins to be made which she intended to cram with trunks, bags, and boxes. Instead of a courier in a simple livery such as might belong to anyone, or even one without livery, they dressed up three bodyguards in the Prince de

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Illustrations by
John Alan Maxwell

The Queen was so frightened that she ran

Condé's uniform. Instead of selecting three men who knew the road, they took three who had never been on it; and chose them haphazard. One of them did not even know Paris, and led the Queen to the Rue du Bac and on to the quays, while she was being waited for at the Rue de l'Echelle. Instead of putting a comb in her pocket wherewith to tidy her hair until the coiffeur whom she had sent to the frontier could repair the damages of traveling, the Queen had had a splendid dressing case made, which for two months had occupied all the jewelers of Paris. Instead of concealing the King, who was traveling in the guise of Madame de Korff's steward or footman, in the second carriage, they put him in the principal one, face to face with his supposed mistress, his knees touching hers. Instead of a pair of horses to the carriage, or three, or even four, they had it drawn by six, without thinking of the fact that the team of six was the prerogative of royalty alone. Instead of arming their guards to the teeth, they gave them little hunting knives at their belts, useful at best only in a hand-to-hand struggle, and they packed the pistols and blunderbusses in the trunks, along with the scarlet coat embroidered with gold that the King had worn at Cherbourg. And finally, instead of taking M. d'Agout—that resolute soldier who knew the road perfectly, and for whom M. de Bouillé had answered to the King—they took Madame de Tourzel, governess to the royal children. Madame de Tourzel had claimed her right in the name of etiquette, and carried it over the head of M. d'Agout, who based his claim merely on devotion.

Apart from this—every precaution was taken.

But they were perturbed by a difficulty at the start: to know how they were to get out of the Tuileries. The royal family were literally prisoners. La Fayette was to answer to the Assembly for their safekeeping. Six of the National Guard, drawn from different sections of Paris, mounted guard day and night over the Tuileries; two sentries on horseback were posted before the outer gate; sentinels were kept at all the garden doors, and on the riverside terrace they were stationed in line at a hundred paces' distance from each other. Within, it was even worse; there were sentinels all along from the entrance to the King's and Queen's cabinets, even to a little dark corridor tucked away in an upper story on which opened the private staircase for the use of the royal family. And, moreover, they were not the King's Lifeguards; the Lifeguards had been disbanded, and officers of the National Guard had replaced them. The King and Queen could go out only under the escort of two or three of them.

Moreover, most of the attendants were spies. You will remember that we mentioned Madame de Rochereul, the Dauphin's lady-in-waiting. How were they to escape from such surveillance? The Queen had pondered long over the question; and this is what she had decided upon:

Madame de Rochereul, whose term of duty expired on the 12th, was lodged in a little room whose door gave upon a suite that for six months had been unoccupied. The empty suite had belonged to M. de Villequier, first gentleman-in-waiting, and was unoccupied because M. de Villequier had emigrated. Now this suite, which was on the ground floor, had one way out to the Prince's Court and another to the Rue Royale. And, moreover, Madame de Rochereul's room, besides having a door into M. de Villequier's apartments, was next to Madame Royale's chamber.

On the 11th, Madame de Rochereul had hardly left the palace before the King and Queen were in her room. Under the pretext of giving Madame Royale better accommodation, the Queen declared that she should keep this apartment and that M. le Dauphin's waiting-woman should henceforth have a room in the suite of Madame de Chimai, one of the maids-of-honor. As for M. de Villequier's rooms, M. Renard, the inspector of the building, was asked for the key. M. Renard sent the key to the King on the 13th of June.

However numerous the sentinels were, no one had been stationed at the door of this suite, which had now

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The Queen shrank back against the wall to avoid being crushed. . . . The guard darted in front to conceal her

been empty for six months. Besides, at eleven o'clock, the sentinels in the courtyard were accustomed to see a rush of people coming out together, when the palace service was concluded for the day. Once in M. de Villequier's rooms, when eleven o'clock had struck, there would be a chance of leaving the palace.

As for getting the royal family across Paris, this was entrusted to M. de Fersen. He would be waiting with a fiacre, disguised as its driver, at the guichet de l'Echelle, and would take the fugitives from the l'Echelle gate to the Barrière de Clichy, where the traveling berlin had been sent to the house of an Englishman, Mr. Crawford. The three bodyguards were to follow in a fiacre. The two ladies' maids, Mme. Brunier and Mme. de Neuville, were to go on foot to the Pont Royal; there they would find a carriage and pair waiting for them, and in this they were to set off for Claye, where they would await the Queen.

The King was to leave in the disguise, as we have said, of a steward. His disguise consisted of a gray coat, a satin waistcoat, gray breeches and stockings, shoes with buckles, and a small three-cornered hat. His hair was turned up and fastened with an ivory comb on the top of his head. For a week before the day, the valet-de-chambre, Hue, who was of much the same build as the King, had been leaving the palace by the same door and at the same hour as the King was to leave. This was in order to accustom the sentinel to the sight of a man dressed in gray. As for M. le Dauphin, they were to put him into girl's clothes as a disguise.

Is this all? I do not want to forget a single detail.

This is all.

We have seen that at nine o'clock in the evening the Queen had sent Léonard to M. de Choiseul and that they had both started at express speed. At the same hour the three bodyguards were introduced to the King's apartments and were shut up in a closet.

At half-past nine, the Queen received a letter from Bailly. This accomplished mathematician took it into his head to act the chevalier, and sent the Queen a letter from Madame de Rochereul announcing that the royal family were to attempt to escape that very night.

At ten o'clock, M. de La Fayette was announced. There was no way of closing the door to him, and he was admitted. He had with him Messieurs de Gouvion and Romeuf, his aides-de-camp. Madame de Rochereul, who was M. de Gouvion's mistress, had warned her lover that the flight was prepared for that night.

The Queen and Madame Elizabeth had gone out that evening, without an escort, of course, to walk in the Bois de Boulogne. M. de La Fayette with his exquisite courtesy inquired of the Queen if she had had a pleasant walk, but he added with a smile:

"Your Majesty is unwise in staying out so late."

"And why do you think so?"

"Because the evening mists might do Your Majesty harm."

"The evening mists of the month of June? Really, unless I had had one made expressly to conceal our flight, I do not know where I should find one," replied the Queen with admirable assurance, "for I suppose the rumor persists that we are going to flee?"

"The fact is, Madame," replied the General, "that there is more talk than ever about your flight, to such an extent that I have received information that it will take place this very evening."

"Oh!" said the Queen, "I wager that it is M. de Gouvion who gives you that good news!"

"And why do you suspect me, Madame?" asked the young officer, coloring.

"Oh, I know it," said the Queen; "you perhaps had word from the palace. Wait; here is M. de Romeuf, who certainly has not any such information; I am sure he will answer for us."

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"And there would be little merit in that, Madame," said the young man, "since the King has given the Assembly his word that he would not quit Paris."

Then the talk shifted to other subjects, and at half-past ten General La Fayette and his aides-de-camp retired.

M. de La Fayette having gone, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth summoned their ladies to render the ordinary services of the night toilet; then, at eleven o'clock, as usual, they dismissed everyone. When the doors were shut they began to dress. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth dressed each other. They had quite plain dresses and hats with wide brims which hid their faces. They had hardly finished fastening their fichus when the King entered in his steward's costume.

The three bodyguards were brought out of their hiding-place. Then they went to the room of Madame Royale. She was dressed and ready, but M. le Dauphin was not, as yet. He had been waked from his first slumber, and they were putting him into girl's clothes as a disguise, but he was making a stout resistance to the humiliating costume. At last, however, he asked if it was to play in a comedy; they told him it was; and as he was very fond of acting, he allowed himself to be dressed up.

The three bodyguards received their final instructions. As far as Bondy they were to use M. de Fersen's horses, and at Bondy they were to take the post-horses. M. de Malden and M. de Moustier on the box were to pay the postillions, whose leaders were to have thirty sous. Usually they were given only twenty-five, but in view of the great weight of the carriage their pay was increased by five sous. If the postillions made good pace, they were to receive, by way of bounty, ten sous more. In no case were they to be given more than forty sous—no one but the King gave a crown. It was calculated that by paying thirty to forty sous to the leaders, and by going only fairly fast, they would reach Châlons in thirteen or fourteen hours.

Each vowed to keep to the agreed program.

They approached the door. They listened. All was silent.

They began to go out; first Madame Elizabeth with Madame Royale, then Mme. de Tourzel and the Dauphin, with one of the bodyguard. The two groups walked about twenty paces apart from each other.

One of the sentinels crossed the path. Seeing people approach, he stopped.

"Oh, ma tante," exclaimed Madame Royale, "we are lost! That man recognizes us."

But Madame Elizabeth, without replying, continued to advance.

Madame Royale was wrong. They were not recognized; or, if they were, it was by a friend. The sentinel turned his back and let them pass.

In five minutes Madame de Tourzel, the two princesses and the Dauphin were in the fiacre which was waiting at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. M. de Fersen was so well disguised that the princesses did not recognize him. It was he who recognized them. He jumped from the box, opened the door, and assisted them in. While he was shutting the door on them, an empty fiacre passed; seeing a fellow-driver standing he stopped and began to talk. He wanted to discuss the affairs of the day. M. de Fersen, a man of wit and humor, sustained his part splendidly, and pulling a cheap snuff-box from his pocket, offered a pinch to his colleague, who plunged his fingers deep into the snuff, and inhaled the peerless powder with deep and voluptuous enjoyment—and departed.

Next came the King, at his usual pace, but with his hands in his pockets, and rolling in his walk like a good bourgeois, followed by the second guard. During the walk one of his shoe buckles had come off. He would not stop for such a matter, but the guard who followed him picked up the buckle.

M. de Fersen met His Majesty. "The Queen, sire?" he asked.

"The Queen is coming," replied the King, and got into the carriage.

They waited for the Queen. They waited half an hour, and she had not come. What had become of her?

The Queen had become lost!

She had told her guide, the third garde-du-corps, that the guichet de l'Echelle was on the right; he maintained—but only feebly, for he knew hardly anything of Paris—that it was on the left; but as the Queen appeared so certain, he gave in to her. They went out at the gate by the river-side; they wandered on the quays; they crossed the bridge, they were deep in the Rue du Bac. The Queen was obliged to recognize her error; but they had completely lost their way. The guide was under the necessity of inquiring for the Rue de l'Echelle. They had to traverse the Carrousel a second time. Under the arch they ran into a party of lackeys carrying torches, and a carriage just starting at a good pace; they were so near that the Queen shrank back against the wall to avoid being crushed—and she recognized La Fayette! The guard darted in front of her to conceal her; but she, pushing him aside, struck the carriage wheel with the light cane that ladies were accustomed to carry at this period, exclaiming, "Get you gone, jailer, I am out of your clutches!"

But this is nothing more than a tradition. The guard, on the contrary, maintains, in his account, that the Queen was so frightened that she dropped his arm and ran. He ran after her; took her by the arm, and led her quickly away. They hurried up the Carrousel, came to the guichet de l'Echelle; there they recognized the fiacre waiting for them. M. de Fersen darted to the Queen and assisted her gently but hastily into the fiacre, where, trembling all over, she fell exhausted into the seat next the King.

Calendar

JANUARY snowy,
February flowy,
March blowy,

April show'ry,
May flow'ry,
June bow'ry,

July moppy,
August croppy,
September poppy,

October breezy,
November wheezy,
December freezy.

—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Continued in our April issue

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So They Say

J. W. Scott

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh: "I prefer to be remembered in St. Louis as the boy who flew the mails."

B. C. Forbes: *business expert* "Your tongue can undo everything you do."

Louis Wiley: *business manager of the New York "Times," whose multiple activities are nothing short of incredible* "I must confess that my system, if you can call it a system, rests on the self-admonition of 'Never do anything yourself that you can get someone else to do for you.'"

Hugh Walpole: *English novelist* "Poetry has almost died out in England."

Dr. David M. Robinson: *professor of archeology, Johns Hopkins University, declines an offer to become head of the Department of fine Arts at New York University* "If I went to New York, I could not throw horseshoes. I must have enough space for that."

Paul Von Hindenburg: *President of Germany* "My impressions of war are so bad that I could be for it only under the sternest necessity—the necessity of frightening Bolshevism or of defending one's country."

Elsie McCormick: *New York "World" columnist* "I think it may as well be admitted that the disease of the endocrine glands called genius simply does not appear among women as frequently as it does among men. If one can find consolation in the thought, neither does idiocy."

John Mulholland: *of New York; vice president of the Society of American Magicians, is asked why magicians use rabbits so universally* "Rabbits don't scratch, they don't bark, they're easy to handle—and the kids like 'em."

Rev. Henry Darlington: *of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York, is exercised over the talkies* "What sort of English will the world speak if grammatical errors and mispronunciations which one hears from the screen are allowed to crystallize and take permanent form in the speech of the people?"

Dr. Willard L. Sperry: *dean of Harvard Theological School* "Anything that gives you moral peace and strength is religion."

Sergeant O. C. Clark *Memphis Tenn., brings in his prisoner, Mitchell, and makes the charge to Judge Lewis Fitzhugh* "Your Honor, this man hasn't done any more work than you have for ten years."

Lloyd George: *leader of the British Liberal Party* "You are not going to get peace with millions of armed men. The chariot of peace cannot advance over a road littered with cannon."

Thomas Mann: *German novelist recipient of the Nobel prize for literature, feels no need for the $40,000* "My household is run on expensive lines. I give orders to three buxom maids and a Scotch collie. I have the best kind of rolls with my morning tea, and I nearly always wear patent leather shoes."

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Madame Frances Alda:
leaving the Metropolitan Opera after twenty-one years of successful singing

"There never was a great singer who was not fat! . . . I'd rather keep my voice than my figure! . . . I don't believe God ever made a woman with a great voice, a beautiful face, and a perfect body."

Dr. John M. Thomas:
president, Rutgers University, after twenty-two years of collegiate contacts, speaks well of the young American male

"They will tell the truth, almost all of them, even in a tight place. They are neither yellow, nor red, nor even pink. They have much to learn, but they are learning it faster than any generation of any people on record."

Sir James M. Barrie:

"Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else."

Dr. Frank L. Christian:
who acted as warden of Auburn Prison, N. Y., after the outbreak

"They say I'm a tough man, but really I am mild at heart."

William Cole:
State Highway Patrol Chief, Olympia, Wash.

"Short skirts are an important factor in safe automobile driving! . . . The inactive mind is the cause of most accidents on streets and highways. No normal man can fall asleep at the wheel when he sights a pretty knee."

Arkansas "Gazette":

"A pedestrian's purple hour is when he looks out of an ambulance window and sees himself getting the right of way."

Helen Keller:

"Were my Maker to grant me but a single glance through these sightless eyes of mine . . . I would without question or recall choose to see first a child, then a dog."

Ivan Petrovitch:
Siberian peasant, meets his first airplane, is taken for a ride, and returns with a story

"I went right up to Heaven; and they are right, these Bolsheviks. There is no God. There is nothing but empty space."

Professor Carl Milles:
Royal Swedish Academy, Stockholm, visits us

"The Americans' striking characteristic is their willingness to help. . . . I have seen very rich men help their valets to carry out baggage to a waiting car."

I. R. Grimmer:
general manager of the De Beers Diamond Mines in South Africa, accounts for the continued prosperity of the De Beers interests

"Every woman wants a diamond, and when she has one she wants more."

Grand Duchess Kira:
visiting America, is asked about the chances of her cousin, the Prince of Wales, ever marrying

"He (the Prince of Wales) should marry. He owes it to his country. But the poor lad has so little time to himself that he hates to give any of it up to such a serious business."

Glenn Frank:
president, University of Wisconsin

"The enterprise of substituting law for war is the supreme issue of our generation."

Albert Atwood:
financial writer

"People always insist that they have been investing when they win, and admit speculating when they lose."

Lee Ping Quan:
formerly chef of the presidential yacht "Mayflower," goes bankrupt trying to run a restaurant in New York

"Food very expensive—perhaps I not charge enough! Perhaps I forget this not the *Mayflower* and the people the guests of the president!"

Hattie Brynes:
19 years old, of Hollis, Queens, N. Y., hailed to court as a bigamist, confronts Judge Bertini

"For the love of Pete, Judge, where you been all your life? You don't seem to know that the modern girl don't want to live with the same man all her life."

Cardinal Hayes:
of New York, returns from a Mediterranean cruise

"The Acropolis of Athens and the remains of ancient Egypt are mute testimony of civilizations that are dead forever because they were based on false religious doctrines."

Marilyn Miller:
musical comedy star, makes her first film appearance

"I'm going to sneak into the Winter Garden every few days and get the real 'lowdown' on myself—I've never been able to do that before."

James Thurber and E. B. White:
define love (in their book, "Is Sex Necessary?")

"Love . . . is the strange bewilderment which overtakes one person on account of another person."

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A famous nineteenth century author settles a wager in a gay and charming way.

"Ten pounds to three you don't kiss either of the ladies." "Done, done!" whispered Dolignan.

A Kiss in The

THE 10.15 TRAIN glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white, delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress buttoned to the throat with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scottish shawl that agreeably evaded color. She was like a duck, so tightly her plain feathers fitted her, and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a *soupçon* of her wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a mustache, but not a very repulsive one; not one of those subnasal pigtails on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang to him; he had an engaging smile, and, what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's who have none—in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow-officer; they were talking about what it is far better not to—women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard; for he cast ever and anon a furtive glance at his fair *vis-à-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper (the truth must be told). The one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done, done!" Now, I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; "but nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the

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Charles Reade

SEVENTY years ago when The Cloister and the Hearth *was published, handsome six-foot Charles Reade was a violently discussed writer of best-sellers and dramatic "hits" of the day.*
He came to London after a brilliant career at Oxford. He tried the Bar; then he decided to devote himself to his violin, to his menagerie of dogs, hares and gazelles, and to writing novels and plays. His first stage success was Masks and Faces *in 1852; his first important novel was* Never Too Late to Mend, *a graphic exposé of prison conditions. Then in 1861 came* The Cloister and the Hearth, *a medieval romance which Swinburne characterized as "the greatest historical novel in the language," and which children and grown-ups have been reading with terror and delight ever since.*

By CHARLES READE

Box Tunnel

Drawings by J. Welch

clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation —ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twylford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on this occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day: he bought a *Times* and *Punch;* the latter full of steel-pen thrusts and woodcuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflamed humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now, laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan?—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained in *tête-à-tête* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species; how handsome, how *impressé*, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsome and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer. Presently our captain looked out of the window and laughed, and this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why, hem! it is a gentleman's joke."

Captain Dolignan then recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:

"A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite;

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it was pitch dark: after the tunnel the lady said, 'George, how absurd of you to salute me going through the tunnel.' 'I did no such thing.' 'You didn't?' 'No! Why?' 'Because I thought you did!'"

HERE CAPTAIN DOLIGNAN laughed and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

MISS HAYTHORN—Ah!

DOLIGNAN—What is the matter?

MISS HAYTHORN—I am frightened.

DOLIGNAN (*moving to her side*)—Pray do not be alarmed; I am near you.

MISS HAYTHORN—You are near me—very near me, indeed, Captain Dolignan.

DOLIGNAN—You know my name?

MISS HAYTHORN—I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

DOLIGNAN—I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, my dear lady.

MISS HAYTHORN—Nonsense!

DOLIGNAN—Pweep! (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

MISS HAYTHORN—Ee! Ee!

FRIEND—What is the matter?

MISS HAYTHORN—Open the door! Open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting inarticulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present. "Hit boys as big as yourself"; bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, sore against my will.

Miss Haythorn's scream lost most of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment; and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side. Impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes; and so they parted.

It was perhaps fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be a friend to Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard-balls and cigars; he had seen cannon-balls and linstocks. He had also swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskins to descend to such an ungentlemanlike action as to brush his own trousers.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing.

"That is nothing," continued the Major; "but, unfortunately, he deserved to lose it."

At this, blood mounted to the younger man's temples; and his senior added, "I mean to say he was thirty-five; you, I presume, are twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing; will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3, that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard, when I won it."

"Do it, for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragoon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady, equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—another look: "It can't be! Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn (not that he knew her name!)—but what an apotheosis!

THE DUCK HAD BECOME a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance the usual way, it might have ended in kissing: it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his poor taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured; "Who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolle. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: A lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolignan did the same, met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look

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nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a voice for the first time tremulous, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was, and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders and said, "How stupid they are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime!

She did not know!

She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where everybody was to be. They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball, where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her to church, where the dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last with joy that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by violently listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy captain straightway began doing quarter-deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced with a total change of voice, that it was all right, and his visitor might "run alongside" as soon as he chose. My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion—she tried to laugh, and cried instead, and then she smiled again; when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Marian" instead of "Captain" this and "Miss" the other.

That night Dolignan was in love.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays), these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignan was dressed just as before—ducklike and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from her long eyelashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you; no——"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, then, you remember the Box Tunnel." (This was the first allusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had £3 to £10 with White that I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic externally, chuckled shamelessly within.

"I know that, George; I overheard you," was the demure reply.

"Oh! you overheard me! impossible."

"And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her."

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"You made a bet! how singular! What was it?"

"Only a pair of gloves, George."

"Yes, I know; but what about it?"

"That if you did you should be my husband, dearest."

"Oh! but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why then, dearest, did you bring that action against me?"

Mrs. Dolignan looked down.

"I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me?"

"Sweet angel! why, here is the Box Tunnel!"

Now, reader—fie! no! no such thing! you can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible married people. No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!

Decoration by Wilfred Jones from *The Rise of American Civilisation*, by Charles A. and and Mary R. Beard (Macmillan).

America's First Criminal Code

Established at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1611

THOSE WHO SING the glories of life long ago, deploring modern crime waves and disrespect for law, may be somewhat startled to find out just what they have been praising, and will perhaps be thankful that "things are not what they used to be."

America's first criminal code, from which we quote below, was put in force at Jamestown, Virginia, four years after the founding of the first American colony there in 1607 by John Smith and his followers.

In 1611 a new expedition landed from England under the leadership of Sir Thomas Dale, who came with full authority from the English government to rule the colony. Dale was commissioned with the title of High Marshal of Virginia, and brought with him the severe code which follows, and which he proceeded strictly to enforce.

* * *

Speaking against the Trinity or the Articles of Christian Faith. Death.

Blasphemy against God. First Offense, Severe punishment. Second Offense, Bodkin through tongue. Third Offense, Death.

Deriding God's word. Death.

Disrespect to a Minister. Thrice whipped, and pardon asked in public three Sabbath Days.

Failure to attend Sunday Services. First Offense, Loss of Allowance for one week. Second Offense, same, plus Whipping. Third Offense, Death.

Fornication. First Offense, Whipping. Second Offense, Whipping. Third Offense, Whipping thrice a week for one month. Also public apology.

Robbing Church or Store. Death.

Treasonable words against the King. Death.

Slander or unfitting speech against the Virginia Company of London, or its Councils or its Committees, etc., or against any book which the Council publishes. First Offense, Whipping and Public Contrition. Second Offense, Galleys for three years. Third Offense, Death.

Unauthorized Trading with the Indians. Death.

Robbing an Indian coming to Trade. Death.

False accounts rendered by a Keeper of Colony supplies of any kind. Death.

Mariner selling at higher rates than set by Governor and Council. Death.

Killing any Domestic Animal or Fowl, without the consent of the General. Death.

Failure to keep the regular hours of work for the Colony. First Offense, Whipping. Second Offense, Whipping. Third Offense, Galleys for one year.

Running away to the Indians. Death.

Robbing Gardens of flowers or vegetables. Death.

Stealing Ears of Corn, etc. Death.

Refusal to go to the Minister to be instructed in religion. First Offense, Whipping. Second Offense, Whipping Twice and Public Contrition. Third Offense, Whipping Every Day until Public acknowledgment and obedience.

Fraud on the part of any Baker, Cook or Fisherman employed by the Colony. First Offense, Loss of Ears. Second Offense, Galleys for one year. Third Offense, Galleys for three years.

* * *

These very severe laws seem to have been rigidly enforced. John Rolfe (husband of Pocahontas) and Ralph Hamor, secretary to Governor Dale, acknowledged the extreme severity of the laws, but justified them as a public necessity.

Dale also punished offenses not provided for in the Code by resorting to other martial law.

At least one person was chained to a tree and starved to death for murder. Others were shot, hanged, or broken on the wheel.

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Is Progress a Delusion?

The author of "The Story of Philosophy" touches in the high points of mankind's upward course with his usual sound brilliance

By WILL DURANT

"If you wish to converse with me," said Voltaire, "define your terms." What shall we mean by "progress"? Subjective definitions will not do; we must not conceive progress in terms of one nation, or one religion, or one code of morals; an increase of kindness, for example, would alarm our young Nietzscheans. Nor may we define progress in terms of happiness; for idiots are happier than geniuses, and those whom we most respect seek not happiness but greatness. Is it possible to find an objective definition for our term?—one that will hold for any individual, any group, even for any species? Let us provisionally define progress as increasing control of the environment by life; and let us mean by environment all the circumstances that condition the coördination and realization of desire. Progress is the domination of chaos by mind and purpose, of matter by form and will.

It need not be continuous in order to be real. There may be "plateaus" in it, Dark Ages and disheartening retrogressions; but if the last stage is the highest of all we shall say that man makes progress. And in assessing epochs and nations we must guard against loose thinking. We must not compare nations in their youth with nations in the mellowness of their cultural maturity; and we must not compare the worst or the best of one age with the selected best or worst of all the collected past. If we find that the type of genius prevalent in young countries like America and Australia tends to the executive, explorative, and scientific kind rather than to the painter of pictures or poems, the carver of statues or words, we shall understand that each age and place calls for and needs certain brands of genius rather than others, and that the cultural sort can come only when its practical predecessors have cleared the forest and prepared the way. If we find that civilizations come and go, and mortality is upon the works of man, we shall confess the irrefutability of death, and be consoled if, during the day of our lives and our nations, we move slowly upward, and become a little better than we were. If we find that philosophers are of slighter stature now than in the days of broad-backed Plato and the substantial Socrates, that our sculptors are lesser men than Donatello or Angelo, our painters inferior to Velasquez, our poets and composers unnameable with Shelley and Bach, we shall not despair; these stars did not all shine on the same night. Our problem is whether the total and average level of human ability has increased, and stands at its peak today.

Man's triumph over environment

When we take a total view, and compare our modern existence, precarious and chaotic as it is, with the ignorance, superstition, brutality, cannibalism and diseases of primitive peoples, we are a little comforted: the lowest strata of our race may still differ only slightly from such men, but above those strata thousands and millions have reached to mental and moral heights inconceivable, presumably, to the early mind. Under the complex strain of city life we sometimes take imaginative refuge in the quiet simplicity of savage days; but in our less romantic moments we know that this is a flight-reaction from our actual tasks, that this idolatry of barbarism, like so many of our young opinions, is merely an impatient expression of adolescent maladaptation, part of the suffering involved in the contemporary retardation of individual maturity. A study of such savage tribes as survive shows their high rate of infantile mortality, their short tenure of life, their inferior speed, their inferior stamina, their inferior will, and their superior plagues. The friendly and flowing savage is like Nature—delightful but for the insects and the dirt.

The savage, however, might turn the argument around, and inquire how we enjoy our politics and our wars, and whether we think ourselves happier than the tribes whose weird names resound in the text-books of anthropology. The believer in progress will have to admit that we have made too many advances in the art of war, and that our politicians, with startling exceptions, would have adorned the Roman Forum in the days of Milo and Clodius—though Mr. Coolidge was an appreciable improvement upon Nero. As to happiness, no man can say; it is an elusive angel, destroyed by detection and seldom amenable to measurement. Presumably it depends first upon health, secondly upon love, and thirdly upon wealth. As to wealth, we make such progress that it lies on the conscience of our intellectuals; as to love, we try to atone for our lack of depth by unprecedented inventiveness and variety. Our thousand fads of diet and drugs predispose us to the belief that we must be ridden with disease as compared with simpler men in simpler days; but this is a delusion. We think that where there are so many doctors there must be more

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sickness than before. But in truth we have not more ailments than in the past, but only more money; our wealth allows us to treat and cherish and master illnesses from which primitive men died without even knowing their Greek names.

There is one test of health—and therefore in part of happiness—which is objective and reliable: we find it in the mortality statistics of insurance companies, where inaccuracy is more expensive than in philosophy. In some cases these figures extend over three centuries. In Geneva, for example, they show an average length of life of twenty years in 1600 and of forty years in 1900. In the United States in 1920 the tenure of life of white people averaged fifty-three; and in 1926 it was fifty-six. This is incredible if true. Nevertheless, similar reports come to us from Germany: the Federal Statistical Bureau of Berlin tabulates the average length of life in Germany as twenty in 1520, thirty in 1750, forty in 1870, fifty in 1910, and sixty in 1920. Taking the figures for granted, we may conclude that if life is a boon at all, we are making great strides in the quantity of it which we manage to maintain. Recently the morticians (*nés* undertakers) discussed in annual convention the dangers that threatened their profession from the increasing tardiness of men in keeping their appointments with the one who waits with such chilly patience—death.

CHEERFUL, BEARDED *Will Durant has set forth the problems of mankind so that a million Americans have stopped to think. He is a leader among those who aim to educate not the scholar nor the downtrodden masses, but the average, intelligent man and woman. In a democracy it is they who should be given the best fruits of the knowledge of the ages, says Durant, for it is they who rule.*

Forty-five years ago the famous popularizer of philosophy was baptized William James Durant at North Adams, Mass. He has been newspaper reporter, teacher of French, Latin and philosophy, director of the Labor Temple School, lecturer and writer.

As a lecturer attempting to make difficult subjects clear and interesting to thousands of students and adult seekers after knowledge, Durant learned how to make his talking and writing as thrilling as drama; how to pour into it his own warmth of enthusiasm and humor without sacrifice of truth or of clear, sane vision.

HAVING made these admissions and modifications, let us try to see the problem of progress in a total view. It is unnecessary to refute the pessimist; it is only necessary to enclose his truth, if we can, in ours. When we look at history in the large we see it as a graph of rising and falling states—nations and cultures disappearing as on some gigantic film. But in that irregular movement of countries and that chaos of men, certain great moments stand out as the peaks and essence of human history, certain advances which, once made, were never lost. Step by step man has climbed from the savage to the scientist; and these are the stages of his growth.

First, *speech.* Think of it not as a sudden achievement, nor as a gift from the gods, but as the slow development of articulate expression, through centuries of effort, from the mate-calls of animals to the lyric flights of poetry. Without words, or common nouns, that might give to particular images the ability to represent a class, generalization would have stopped in its beginnings, and reason would have stayed where we find it in the brute. Without words, philosophy and poetry, history and prose, would have been impossible, and thought could never have reached the subtlety of Eissteis or Anatole France. Without words man could not have become man, nor woman woman.

Second, *fire.* For fire made man independent of climate, gave him a greater compass on the earth, tempered his tools to hardness and durability, and offered him, as food, a thousand things inedible before. Not least of all it made him master of the night, and shed an animating brilliance over the hours of evening and dawn. Picture the dark before man conquered it; even now the terrors of that primitive abyss survive in our traditions and perhaps in our blood. Once every twilight was a tragedy, and man crept into his cave at sunset trembling with fear. Now we do not creep into our caves until sunrise; and though it is folly to miss the sun, how good it is to be liberated from our ancient fears! This overspreading of the night with a billion man-made stars has brightened the human spirit and made for vivacious jollity in modern life. We shall never be grateful enough for light.

Third, *the conquest of the animals.* Our memories are too forgetful, and our imagination too unimaginative, to let us realize the boon we have in our security from beasts of prey. Animals are now our playthings and our helpless food; but there was a time when every step from cave was an adventure, and the possession of the earth was still at stake. This war to make the planet human was surely the most vital in human history. The struggle between the strength of body and power of mind was waged through long and unrecorded years; and when at last it was won, the fruit of man's triumph—his safety on the earth—was transmitted across a thousand generations, with a hundred other gifts from the past, to be part of our heritage at birth. What are all our temporary retrogressions against the background of such a victory?

Fourth, *agriculture.* Civilization was impossible in the hunting stage; it called for a permanent habitat, a settled way of life. It came with the home and the school; and these could not be till the products of the field replaced the animals of the forest or the herd as the food of man. The hunter found his quarry with increasing difficulty, while the woman whom he left at home tended an ever more fruitful soil. This patient husbandry by the wife threatened to make her independent of the male; and for his own lordship's sake he forced himself at last to the prose of tillage. No doubt it took centuries to make this greatest of all

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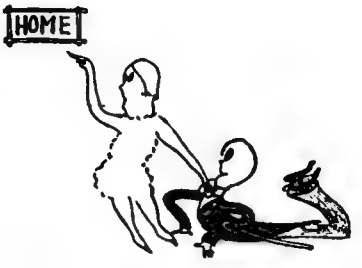
transitions in human history; but when at last it was made, civilization began. Meredith said that woman will be the last creature to be civilized by man. He was as wrong as it is possible to be in the limits of one sentence. For civilization came through two things chiefly: the home, which developed those social dispositions that form the psychological cement of society; and agriculture, which took man from his wandering life as hunter, herder and killer, and settled him long enough in one place to let him build homes, schools, churches, colleges, universities, civilization. But it was woman who gave man agriculture and the home; she domesticated man as she domesticated the sheep and the pig. Man is woman's last domestic animal; and perhaps he is the last creature that will be civilized by woman. The task is just begun: one look at our menus reveals us as still in the hunting stage.

Fifth, *social organization*. Here are two men disputing: one knocks the other down, kills him, and then concludes that he who is alive must have been right, and that he who is dead must have been wrong—a mode of demonstration still accepted in international disputes. Here are two other men disputing: one says to the other, "Let us not fight—we may both be killed; let us take our difference to some elder of the tribe, and submit to his decision." It was a crucial moment in human history! For if the answer was No, barbarism continued; if it was Yes, civilization planted another root in the memory of man: the replacement of chaos with order, of brutality with judgment, of violence with law. Here, too, is a gift unfelt, because we are born within the charmed circle of its protection, and never know its value till we wander into the disordered or solitary regions of the earth. God knows that our congresses and our parliaments are dubious inventions, the distilled mediocrity of the land; but despite them we manage to enjoy a security of life and property which we shall appreciate more warmly when civil war or revolution reduces us to primitive conditions. Compare the safety of travel today with the robber-infested highways of medieval Europe. Never before in history was there such order and liberty as exist in England today—and may some day exist in America, when a way is found of opening municipal office to capable and honorable men. However, we must not excite ourselves too much about political corruption or democratic mismanagement; politics is not life, but only a graft upon life; under its vulgar melodrama the traditional order of society quietly persists, in the family, in the school, in the thousand devious influences that change our native lawlessness into some measure of coöperation and good-will. Without consciousness of it, we partake in a luxurious patrimony of social order built up for us by a hundred generations of trial and error, accumulated knowledge, and transmitted wealth.



Civilization came when woman domesticated man

Sixth, *morality*. Here we touch the very heart of our problem—are men morally better than they were? So far as intelligence is an element in morals, we have improved: the average of intelligence is higher, and there has been a great increase in the number of what we may vaguely call developed minds. So far as character is concerned, we have probably retrogressed; subtlety of thought has grown at the expense of stability of soul; in the presence of our fathers we intellectuals feel uncomfortably that though we surpass them in the number of ideas that we have crowded into our heads, and though we have liberated ourselves from delightful superstitions which still bring them aid and comfort, we are inferior to them in uncomplaining courage, fidelity to our tasks and purposes, and simple strength of personality.

But if morality implies the virtues exalted in the code of Christ, we have made some halting progress despite our mines and slums, our democratic corruption, and our urban addiction to lechery. We are a slightly gentler species than we were: capable of greater kindness, and of generosity even to aliens. In one year (1928) the contributions of our country to private charity and philanthropy exceeded two billions of dollars—one-half of all the money circulating in America. We still kill murderers if, as occasionally happens, we catch them and convict them; but we are a little uneasy about this ancient retributive justice of a life for a life, and the number of crimes for which we mete out the ultimate punishment has rapidly decreased. Two hundred years ago, in Merrie England, men might be hanged by law for stealing a shilling; and people are still severely punished if they do not steal a great deal. One hundred and forty years ago miners were hereditary serfs in Scotland, criminals were legally and publicly tortured to death in France, debtors were imprisoned for life in England, and respectable people raided the African coast for slaves. Fifty years ago our jails were dens of filth and horror, colleges for the graduation of minor criminals into major criminals; now our prisons are vacation resorts for tired murderers. We still exploit the lower strata of our working classes, but we soothe our consciences with "welfare work." Eugenics struggles to balance with artificial selection the interference of human kindliness and benevolence with that merciless elimination of the weak and the infirm which was once the mainspring of natural selection.

We think there is more violence in the world than before, but in truth there are only more newspapers; vast and powerful organizations scour the planet for crimes and scandals that will console their readers for stenography and monogamy; and all the villainy and politics of five continents are gathered upon one page for the encouragement of our breakfasts. We conclude that half the world is killing the other half, and that a large proportion of the remainder are committing suicide. But in the streets, in our homes, in public assemblies, in a thousand vehicles of transportation, we are astonished to find no murderers and no suicides, but rather a blunt democratic courtesy, and an unpretentious chivalry a hundred times more real than when men mouthed chivalric phrases, enslaved their women,

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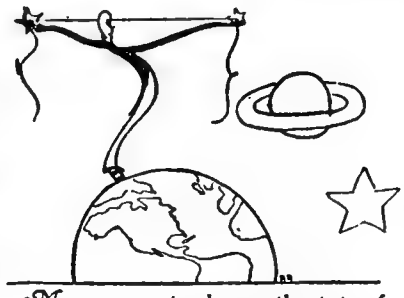
and insured the fidelity of their wives with irons while they fought for Christ in the Holy Land.

Our prevailing mode of marriage, chaotic and deliquescent as it is, represents a pleasant refinement on marriage by capture or purchase, and *le droit de seigneur*. There is less brutality between men and women, between parents and children, between teachers and pupils, than in any recorded generation of the past. The emancipation of woman, and her ascendancy over man, indicate an unprecedented gentility in the once murderous male. Love, which was unknown to primitive men, or was only a hunger of the flesh, has flowered into a magnificent garden of song and sentiment, in which the passion of a man for a maid, though vigorously rooted in physical need, rises like incense into the realm of living poetry. And youth, whose sins so disturb its tired elders, atones for its little vices with such intellectual eagerness and moral courage as may be invaluable when education resolves at last to come out into the open and cleanse our public life.



Man now stands on the top of his world and measures the constellations

Seventh, *tools*. In the face of the romantics, the machine-wreckers of the intelligentsia, the pleaders for a return to the primitive (dirt, chores, snakes, cobwebs, bugs), we sing the song of the tools, the engines, the machines, that have enslaved and are liberating man. We need not be ashamed of our prosperity: it is good that comforts and opportunities once confined to barons and earls have been made by enterprise the prerogatives of all; it was necessary to spread leisure—even though at first misused—before a wide culture could come. These multiplying inventions are the new organs with which we control our environment; we do not need to grow them on our bodies, as animals must; we make them and use them, and lay them aside till we need them again. We grow gigantic arms that build in a month the pyramids that once consumed a million men; we make for ourselves great eyes that search out the invisible stars of the sky, and little eyes that peer into the invisible cells of life; we speak, if we wish, with quiet voices that reach across continents and seas; we move over the land and the air with the freedom of timeless gods. Granted that mere speed is worthless: it is as a symbol of human courage and persistent will that the airplane has its highest meaning for us; long chained, like Prometheus, to the earth, we have freed ourselves at last, to look the eagle in the face.

No, these tools will not conquer us. Our present defeat by the machinery around us is a transient thing, a halt in our visible progress to a slaveless world. The menial labor that degraded both master and man is lifted from human shoulders and harnessed to the tireless muscles of iron and steel; soon every waterfall and every wind will pour its beneficent energy into factories and homes, and man will be freed for the tasks of the mind. It is not revolution but invention that will liberate the slave.

Eighth, *science*. In a large degree Buckle was right: we progress only in knowledge, and these other gifts are rooted in the slow enlightenment of the mind. Here, in the untitled nobility of research, and the silent battles of the laboratory, is a story fit to balance the chicanery of politics and the futile barbarism of war. Here man is at his best, and through darkness and persecution mounts steadily toward the light. Behold him standing on a little planet, measuring, weighing, analyzing constellations that he cannot see; predicting the vicissitudes of earth and sun and moon; and witnessing the birth and death of worlds. Or here is a seemingly unpractical mathematician tracking new formulas through laborious labyrinths, clearing the way for an endless chain of inventions that will multiply the power of his race. Here is a bridge: a hundred thousand tons of iron suspended from four ropes of steel flung bravely from shore to shore, and bearing the passage of countless men; this is poetry as eloquent as Shakespeare ever wrote. Or consider this city-like building that mounts boldly into the sky; guarded against every strain by the courage of our calculations, and shining like diamond-studded granite in the night. Here in physics are new dimensions, new elements, new atoms, and new powers. Here in the rocks is the autobiography of life. Here in the laboratories biology prepares to transform the organic world as physics transformed matter. Everywhere you come upon them studying, these unpretentious, unrewarded men; you hardly understand where their devotion finds its source and nourishment; they will die before the trees they plant will bear fruit for mankind. But they go on.

Yes, it is true that this victory of man over matter has not yet been matched with any kindred victory of man over himself. The argument for progress falters here again. Psychology has hardly begun to comprehend, much less to control, human conduct and desire; it is mingled with mysticism and metaphysics, with psychoanalysis, behaviorism, glandular mythology, and other diseases of adolescence. Careful and modified statements are made only by psychologists of whom no one ever hears; in our country the democratic passion for extreme statements turns every science into a fad. But psychology will outlive these ills and storms; it will be matured, like older sciences, by the responsibilities which it undertakes. If another Bacon should come to map out its territory, clarify the proper methods and objectives of its attack, and point out the "fruits and powers" to be won—which of us, knowing the surprises of history and the pertinacity of men, would dare set limits to the achievements that may come from our growing knowledge of the mind? Already in our day man is turning round from his remade environment and beginning to remake himself.

Ninth, *education*. More and more completely we pass on to the next generation the gathered experience of the past. It is almost a contemporary innovation, this tremendous expenditure of wealth and labor in the equipment of schools and the provision of instruction for all; perhaps it is the most significant feature of our time. Once colleges were luxuries, designed for

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the male half of the leisure class; today universities are so numerous that he who runs may become a Ph. D. We have not excelled the selected geniuses of antiquity, but we have raised the level and average of human knowledge far beyond any age in history. Think now not of Plato and Aristotle, but of the stupid, bigoted and brutal Athenian Assembly, of the unfranchised mob and its Orphic rites, of the secluded and enslaved women who could acquire education only by becoming courtesans.

None but a child would complain that the world has not yet been totally remade by these spreading schools, these teeming bisexual universities; in the perspective of history the great experiment of education is just begun. It has not had time to prove itself; it cannot in a generation undo the ignorance and superstition of ten thousand years; indeed, there is no telling but the high birth rate of ignorance, and the determination of dogma by plebiscite, may triumph over education in the end; this step in progress is not one of which we may yet say that it is a permanent achievement of mankind. But already beneficent results appear. Why is it that tolerance and freedom of the mind flourish more easily in the Northern States than in the South, if not because the South has not yet won wealth enough to build sufficient schools? Who knows how much of our preference for mediocrity in office, and narrowness in leadership, is the result of a generation recruited from regions too oppressed with economic need and political exploitation to spare time for the ploughing and sowing of the mind? What will the full fruitage of education be when every one of us is schooled till twenty, and finds equal access to the intellectual treasures of the race? Consider again the instinct of parental love, the profound impulse of every normal parent to raise his children beyond himself: here is the biological leverage of human progress, a force more to be trusted than any legislation or any moral exhortation, because it is rooted in the very nature of man. Adolescence lengthens: we begin more helplessly, and we grow more completely toward that higher man who struggles to be born out of our darkened souls. We are the raw material of civilization.

We dislike education because it was not presented to us in our youth for what it is. Consider it not as the painful accumulation of facts and dates, but as an ennobling intimacy with great men. Consider it not as the preparation of the individual to "make a living," but as the development of every potential capacity in him for the comprehension, control, and *appreciation* of his world. Above all, consider it, in its fullest definition, as the technique of transmitting that technological, intellectual, moral, and artistic heritage through which the race forms the growing individual and makes him human. Education is the reason why we behave like human beings. We are hardly born human; we are born ridiculous and malodorous animals, we *become* human, we have humanity thrust upon us through the hundred channels whereby the past pours down into the present that mental and cultural inheritance whose preservation, accumulation and transmission place mankind today, with all its defects, on a higher plane than any generation has ever reached before.

Tenth and last, *writing and print*. Again our imagination is too weak-winged to lift us to a full perspective; we cannot vision or recall the long ages of ignorance, impotence and fear that preceded the coming of letters. Through those unrecorded centuries men could transmit their hard-won lore only by word of mouth from parent to child; if one generation forgot or misunderstood, the weary ladder of knowledge had to be climbed anew. Writing gave a new permanence to the achievements of the mind; it preserved for thousands of years, and through a millennium of poverty and superstition, the wisdom found by philosophy and the beauty carved out in drama and poetry.

And now, as writing united the generations, print, despite the thousand prostitutions of it, can bind the civilizations. It is not necessary any more that civilization should disappear before our planet passes away. It will change its habitat; doubtless the land in every nation will refuse at last to yield its fruit to improvident tillage and careless tenancy; inevitably new regions will lure with virgin soil the lustier strains of every race. But a civilization is not a material thing, inseparably bound, like an ancient serf, to a given spot of the earth; it is an accumulation of technical knowledge and cultural creation; if these can be passed on to the new seat of economic power the civilization does not die, it merely makes for itself another home. Nothing but beauty and wisdom deserve immortality. To a philosopher it is not indispensable that his native city should endure forever; he will be content if its achievements form part of the possessions of mankind.

We need not fret, then, about the future. We are weary with too much war, and in our lassitude of mind we listen readily to a Spengler announcing the downfall of the Western world. But this learned arrangement of the birth and death of civilizations in even cycles is a trifle too precise; we may be sure that the future will play wild pranks with this mathematical despair. There have been wars before, and wars far worse than our "Great" one. Man and civilization survived them; within fifteen years after Waterloo, as we shall see, defeated France was producing so many geniuses that every attic in Paris was occupied. Never was our heritage of civilization and culture so secure, and never was it half so rich. We may do our little share to augment it and transmit it, confident that time will wear away chiefly the dross of it, and that what is finally fair and worthy in it will be preserved, to illuminate many generations.

"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say:
Colors seen by candlelight
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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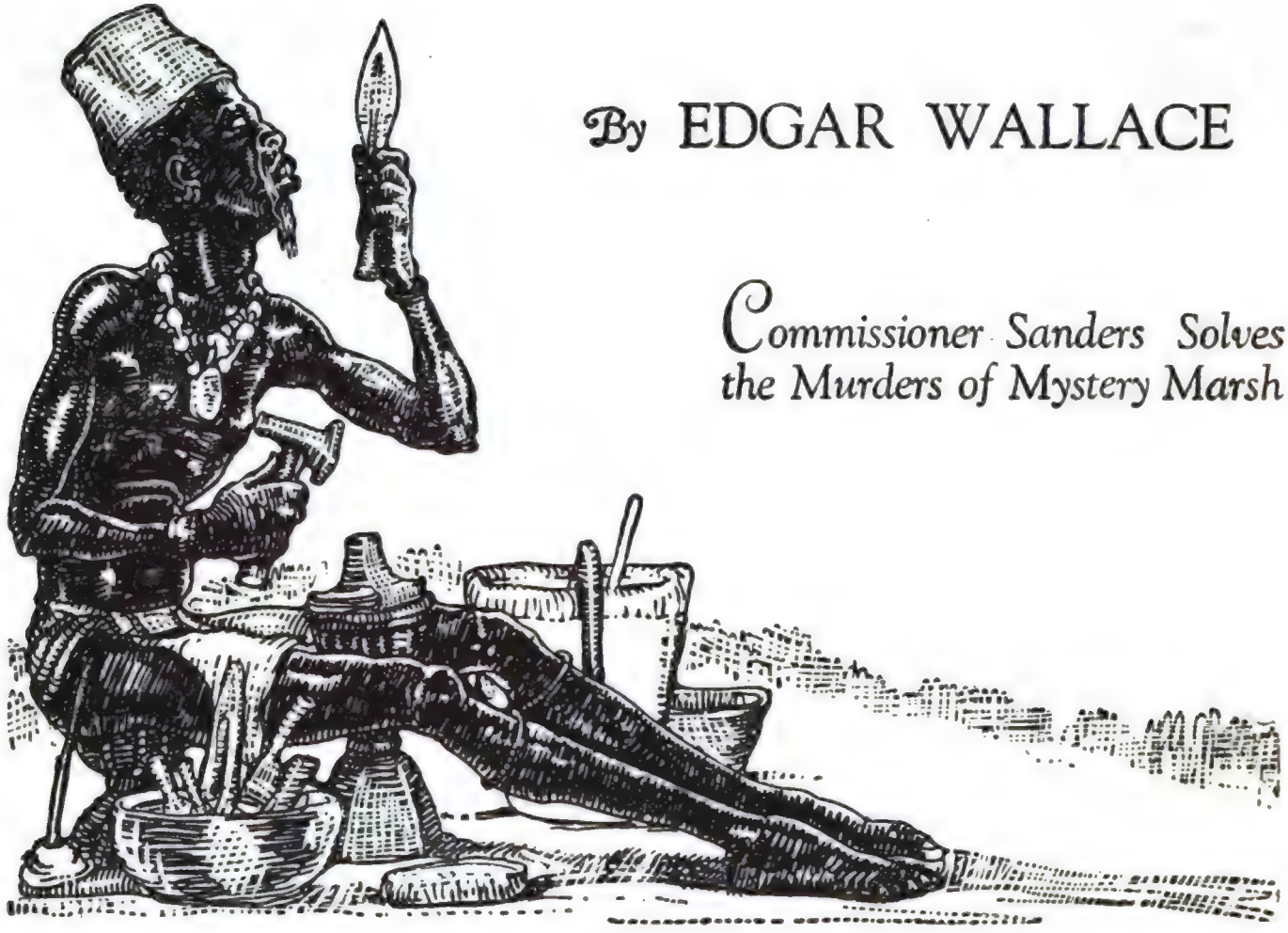

By EDGAR WALLACE

Commissioner Sanders Solves the Murders of Mystery Marsh

NORTH OF THE Akasava country and on the left bank of the Isisi is a veritable forest of elephant grass. Here in the cool of the evening, and later, the hippo come to wallow and for social intercourse. Here, too, buck and the small but terrible buffalo come to bathe and drink.

For ten miles without a break the jungle runs, and there is no tree or hill behind the green curtain to reveal what manner of country lies beyond.

It is a marsh for fifty miles, and in the center is an island unapproachable save by secret ways such as a few Akasava men know and jealously preserve.

No corporation working under a charter or great seal of state is so close, so exclusive as is that of "The Keepers of the Water Path."

The secret is kept in one family, and is known only to the male members. There is a story that a woman once discovered the mystery of the open water—for open water there is in the maze of grass—and that she unwittingly betrayed her knowledge. They took her, so the story runs, her own brothers and blood kindred, and they drowned her in the water. This must have been calacala—long ago—before keen-eyed and swift-handed justice made its appearance in the shape of Mr. Commissioner Sanders.

To the uninitiated it might seem that the secret way was not of any great importance. True, the best fish came into the creek and the family had that advantage. But, as Sanders discovered, the marsh land was of some strategical importance, for it effectively separated the Akasava from the Isisi. It made sudden raidings, such as are common between tribes with contiguous frontiers, impossible; also it offered no hiding place to malefactors, and for this reason alone it was wiser to preserve the Keepers of the Marsh in their mystery.

Sanders was in the Akasava territory, in the village nearest the marsh, when an unfortunate thing occurred.

There was a woman of the frontier who had been married to an old chief whose name was Likilivi. He was chief not only of the village, but of the family which kept the marsh, and he was an important man —but old.

Now all men know that the makers of spears, and of iron work generally, are the N'gombi people.

They are born craftsmen, skilful and very cunning. Also, in parentheses, they are great thieves, and once stole a little anvil from the *Zaire*, which was converted into spear heads and steel cups before the anvil was missed.

Yet Likilivi, a man of the Akasava, was the most famous worker of spears on the river. So famous that hunters and warriors came from all parts to buy his weapons. His father before him, and his father, had also made spears, but none equal in keenness or in temper to those which Likilivi made in his big work hut. And he made them with extraordinary rapidity,

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The Maker of Spears

Drawings by Mahlon Blaine

he and the two sons of his house, so that he grew rich and powerful.

He was old, too old for the girl his wife, who hated him from the first, hated him fiercely till her young heart nearly burst with the fury of her emotions.

She ran from him, was brought back and beaten. She sat down to brood and find a way out, whilst from the adjoining hut came the "tink—tink—tink" of hammered steel, as Likilivi and his grown sons pounded spearheads into shape.

IF YOU TAKE a piece of glass no bigger than the top of your thumb, place it in a mortar and industriously pound and grind at it, you will, in course of time, produce a fine white powder smooth to the touch and, though insoluble, yet easily administered to man.

You must be patient, and have plenty of time to make your powder "fit," as they say on the coast, but M'ciba (this was the girl's name) had all the time there was to prepare her release.

Old Likilivi came from his workshop one afternoon; he was a little soured because some innocent villager with a taste for crude arithmetic had asked him how it came about that so few men made so many spears.

He was at best an old and sour man; he was no more amiable because of this embarrassing question.

"The sun has come to me," his wife should have said politely, as he came to the hut where she sat crushing corn. (The white powder and the mortar and ironwood pestle were discreetly hidden.)

She said nothing.

"If you do not speak to me," said the old man sourly, "I will break your head."

The girl did not speak.

She went about her work, which was the preparation of his food. She made him a mess of manioc, and fish, and she added a judicious quantity of fine white powder.

The old chief ate his meal, muttering to himself and casting evil eyes at her.

When he had finished he beat her for no particular reason save that he felt like beating her, then he went to bed.

He woke up in the night. She was not lying at his side as was her duty. By the dull red light of the fire he saw her sitting with her back against the hut wall, her hands clasping her knees, watching him with grave eyes.

"M'ciba," he gasped, and the sweat was standing on his forehead, "I have the sickness-mongo."

She said nothing, and he did not speak again.

An hour later she covered her body with dust, and sitting down before the hut wailed her grief, and the awakened village hurried forth to find Likilivi near to death, with his face twisted painfully.

By the aid of an extraordinary constitution and the

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employment of a drastic but effective native remedy the chief did not die. M'ciba had wailed too soon.

It was many weeks before Likilivi recovered. He suspected nothing. As soon as he was well, he took the pliant half of his hunting spear and thrashed her.

"For you are a fool," he said, "or you would have called for help sooner, and I should have recovered more quickly."

She took her beating meekly, knowing that she deserved more, but her hatred grew.

Her treatment by her husband was scandal in the village, for native folk are kind, and it is not customary or good form to beat one's womenkind.

Then M'ciba committed her crowning indiscretion.

LIKILIVI, HIS COUSIN and his sons, prepared to make one of their periodical visits to the marsh—a matter of some importance and considerable secrecy. There was to be a great netting of fish, and other high mysteries were to be enacted—foolish mysteries, you might think them, such as the sacrificing of chicken and the like, but which were very real and important to Likilivi and his kin. Also there were other matters to be seen to.

By some means M'ciba came to know of the intended visit, and spoke to a woman about the event. It was unforgivable. It was against all tradition. Likilivi, for the honor of his house, ordered a public whipping. And at sunset one evening, before the assembled visitors, with the chief sitting on his stool, M'ciba was led forth, and whilst his sons held her the chief took the hide.

"Woman," he said, "I do this that all the world may know you as shameless and a destroyer of honor—behold. . . ."

So far he got, when the crowd opened to allow of the passage of a dapper man in white, a broad and spotless helmet on his head, an ebony stick in his hand.

Likilivi was staggered.

"Lord Sandi," he said in confusion, "this woman is my wife, and I go to whip her because of certain abominations."

Sanders eyed him unpleasantly.

"Release this woman," he said, and the two sons obeyed instanter.

"It seems," he said to the embarrassed chief, "that you are old and evil. And when I place a man above others to be chief of those people, I desire that he shall so live that all common people shall say 'Lo! as our lord lives, so shall we.' And if he is evil, then all the village is evil. You are certainly no chief for me."

"Lord," said the old man tremulously, "if you take from me my chieftainship I shall die of shame."

"That I shall certainly do," said Sanders, "and whip you also if you injure this woman, your wife."

And Sanders meant it, for he respected only the law which has neither age nor sex.

He took the girl apart.

"As to you, M'ciba," he said, "be pleasant to this man who is your husband, for he is old and will soon die."

"Lord, I pray for his death," she said passionately.

Sanders looked at her from under his brows.

"Pray," he said drily, "yet give him no glass in his food, or I shall come quickly, and then you will be sorry."

She shivered and a look of terror came into her eyes.

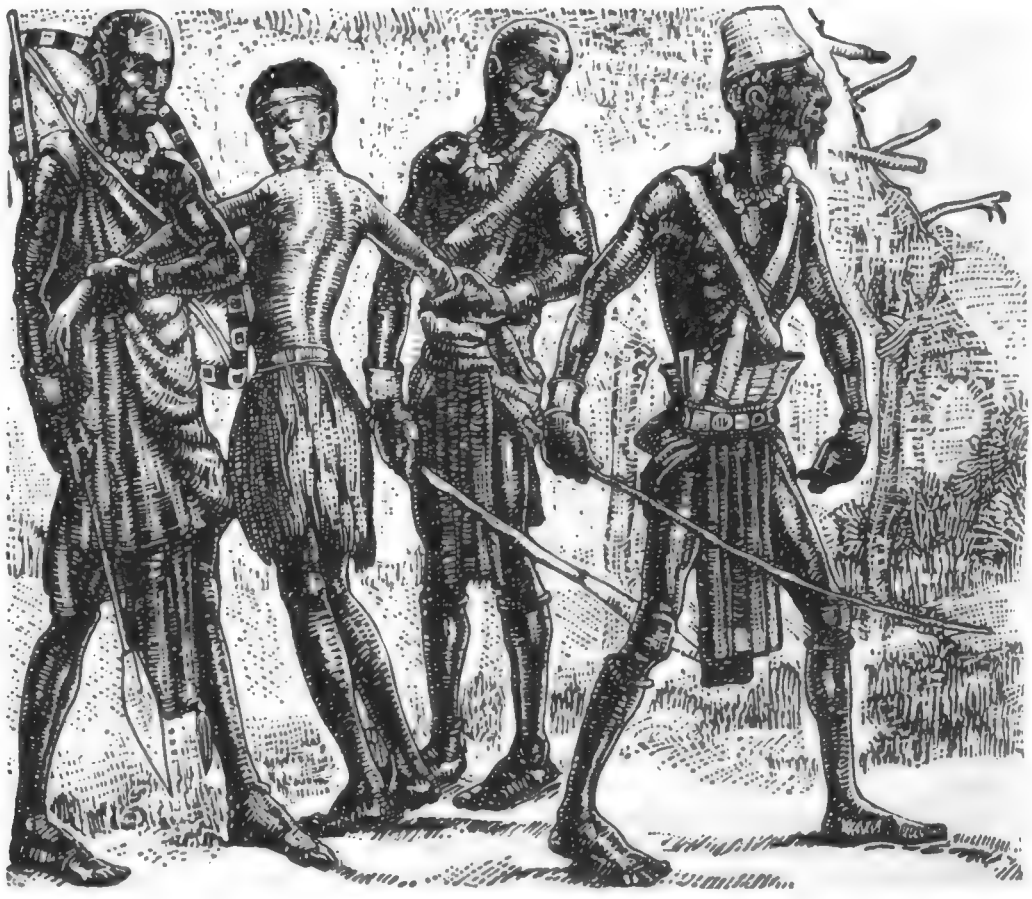
"You know all things, master," she gasped.

Sanders did not attempt to disabuse her mind. The faith in his omnipotence was a healthy possession.

"You shall be beaten no more," he said, for she was in a state—being prepared for a further whipping—that revealed something of her husband's previous ferocity.

Sanders dismissed the people to their homes—some

"Lord Sandi," said Likilivi in confusion, "this woman is my wife, and I go to whip her because of certain abominations."



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had departed quickly on his appearance, and he had a few words with Likilivi.

"O, chief," he said softly, "I have a mind to take my stick to you."

"I am an old man," quavered the other.

"The greater evil," said Sanders, "that you should beat this child."

"Lord, she spoke with women of our Marsh Mystery," said the chief.

"More of this mystery," warned Sanders, "and I will bring my soldiers and we will clear the grass till your infernal mystery is a mystery no longer."

In all his long life Likilivi had never heard so terrible a threat, for the mystery of the Marsh was the most sacred of his possessions.

SANDERS WAS SMILING to himself as the *Zaire* went speeding down the river. These childish mysteries amused him. They were part of the life of his people. Admitting all the fact that the Marsh was an impenetrable buffer state between Isisi and Akasava, it was less a factor in the preservation of peace than it had been in the bad years of long ago.

Sanders' trip was in a sense a cruise of leisure. He was on his way to the N'gombi to make an inquiry and to point a lesson.

N'gombi signifies forest. When Stanley first penetrated the interior of the great land, he was constantly hearing of a N'gombi city of fabulous wealth. Not until he had made several ineffective expeditions did he discover the true significance of the name.

Though of the forest, there are N'gombi folk who live on the great river, and who, curiously enough, while they preserve the characteristic which distinguishes them from the riverain people in that they cannot swim, are yet tolerable fishermen.

Sanders was bound for the one N'gombi town which stands on the river, and his palaver would be, as he knew, an unsatisfactory one. He saw the smoke of the N'gombi fires—they are great ironworkers hereabouts—long before he came into sight of the place.

As he turned to give directions to the steersman, Abiboo, who stood on the farther side of the helmsman, said something in Bomongo, and the man at the wheel laughed.

"What was that?" asked Sanders.

"Lord, it was a jest," said Abiboo; "I spoke of the N'gombi people, for there is a saying on the river that N'gombi crocodiles are fat."

The subtlety of the jest may be lost to the reader, but to Sanders it was plain enough.

The town is called Oulu, but the natives have christened it by a six-syllable word which means "The Town of the Sinkers."

Sanders nodded.

An extraordinary fatality pursued this place. In the last four or five years there had been over twenty drowning accidents. Men had gone out in the evening to fish. In the morning their waterlogged canoes had been found, but the men had disappeared, their bodies being either carried away by the swift stream, or, as popular legend had it, going to some secret larder of the crocodile in the river bed. It was on account of the latest disaster, which had involved the death of three men, that Sanders paid his visit.

He swung the *Zaire* to shallow water and reached the N'gombi foreshore. The headman who met him was grimed with smoke and very hot. He carried the flat hammer of his craft in his hand, and was full of grievances. And the least of these was the death of three good workmen by drowning.

"Men who go on the water are fools," he said, "for it is not natural that any should go there but fish and the dogs of Akasava."

"That is not good palaver," said Sanders sharply. "Dogs are dogs and men are men; therefore, my man, speak gently in my presence of other tribes, or you will be sorry."

"Lord Sandi," said the man bitterly, "these Akasava—and especially Likilivi the chief—would starve us."

It was an old grievance between the two villages, the N'gombi holding themselves as being chartered by Providence to supply all that was crafty and cunning in ironwork.

"For as you know, master," the man went on, "iron is hard to come by in these parts."

Sanders remembered a certain anvil stolen at this very village, and nodded.

"Also it is many years before young men learn the magic which makes iron bend. How it must be heated so, cooled so, tapped and fashioned and hammered."

"This I know," said Sanders.

"And if we do not receive so much salt and so many rods for each spear head," the headman continued, "we starve, because. . . ." It was the old story, as old as

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the world, the story of fair return for labor. The N'gombi sold their spears at the finest margin of profit.

"Once we grew fat with wealth," said the headman, "because for every handful of salt we ate, when we worked, two handfuls came for the spears we made. Now, lord, few spears go out from the N'gombi and many from Likilivi, because he sells cheaper."

Sanders sighed wearily. "Such things happen in others lands," he said, "and folks make palaver—just as you, M'Kema. Yet I know of no way out."

He inspected the town, received two oral petitions, one for the restoration to liberty of a man who had stolen government property (to wit, the aforesaid anvil) and one for a dissolution of marriage, which he granted. He stayed at the town, holding a palaver in the cool of the evening, in the course of which he addressed the people on the necessity for learning to swim.

"Twenty men have been drowned," he said, "and yet none learn the lesson. I say that you either do not go upon the water at all, or else learn to walk-in-water as the Isisi and the Ochori and the Akasava walk."

After dinner, that night, being in a frame of mind agreeable to the subject, he sent again for the headman.

"O, chief," he said, looking up from the book he was reading, "I have been thinking about this matter of spears. For it seems to me that Likilivi, for all his skill, cannot make so many spears that you are inconvenienced."

"Master, I speak the truth," said the man emphatically.

"Yet the people hereabout are hunters," said Sanders puzzled.

"Lord," said the headman with considerable emphasis, "if all the world wanted spears Likilivi would supply them." That was an exaggeration, but Sanders passed it over. He dismissed the man and sat down in solitude to reason the matter out.

EDGAR WALLACE is at his best adventuring in Africa with Commissioner Sanders, the perfect administrator, composite of those who mould the destiny of the British Empire in far corners of the world. Imperturbable "Sandi" will come to grips with another mystery in a coming issue.

LIKILIVI WAS AN OLD MAN, and if he were of our faith we should say that he would be well employed if he were engaging himself in the preparation for another and a better world. Certainly he should not be considering means of reprisal against his young wife. She had put him to shame before his people. She had called down upon him a public reproof from Sandi. Moreover, she had caused Sandi to threaten an end to the Marsh Mystery, and that was the worst offense of all.

Likilivi calmly considered in what way he might bring about her death without Sandi knowing by whose instrumentality she had perished. There were many ways suggested to his mind. He could easily bring about her disappearance . . . there would be no inquiries, but the matter might be readily explained.

He came back from his workplace and found her in the hut he had set aside for her, for she was no longer a Wife of the House—degradation for most women, but happiness for little M'ciba. She looked up apprehensively as he stooped to enter the hut.

"M'ciba, my wife," he said with a twisted smile; "you sit here all day, as I know, and I fear that you will have the sickness mongo, for it is not good for the young that they should shun the sunlight and the air."

She did not speak, but looked at him, waiting.

"It will be good," he said, "if you go abroad, for though my heart is sore within me because of your ingratitude, yet I wish you well. You shall take my little canoe and find fish for me."

"If I find no fish you will beat me," she said, having no illusions as to his generosity.

"By my heart and my life," he swore, "I will do none of these things; for I desire only your health, knowing that if you die of sickness Sandi, our lord and master, will think evil things of me."

Thus it came about that M'ciba became a fisher girl. From her babyhood she had been accustomed to the river and its crafts. She made good catches and pleased her husband.

"You shall find me a great fish," he said to her one evening; "such as few fisherfolk find—that which is called Baba, the father of fish."

"Master and husband," said M'ciba sulkily, "I do not know where such fish are found." He licked his thin lips and stroked his little grizzled beard.

"I, Likilivi, know," he said slowly. "These fish come in the dark of the night to the edge of the Mystery. And when the moon is newly risen you shall take your canoe to the place of elephant grass which hides my marsh, and catch such a fish. And if you do not catch it, M'ciba, I shall not beat you, for such fish are very cunning."

When night came she took food and drink and placed it in the tiny canoe, Likilivi helping her.

"Tell none that you go to find the fish," he said, "lest the people of the village discover where the fish feeds and trap it for themselves."

It was then moonlight when she pushed off from the shore. She paddled close to the shore, keeping to the slack water until she was out of sight of the village, then brought her canoe out into the river as it sweeps around the little headland which marks the beginning of the Mystery Marsh. Again she sought for slack water, and, having found it, paddled leisurely to the place which her husband had indicated.

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She saw hippo standing belly high in mud; once she crossed the path of a cow hippo swimming to shore with a little calf on its back. She steadied the canoe and waited for it to pass, for a cow hippo with young is easily annoyed. At last she found the spot. The water was calm and almost currentless, and she threw over her lines and sat down to wait.

Such drift of the water as there was, set toward the shore, very slowly, imperceptibly. Hereabouts there was no sign of solid earth. The green reeds grew thickly from the water. Once the canoe drifted till its blunt bow went rustling amongst the grass, and she was forced to take her paddle and stroke away for a few yards.

Once she thought she heard a sound in the bushes, but there was a gentle night wind and she paid no heed to the noise. She pulled in her lines, baited them again with the little silver fish such as is used for the purpose and threw them out again. This made a little noise and drowned the click of a tiny steel grapnel thrown by somebody hiding in the grass.

She felt the boat drifting in again and paddled. But there were two strong arms pulling the canoe. Before she realized her danger, the boat was pulled into the rushes, a hand at her throat strangled her screams.

"Woman, if you make a noise I will kill you!" said a voice in her ear, and she recognized the elder son of her husband.

He stepped from the darkness into the canoe ahead of her—he must have abandoned his own—and with strong strokes sent the boat into the darkness of the marsh. She could not see water. The jungle surrounded them. Putting out her hand she could touch the rank grass on either side. This way and that the canoe went deeper and deeper into the marsh, and as he paddled, her stepson sketched with frankness the life which was ahead of her.

Strapped to her thigh, hidden by the dyed grass waist skirt, was a thin knife.

She had kept it there for reasons of her own. She slipped it out of its case of snake skin, leaned forward and with the other hand felt his bare back.

"Do not touch me, woman!" he snarled over his shoulder.

"I am afraid," she said, and kept her hand where it was, a finger on each rib.

Between her fingers she pushed the thin knife home.

Without a word he slid over the side of the canoe, and she threw her weight on the other gunwale to prevent it filling. His body fell into the water with a loud "plop," and she waited for him to come up again. He gave no sign, though she peered into the water, the knife in her hand. Then she paddled back the way she came, driving the canoe stern first.

There was little mystery about the waterway save the mystery of the spot where creek and river met, and she had little difficulty in reaching open water. She had nearly come to safety when a sound reached her and she stopped paddling. Behind her she could hear the beat of another canoe, the very swishing of the grass as it forced its passage.

With quick silent strokes she sent her tiny craft the remainder of the journey, and came into the river just as the moon was sinking behind the N'gombi forest. Keeping to the shadow of the jungle she passed swiftly along to the north. They could not see her, whoever the mysterious "they" were, and had she reasoned clearly she was safe enough. But she could not reason clearly at the best of times, being but an Isisi girl whose mental equipment found no other stimulus than the thought of lovers and their possibilities. Her breath came quickly in little sobs as she plied her paddles. She skirted the grass until she reached the second headland—the horn of the bay in which the marsh stands.

Clear of this she paddled boldy into midstream. Looking behind her she saw nothing, yet there were vague, indefinite shadows which might have been anything. Her nerve had gone; she was on the point of collapse, when suddenly ahead of her she saw something and dropped her paddles.

A steamer was coming toward her, its funnel belching sparks, and ahead, as though to feel its way through the darkness, a broad beam of light, a dazzling whiteness. She sat spellbound, breathing quickly, until the current carried her into the range of the searchlight. She heard the voice of Sanders in the black darkness behind the light, and the tinkle of the engine telegraph as he put the *Zaire* astern.

LIKILIVI BELIEVED in the impenetrability of the Marsh as whole-heartedly as he believed in M'shimba-M'shamba and other strange gods.

"The woman is dead," he said to his son, "and your brother Okora also, for M'ciba was a wicked woman and very strong."

He did not doubt that somewhere in the depths of the lagoon the two lay locked in the grip of death.

The villagers accepted the drowning of M'ciba philosophically and made no inquiries.

"I will report this matter to Sandi," said Likilivi.

"Father," said his son, "Sandi passed on the night of the killing, which was six nights ago, for men who were fishing saw his devil light."

"So much the better," said Likilivi.

There had been other deaths in the Marsh, for sickness readily attacks slaves who are chained by the leg and beaten, and who moreover do their work by night, lest the smoke of their fires invite suspicion.

Likilivi, his two remaining sons and two cousins, set themselves to recruit new labor.

Three nights they waited on the edge of the Marsh, and on the fourth they were rewarded, for two men came paddling carelessly with trailing fish lines.

They sang together a N'gombi song about a hunter who had trusted an Akasava spear and had died from over-confidence.

Listening in the darkness Likilivi cursed them silently.

The canoe was close in shore when the elder of the chief's sons threw the grapnel, and the canoe was drawn into the rushes.

Two canoes closed in upon it.

"You come with us or you die," said Likilivi.

"Lord, we go with you," said the N'gombi promptly.

They were transferred to the chief's canoe carrying their blankets, and their boat was taken by the other

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canoe, turned bottom upwards and allowed to drift.

The chief waited until the canoe returned, then the two boats made for the heart of the Marsh.

For an hour they twisted and turned along the meandering fairway until at length the nose of the foremost canoe grounded gently on a sandy beach.

They were on the island. The pungent smell of smoke was in the air—Likilivi had wood to spare—and to the ears of the captives came a monotonous "clank, clank, clank," of steel against steel.

Likilivi hurried them along a narrow path which ended abruptly in a clearing.

By the light of many fires the prisoners saw.

There were two big huts—long and low roofed. They were solidly built on stout, heavy stakes, and to each stake a man was fastened. A long chain clamped about his legs gave him liberty to sleep on the inside of the hut and work at the fire outside.

There they sat, twelve men without hope, hammering spear heads for Likilivi, and each man was a skilled N'gombi workman, artistically "drowned" for Likilivi's profit.

"Here shall you sit," said Likilivi to the two silent watchers, "and if you work you shall be fed, and if you do not work you shall be beaten."

"I see," said one of the captured.

There was something strange in his tone, something dry and menacing, and Likilivi stepped back showing his teeth like an angry dog.

"Put the chain upon them," he commanded, but his relatives did not move, for the prisoner had dropped his blanket from his arm, and his revolver was plain to be seen.

Likilivi saw it too and made a recovery.

"You are one of Sandi's spies," he said thickly. "Now I swear to you that if you say nothing of this I will make you rich with ivory and many precious things."

"That I cannot do," said the man, and Likilivi, peering at the brown face closely, saw that this N'gombi man had gray eyes, and that he was smiling unpleasantly, just as Sanders smiled before he sent men to the Village of Irons to work in bondage for their crimes.

Comparisons *Beyond* Compare

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but nobody else does.—ANON.

Grave, but satisfied, like a widower.—GORDON ARTHUR SMITH.

Love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster.—DICKENS.

Like a man on trial for the murder of his father and mother who pleads for clemency on the grounds that he is an orphan.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Grand as floor-walkers.—O. HENRY.

Patient as hatracks.—ANON.

Unceasing as marriage.—ANON.

Unconquerable as chewing gum.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

In earnest as a mouse in a trap.
—GEORGE MEREDITH.

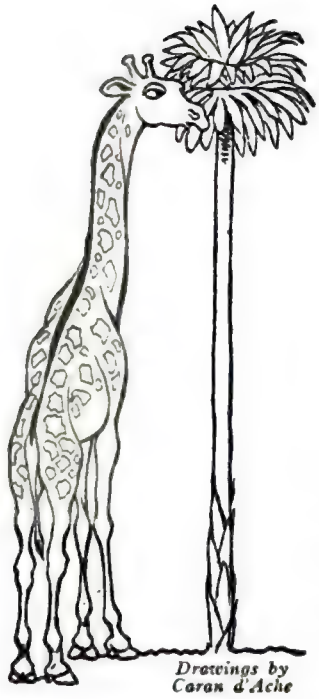
Here and there—like teeth in an old man's mouth.
—GORKY.

A woman's skirts should be like an after-dinner speech—long enough to cover the subject, but short enough to be interesting.—ANON.

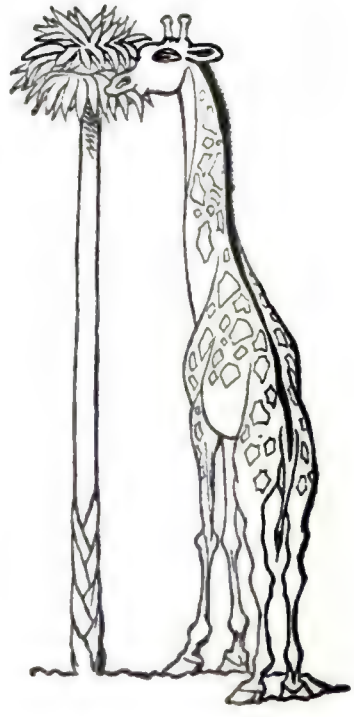
Like trying to play a trombone in a telephone booth.—ANON.

Swept the country like raccoon coats.
—JOHN S. COHEN, JR.

Lithe as a feather duster—GELETT BURGESS.



Drawings by Caran d'Ache



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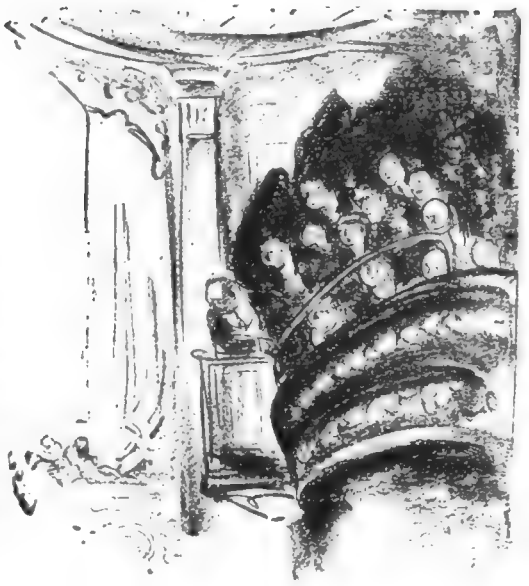
By LEONARD MERRICK

of whom one can always expect an adroit and light hearted tale

The Judgment of Paris



In the summer of the memorable year ——, but the date doesn't matter, Robichon and Quinquart both paid court to Mademoiselle Brouette. Mademoiselle Brouette was a captivating actress, Robichon and Quinquart were the most comic of comedians, and all three were members of the Théâtre Suprême.

Robichon was such an idol of the public's that they used to laugh before he uttered the first word of his rôle; and the generously-built Quinquart was so vastly popular that his silence threw the audience into convulsions.

Professional rivalry apart, the two were good friends, although they were suitors for the same lady, and this was doubtless due to the fact that the lady favored the robust Robichon no more than she favored the skinny Quinquart. She flirted with them equally, she approved them equally—and at last, when each of them had plagued her beyond endurance, she promised in a pet that she would marry the one that was the better actor.

Tiens! Not a player on the stage, not a critic on the Press could quite make up his mind which the better actor was. Only Suzanne Brouette could have said anything so tantalizing.

"But how shall we decide the point, Suzanne?" stammered Robichon helplessly. "Whose pronouncement will you accept?"

"How can the question be settled?" queried Quinquart, dismayed. "Who shall be the judge?"

"Paris shall be the judge," affirmed Suzanne. "We are the servants of the public—I will take the public's word!"

Of course she was as pretty as a picture, or she couldn't have done these things.

Then poor Quinquart withdrew, plunged in reverie. So did Robichon. Quinquart reflected that she had been talking through her expensive hat. Robichon was of the same opinion. The public lauded them both, was no less generous to one than to the other—to wait for the judgment of Paris appeared equivalent to postponing the matter *sine die*. No way out presented itself to Quinquart. None occurred to Robichon.

"Mon vieux," said the latter, as they sat on the terrace of their favorite café a day or two before the annual vacation, "let us discuss this amicably. Have a cigarette! You are an actor, therefore you consider yourself more talented than I. I, too, am an actor, therefore I regard you as less gifted than myself. So much for our artistic standpoints! But we are also men of the world, and it must be obvious to both of us that we might go on being funny until we reached our death-beds without demonstrating the supremacy of either. *Enfin,* our only hope lies in versatility—the conqueror must distinguish himself in a solemn part!" He viewed the other with complacence, for the quaint Quinquart had been designed for a droll by Nature.

"Right!" said Quinquart. He contemplated his colleague with satisfaction, for it was impossible to fancy the fat Robichon in tragedy.

"I perceive only one drawback to the plan," continued Robichon, "the management will never consent to accord us a chance. Is it not always so in the theater? One succeeds in a certain line of business, and one must be resigned to play that line as long as one lives. If my earliest success had been scored as a villain of melodrama, it would be believed that I was competent to enact nothing but villains of melodrama; it happened that I made a hit as a comedian, wherefore nobody will credit that I can be anything else."

"Same here!" concurred Quinquart. "Well, then, what do you propose?"

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Robichon mused. "Since we shall not be allowed to do ourselves justice on the stage, we must find an opportunity off it!"

"A private performance? Good! Yet, if it is a private performance, how is Paris to be the judge?"

"Ah," murmured Robichon, "that is certainly a stumbling-block."

They sipped their apéritifs moodily. Many heads were turned toward the little table where they sat. "There are Quinquart and Robichon. How amusing they always are!" said passers-by, little guessing the anxiety at the laughter-makers' hearts.

"What's to be done?" sighed Quinquart at last.

Robichon shrugged his fat shoulders with a frown.

BOTH WERE TOO ABSORBED to notice that, after a glance of recognition, one of the pedestrians had paused and was still regarding them irresolutely. He was a tall, burly man, habited in rusty black, and the next moment, as if finding courage, he stepped forward and spoke:

"Gentlemen, I ask pardon for the liberty I take—impulse urges me to seek your professional advice! I am in a position to pay a moderate fee. Will you permit me to explain myself?"

"Monsieur," returned Robichon, "we are in deep consideration of our latest parts. We shall be pleased to give you our attention at some other time."

"Alas!" persisted the newcomer, "with me time presses. I, too, am considering my latest part—and it will be the only speaking part I have ever played, though I have been 'appearing' for twenty years."

"What? You have been a super for twenty years?" said Quinquart, with a grimace.

"No, monsieur," replied the stranger grimly. "I have been the public executioner; and I am going to lecture on the horrors of the post I have resigned."

The two comedians stared at him aghast. Across the sunlit terrace seemed to have fallen the black shadow of the guillotine.

"I am Jacques Roux," the man went on. "I am 'trying it on the dog' at Appeville-sous-Bois next week, and I have what you gentlemen call 'stage fright'—I, who never knew what nervousness meant before! Is it not queer? As often as I rehearse walking on the platform, I feel myself to be all arms and legs—I don't know what to do with them. Formerly, I scarcely remembered my arms and legs; but, of course, my attention used to be engaged by the other fellow's head. Well, it struck me that you might consent to give me a few hints in deportment. Probably one lesson would suffice."

"Sit down," said Robichon. "Why did you abandon your official position?"

"Because I awakened to the truth," Roux answered. "I no longer agree with capital punishment; it is a crime that should be abolished."

"The scruples of conscience, *hein?*"

"That is it."

"Fine!" said Robichon. "What dramatic lines such a lecture might contain! And of what is it to consist?"

"It is to consist of the history of my life—my youth, my poverty, my experiences as executioner, and my remorse."

"Magnificent!" said Robichon. "The specters of your victims pursue you even to the platform. Your voice fails you, your eyes start from your head in terror. You gasp for mercy—and imagination splashes your outstretched hands with gore. The audience thrills, women swoon, strong men are breathless with emotion." Suddenly he smote the table with his big fist, and little Quinquart nearly fell off his chair, for he divined the inspiration of his rival. "Listen!" cried Robichon, "are you known at Appeville-sous-Bois?"

"My name is known, yes."

"Bah! I mean are you known personally, have you acquaintances there?"

"Oh, no. But why?"

"There will be nobody to recognize you?"

"It is very unlikely in such a place."

"What do you estimate that your profits will amount to?"

"It is only a small hall, and the prices are very cheap. Perhaps two hundred and fifty francs."

"And you are nervous, you would like to postpone your début?"

"I should not be sorry, I admit. But, again, why?"

"I will tell you why—I offer you five hundred francs to let me take your place!"

"Monsieur!"

"Is it a bargain?"

"I do not understand!"

"I have a whim to figure in a solemn part. You can explain next day that you missed your train—that you were ill—there are a dozen explanations that can be made; you will not be supposed to know that I personated you—the responsibility for that is mine. What do you say?"

"It is worth double the money," demurred the man.

"Not a bit of it! All the Press will shout the story of my practical joke—Paris will be astounded that I, Robichon, lectured as Jacques Roux and curdled an audience's blood. Millions will speak of your intended lecture tour who otherwise would never have heard of it. I am giving you the grandest advertisement and paying you for it besides. *Enfin,* I will throw a deportment lesson in! Is it agreed?"

"Agreed, monsieur!" said Roux.

OH, THE TREPIDATION of Quinquart! Who could eclipse Robichon if his performance of the part equaled his conception of it? At the theater that evening Quinquart followed Suzanne about the wings pathetically. He was garbed like a buffoon, but he felt like Romeo. The throng that applauded his capers were far from suspecting the romantic longings under his magenta wig. For the first time in his life he was thankful that the author hadn't given him more to do.

And, oh, the excitement of Robichon! He was to put his powers to a tremendous test, and if he made the effect that he anticipated he had no fear of Quinquart's going one better. Suzanne, to whom he whispered his project proudly, announced an intention of being present to "see the fun." Quinquart also promised to be there. Robichon sat up all night preparing his lecture.

If you wish to know whether Suzanne rejoiced at

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the project of his winning her, history is not definite on the point; but some chroniclers assert that at this period she made more than usual of Quinquart, who had developed a hump as big as the Panthéon.

And they all went to Appeville-sous-Bois.

Though no one in the town was likely to know the features of the executioner, it was to be remembered that people there might know the actor's, and Robichon had made up to resemble Roux as closely as possible. Arriving at the humble hall, he was greeted by the lessee, heard that a "good house" was expected, and smoked a cigarette in the retiring room while the audience assembled.

At eight o'clock the lessee reappeared.

"All is ready, Monsieur Roux," he said.

Robichon rose.

He saw Suzanne and Quinquart in the third row and was tempted to acknowledge their presence by a wink.

"Ladies and gentlemen——"

All eyes were riveted on him as he began; even the voice of the "executioner" exercised a morbid fascination over the crowd. The men nudged their neighbors appreciatively, and the women gazed at him, half horrified, half charmed.

The opening of his address was quiet enough—there was even a humorous element in it, as he narrated imaginary experiences of his boyhood. People tittered, and then glanced at one another with an apologetic air, as if shocked at such a monster's daring to amuse them. Suzanne whispered to Quinquart: "Too cheerful; he hasn't struck the right note." Quinquart whispered back gloomily: "Wait; he may be playing for the contrast!"

And Quinquart's assumption was correct. Gradually the cheerfulness faded from the speaker's voice, the humorous incidents were past. Gruesome, hideous, grew the anecdotes. The hall shivered. Necks were craned, and white faces twitched suspensively. He dwelt on the agonies of the condemned, he recited crimes in detail, he mirrored the last moments before the blade fell. He shrieked his remorse, his lacerating remorse. "I am a murderer," he sobbed; and in the hall one might have heard a pin drop.

There was no applause when he finished—that set the seal on his success; he bowed and withdrew amid tense silence. Still none moved in the hall, until, with a rush, the representatives of the Press sped forth to proclaim Jacques Roux an unparalleled sensation.

The triumph of Robichon! How generous were the congratulations of Quinquart, and how sweet the admiring tributes of Suzanne! And there was another compliment to come—nothing less than a card from the Marquis de Thevenin, requesting an interview at his home.

"Ah!" exclaimed Robichon, enravished, "an invitation from a noble! That proves the effect I made, *hein?*"

"Who may he be?" inquired Quinquart. "I never heard of the Marquis de Thevenin!"

"It is immaterial whether you have heard of him," replied Robichon. "He is a marquis, and he desires to converse with me! It is an honor that one must appreciate. I shall assuredly go."

And, being a bit of a snob, he sought a fiacre in high feather.

The drive was short, and when the cab stopped he was distinctly taken aback to perceive the unpretentious aspect of the nobleman's abode. It was, indeed, nothing better than a lodging. A peasant admitted him, and the room to which he was ushered boasted no warmer hospitality than a couple of candles and a decanter of wine. However, the sconces were massive silver. Monsieur le Marquis, he was informed, had been suddenly compelled to summon his physician, and begged that Monsieur Roux would allow him a few minutes' grace.

Robichon ardently admired the candlesticks, but began to think he might have supped more cozily with Suzanne.

It was a long time before the door opened.

The Marquis de Thevenin was old—so old that he seemed to be falling to pieces as he tottered forward. His skin was yellow and shriveled, his mouth sunken, his hair sparse and gray; and from this weird face peered strange eyes—the unnatural eyes of a fanatic.

"Monsieur, I owe you many apologies for my delay," he wheezed. "My unaccustomed exertion this evening fatigued me, and on my return from the hall I found it necessary to see my doctor. Your lecture was wonderful, Monsieur Roux—most interesting and instructive; I shall never forget it."

Robichon bowed his acknowledgments, and waited for the Marquis to continue.

"Sit down, Monsieur Roux, do not stand! Let me offer you some wine. I am forbidden to touch it myself. I am a poor host, but my age must be my excuse."

"To be the guest of Monsieur le Marquis," murmured Robichon, "is a privilege, an honor, which —er——"

"Ah," sighed the Marquis. "I shall very soon be in the Republic where all men are really equals and the only masters are the worms. My reason for requesting you to come was to speak of your unfortunate experiences—of a certain unfortunate experience in particular. You referred in your lecture to the execution of one called 'Victor Lesueur.' He died game, you say, *hein?*"

"As plucky a soul as I ever dispatched!" said Robichon, savoring the burgundy.

"Ah! Not a tremor? He strode to the guillotine like a man?"

"Like a hero, like a hero!" fervently replied Robi-

"I CAN CLAIM *for these short stories of Mr. Leonard Merrick, that each, by its perfection of form and the sincerity of its making, takes rank as a work of art. In none is there a word too little or a word too much. Everywhere one sees evidence of the pain through which the soul of the artist has passed on its way to the joy of creation. Everywhere is seen the firmness of outline which comes by conviction of truth, and the light and shade which is only attained by a man who loves his craft.*"

WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

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chon, who knew nothing about him whatsoever.

"That was fine," said the Marquis; "that was as it should be! You have never known a prisoner to die more bravely?" There was a note of pride in his voice that was unmistakable.

"I shall always recall his courage with respect," declared Robichon, mystified.

"Did you respect it at the time?"

"Pardon, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"I inquire if you respected it at the time; did you spare him all needless suffering?"

"There is no suffering," said Robichon. "So swift is the knife that——"

The host made a gesture of impatience. "I refer to mental suffering. Cannot you realize the emotions of an innocent man condemned to a shameful death!"

"Innocent! As for that, they all say that they are innocent."

"I do not doubt it. Victor, however, spoke the truth. I know it. He was my son."

"Your son?" faltered Robichon, aghast.

"My only son—the only soul I loved on earth. Yes, he was innocent, Monsieur Roux. And it was you who butchered him—he died by your hands."

"I—I was but the instrument of the law," stammered Robichon. "I was not responsible for his fate myself."

"You have given a masterly lecture, Monsieur Roux," said the Marquis musingly; "I find myself in agreement with all that you said in it—'you are his murderer.' I hope the wine is to your taste, Monsieur Roux? Do not spare it!"

"The wine?" gasped the actor. He started to his feet, trembling—he understood.

"It is poisoned," said the old man calmly. "In an hour you will be dead."

"Great Heavens!" moaned Robichon. Already he was conscious of a strange sensation—his blood was chilled, his limbs were weighted, there were shadows before his eyes.

"Ah, I have no fear of you!" continued the other; "I am feeble, I could not defend myself; but your violence would avail you nothing. Fight or faint, as you please—you are doomed."

For some seconds they stared at each other dumbly—the actor paralyzed by terror, the host wearing the smile of a lunatic. And then the "lunatic" slowly peeled court-plaster from his teeth, removed features, and lifted a wig.

And when the whole story was published a delighted Paris awarded the palm to Quinquart without a dissentient voice, for while Robichon had duped an audience Quinquart had duped Robichon himself.

Robichon bought the silver candlesticks, which had been hired for the occasion, and he presented them to Quinquart and Suzanne on their wedding day.

The Warrant of Life in Literature

There is a sort of homely truth and naturalness in some books which is very rare to find, and yet looks cheap enough. There may be nothing lofty in the sentiment, or fine in the expression, but it is careless country talk. Homeliness is almost as great a merit in a book as in a house, if the reader would abide there. It is next to beauty, and a very high art. Some have this merit only. The scholar is not apt to make his most familiar experience come gracefully to the aid of his expression. Very few men can speak of Nature, for instance, with any truth. They overstep her modesty, somehow or other, and confer no favor. They do not speak a good word for her. Most cry better than speak, and you can get more nature out of them by pinching than by addressing them. The surliness with which the wood-chopper speaks of his woods, handling them as indifferently as his axe, is better than the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of Nature. Better that the primrose by the river's brim be a yellow primrose, and nothing more, than that it be something less. Aubrey relates of Thomas Fuller that his was "a very working head, insomuch that, walking and meditating before dinner he would eat up a penny loaf, not knowing that he did it. His natural memory was very great, to which he added the art of memory. He would repeat to you forward and backward all the signs from Ludgate to Charing Cross." He says of Mr. John Hales, that "He loved Canarie," and was buried "under an altar monument of black marble—with a too long epitaph"; of Edmund Halley, that he, "at sixteen could make a dial, and then, he said, he thought himself a brave fellow"; of William Holder, who wrote a book upon his curing one Popham who was deaf and dumb, "he was beholding to no author; did only consult with Nature." For the most part, an author consults only with all who have written before him upon a subject, and his book is but the advice of so many. But a good book will never have been forestalled, but the topic itself will in one sense be new, and its author, by consulting with Nature, will consult not only with those who have gone before, but with those who may come after. There is always room and occasion enough for a true book on any subject; as there is room for more light the brightest day, and more rays will not interfere with the first.

Henry David Thoreau

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"Fifteen Men *on the* Dead Man's Chest"

Robert Louis Stevenson himself testified in a letter that the famous chorus from Treasure Island *was suggested to him by the name of one of the Virgin Islands—"The Dead Man's Chest"—and that the whole song was "only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint." Yet an earnest search has been carried on ever since for the non-existent sea-song from which most persons supposed the four-line chorus to have been taken.*

Not until 1891 was a poem found to go with the chorus, and then it was not turned up in a water-soaked old manuscript, but freshly written by a young Louisville newspaper editor named Young E. Allison. Allison had been fascinated by the chorus when he first read Treasure Island *in 1882, and nine years later he decided to write an extension of Stevenson's four lines. The result is as satisfactory a bloodthirsty and piratical ballad as we know.*

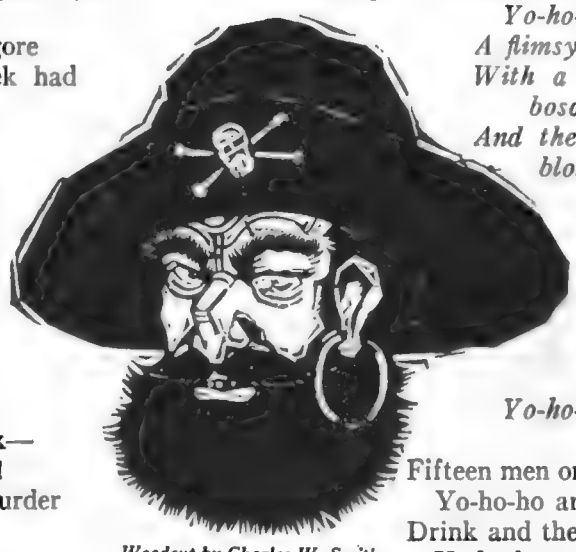
"FIFTEEN men on the Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlinspike
And Cookey's throat was marked belike.
It had been gripped
By fingers ten;
And there they lay,
All good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozing-ken—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and bedamned and the rest gone whist!—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore
Where the scullion's ax his cheek had shore——
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay
And the soggy skies
Dripped all day long
In up-staring eyes—
At murk sunset and at foul sunrise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawing hole in a battered head—
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay—
Aye, damn my eyes!—
All lookouts clapped
On paradise—
All souls bound just contrariwise—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabins riot of stuff untold.
And they lay there,
That had took the plum,
With sightless glare
And their eyes struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the sternlight screen—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Chartings no doubt where a woman had been!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she wench . . .
Or some shuddering maid . . .?
That dared the knife—
And that took the blade!
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!



Woodcut by Charles W. Smith

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
With a yo-heave-ho!
And a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge
In the sullen swell
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

First *of a* Series *of* Famous Poems *of* "One-Poem Poets"

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Domestic Despots

By ELIOT GREGORY

One of G. E. Studdy's dogs.

THOSE WHO WALK through the well-to-do quarters of our city, and glance, perhaps a little enviously as they pass, toward the cheerful firesides, do not reflect that in almost every one of these apparently happy homes a pitiless tyrant reigns, a misshapen monster without bowels of compassion or thought beyond its own greedy appetites, who sits like Sinbad's awful burden on the necks of tender women and distracted men. Sometimes this incubus takes the form of a pug, sometimes of a poodle, or simply a bastard cur admitted to the family bosom in a moment of unreflecting pity; size and pedigree are of no importance; the result is always the same. Once Caliban is installed in his stronghold, peace and independence desert that roof.

We read daily of fathers tryannizing over trembling families, of stepmothers and unnatural children turning what might be happy homes into amateur Infernos, and sigh, as we think of martyrdoms endured by overworked animals.

It is cheering to know that societies have been formed for the protection of dumb brutes and helpless children. Will no attempt be made to alleviate this other form of suffering, which has apparently escaped the eye of the reformer?

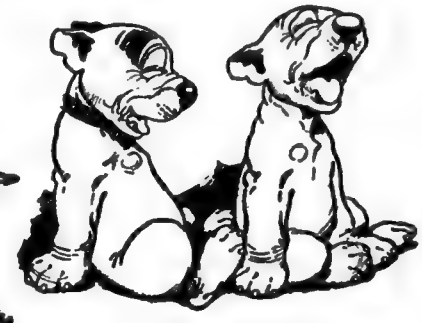
Buster Brown's "Tige," by R. F. Outcault.

"Bozo," by Vic.

"Mr. Beans," by Robert L. Dickey.

The animal kingdom is divided—like all Gaul—into three divisions: wild beasts, that are obliged to hustle for themselves; laboring and producing animals, for which man provides because they are useful to him—and dogs! Of all created things on our globe the canine race have the softest "snap." The more one thinks about this curious exception in their favor the more unaccountable it appears. We neglect such wild things as we do not slaughter, and exact toil from domesticated animals in return for their keep. Dogs alone, shirking all cares and labor, live in idle comfort at man's expense.

When that painful family jar broke up the little garden party in Eden and forced our first parents to work or hunt for a living, the original Dog (equally disgusted with either alternative) hit on the luminous idea of posing as the champion of the disgraced couple, and attached himself to Adam and Eve; not that he approved of their conduct, but simply because he foresaw that if he made himself companionable and cozy he would be asked to stay to dinner.



The "Bonzo" Pups, by G. E. Studdy.

"Sinbad," by Edwina Dumm.

From that day to the present, with the exception of occasionally watching sheep and houses—a lazy occupation at the best—and a little light carting in Belgium (dogs were given up as turn-spits centuries ago, because they performed that duty badly), no canine has raised a paw to do an honest day's work, neither has any member of the genus been known voluntarily to perform a useful act.

How then—one asks oneself in a wonder—did the myth originate that Dog was the friend of Man? Like a multitude of other fallacies taught to innocent children, this folly must be unlearned later. Friend of man, indeed! Why, the "Little Brothers of the Rich"

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are guileless philanthropists in comparison with most canines, and unworthy to be named in the same breath with them. Dogs discovered centuries ago that to live in luxury it was only necessary to assume an exaggerated affection for some wealthy mortal, and have since proved themselves past masters in a difficult art in which few men succeed. The number of human beings who manage to live on their friends is small, whereas the veriest mongrel cur contrives to enjoy food and lodging at some dupe's expense.

Facts such as these, however, have not overthrown the great dog myth. One can hardly open a child's book without coming across some tale of canine intelligence and devotion. My tender youth was saddened by the story of one distinguished dog that refused to leave his master's grave and was found frozen at his post on a bleak winter's morning. With the experience of years in pet dogs, I now suspect that, instead of acting in this theatrical fashion, that pup trotted home from the funeral with the most prosperous and simple-minded couple in the neighborhood, and after a substantial meal went to sleep by the fire. He must have been a clever dog to get so much free advertisement, so probably strolled out to his master's grave the next noon, when people were about to hear him, and howled a little to keep up appearances.

"Ric and Rac," Pol Rab's *Chiens Modernes.*

From "When a Feller Needs a Friend," by Clare Briggs.

Skippy's dog, by Percy L. Crosby.

"Offissa B. Pupp," by George Herriman.

I have written "the richest and most simple-minded couple," because centuries of self-seeking have developed in these beasts an especial aptitude for spotting possible victims at a glance. You will rarely find dogs coquetting with the strong-minded or wasting blandishments where there is not the probability of immediate profit; but once let even a puppy get a tender-hearted girl or aged couple under his influence, no pity will be shown the victims.

There is a house not a square away from Mr. Gerry's philanthropic headquarters, where a state of things exists calculated to extract tears from a customs-house official. Two elderly virgins are there held in bondage by a Minotaur no bigger than your two fists. These good dames have a taste for traveling, but change of climate disagrees with their tyrant. They dislike housekeeping and, like good Americans, would prefer hotel life; nevertheless they keep up an establishment in a cheerless side street, with a retinue of servants, because, forsooth, their satrap exacts a back yard where he can walk of a morning. These spinsters, although loving sisters, no longer go about together, Caligula's nerves being so shaken that solitude upsets them. He would sooner expire than be left alone with the servant, for the excellent reason that his bad temper and absurd airs have made him dangerous enemies below-stairs—and he knows it!

Another household in this city revolves around two brainless, goggle-eyed beasts, imported at much expense from the slopes of Fujiyama. The care that is lavished on those heathen monsters passes belief. Maids are employed to carry them up and down stairs, and men are called in the night to hurry for a doctor when Chi has over-eaten or Fu developed colic; yet their devoted mistress tells me, with tears in her eyes, that in spite of this care, when she takes her darlings for a walk they do not know her from the first stranger that passes, and will follow any boy who whistles to them in the street.

What revolts me in the character of dogs is that, not content with escaping from the responsibilities entailed on all the other inhabitants of our globe by the struggle for existence, these four-legged Pecksniffs have succeeded in making for themselves a fallacious reputation for honesty and devotion. What little lingering belief I had in canine fidelity succumbed when I was told that St. Bernards—those models of integrity and courage—have fallen into the habit of carrying the flasks of brandy that the kind monks provide for the succor of snowbound travelers, to the neighboring hamlets and exchanging the contents for—chops!

"Iggy," by Milt Gross.

Will the world ever wake to the true character of these four-legged impostors and realize that instead of being disinterested and sincere, most family pets are consummate hypocrites? Innocent? Pshaw! Their pretty, coaxing ways and pretenses of affection are unadulterated guile; their ostentatious

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devotion, simply a clever maneuver to excite interest and obtain unmerited praise. It is useless, however, to hope that things will change. So long as this giddy old world goes on waltzing in space, so long shall we continue to be duped by shams and pin our faith on frauds, confounding an attractive bearing with a sweet disposition and mistaking disheveled hair and eccentric appearance for brains. Even in the Orient, where dogs have been granted immunity from other labor, on the condition that they organize an effective street-cleaning department, they have been false to their trust and have evaded their contracts quite as if they were Tammany braves, like whom they pass their days in slumber and their nights in settling private disputes, while the city remains uncleaned.

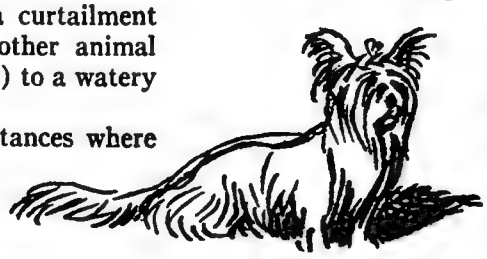
I nurse yet another grudge against the canine race! That Voltaire of a whelp who imposed himself upon our confiding first parents, must have had an important "pull" at headquarters, for he certainly succeeded in getting the decree concerning beauty and fitness which applies to all mammals, including man himself, reversed in favor of dogs, and handed down to his descendants the secret of making defects and deformities pass current as qualities. While other animals are valued for sleek coats and slender proportions, canine monstrosities have always been in demand. We do not admire squints or protruding under-jaws in our own race, yet bulldogs have persuaded many weak-minded people that these defects are charming when combined in an individual of their breed.

The fox in the fable, who, after losing his tail, tried to make that bereavement the fashion, failed in his undertaking; Dutch canal-boat dogs have, however, been successful where the fox failed, and are today pampered and prized for a curtailment that would condemn any other animal (except perhaps a Manx cat) to a watery grave at birth.

I can recall only two instances where canine sycophants got their deserts; the first tale (probably apocryphal) is about a donkey, for years the silent victim of a little terrier who had been trained to lead him to water and back. The dog—as might have been expected—abused the situation: while pretending to be kind to his charge, he never allowed him to roll on the grass, as he would have liked, or drink in peace, and harassed the poor beast in many other ways, getting, however, much credit from the neighbors for devotion and intelligence. Finally, one day after months of waiting, the patient victim's chance came. Getting his tormentor well out into deep water, the donkey quietly sat down on him.

The other tale is true, for I knew the lady who provided in her will that her entire establishment should be kept up for the comfort and during the life of the three fat spaniels that had solaced her declining years. The heirs tried to break the will and failed; the delighted domestics, seeing before them a period of repose, proceeded (headed by the portly housekeeper) to consult a "vet" as to how the life of the precious legatees might be prolonged to the utmost. His advice was to stop all sweets and rich food and give each of the animals at least three hours of hard exercise a day. From that moment the lazy brutes led a dog's life. Water and the detested "Spratt" biscuit, scorned in happier days, formed their meager ordinary; instead of somnolent airings in a softly cushioned landau they were torn from chimney corner musings to be raced through cold, muddy streets by a groom on horseback.

Those two tales give me the keenest pleasure. When I am received on entering a friend's room with a chorus of yelps and attacked in dark corners by snarling little hypocrites who fawn on me in their master's presence, I humbly pray that some such Nemesis may be in store for these *faux bonhommes* before they leave this world, as apparently no provision has been made for their punishment in the next.



By "Caran d'Ache."

Four Little Foxes

By LEW SARETT

SPEAK gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

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A writer with a deep understanding of human nature tests a man and a marriage

The Brown Wallet

By STACY AUMONIER

Stacy Aumonier

A man was looking out of the first floor window, watching him!

GILES MEIKLEJOHN was a beaten man. Huddled in the corner of a third-class railway carriage on the journey from Epsom to London, he sullenly reviewed the unfortunate series of episodes which had brought him into the position he found himself. Dogged by bad luck! . . . Thirty-seven years of age; married; a daughter ten years old; nothing attained; his debts exceeding his assets; and now—out of work!

He had tried, too. A little pampered in his upbringing; when the crisis came he had faced it manfully. When, during his very first year at Oxford, the news came of his father's bankruptcy and sudden death from heart failure, he immediately went up to town and sought a situation in any capacity. His mother had died many years previously, and his only sister was married to a missionary in Burmah. His accomplishments at that time? Well, he could play cricket and squash rackets; he knew a smattering of Latin and a smudge of French; he remembered a few dates in history, and he could add up and subtract (a little unreliably). He was good-looking, genial, and of excellent physique. He had no illusions about the difficulties which faced him.

His father had always been a kind of practical visionary. Connected with big insurance interests, he was a man of large horizons, profound knowledge, and great ideals. Around his sudden failure and death there had always clung an atmosphere of mystery. That he had never expected to fail, and was unprepared for death a week before it happened, is certain. He had had plans for Giles which up to that time he had had no opportunity of putting into operation. The end must have been cyclonic.

Through the intervention of friends, Giles obtained a situation as clerk in an insurance office, his wages amounting to fifteen shillings a week, a sum he had managed to live on. In the evening he attended classes, and studied shorthand and typewriting. At first the freshness of this experience, aided by youth and good health, stimulated him. But as time went on he began to realize that he had chosen work for which he was utterly unsuited. He worked hard, but made no progress. He had not a mathematical mind; he was slow in the up-take. The chances of promotion were remote. The men around him seemed so quick and clever. At the end of two years he decided to resign and try something else. If only he had been taught a profession! After leaving the insurance office he went through various experiences; working

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at a seedman's nursery, going round with a circus, attempting to get on the stage and failing, working his passage out to South Africa, more clerking, nearly dying from enteric through drinking polluted water, working on an ostrich farm, returning to England as a male nurse to a young man who was mentally deficient.

It was not till he met Minting that he achieved any success at all. They started a press-cutting agency in two rooms in Bloomsbury. Minting was clever, and Giles borrowed fifty pounds (from whom we will explain later). Strangely enough, the press-cutting agency was a success. After the first six months they began to do well.

IT WAS AT THAT TIME that he met Eleanor. She was secretary to Sir Herbert Woolley, the well-known actor-manager, and she happened to call one day concerning the matter of press-cuttings for her employer. From the very first moment there was never any question on either side but that both he and she had met their fate. Neither had there been an instant's regret on either side ever since. They were completely devoted. With the business promising well, he married her within three months. It is probable that if the business had not existed he would have done the same. They went to live in a tiny flat in Maida Vale, and a child was born the following year.

A period of unclouded happiness followed. There was no fortune to be made out of press-cuttings, but a sufficient competence to keep Eleanor and the child in reasonable comfort. Everything progressed satisfactorily for three years. And then one July morning the blow fell. At that time he and Minting were keeping a junior clerk. Giles and Eleanor had been away to the sea for a fortnight's holiday. Minting was to go on the day of their return. When Giles arrived at the office he found the clerk alone. To his surprise he heard that Minting had not been there himself for a fortnight. He did not have long to wait to find the solution of the mystery. The first hint came in the discovery of a blank counterfoil. Minting had withdrawn every penny of their small capital and vanished!

Giles did not tell his wife. He made a desperate effort to pull the concern together, but in vain. There were a great number of outstanding debts, and he had just nine shillings when he returned from his holiday. He rushed round and managed to borrow a pound or two here and there, sufficient to buy food and pay off the clerk, but he quickly foresaw that the crash was inevitable. He had not the business acumen of Minting, and no one seemed prepared to invest money in a bankrupt press-cutting agency. In the midst of his troubles the original source of the fifty pounds upon which he started the business, wrote peremptorily demanding the money back. He went there and begged and pleaded, but it was obvious that the "original source" looked upon him as a waster and ne'er-do-well.

He went bankrupt, and Eleanor had to be told. Thoroughbred that she was, she took it in just the way he knew she would take it. She said:

"Never mind, darling. We'll soon get on our feet again."

She had been a competent secretary, with knowledge of French, bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting. She set to work and obtained a situation herself as secretary to the manager of a firm of wall-paper manufacturers, housing the child during the day with a friendly neighbor.

Giles was idle the whole of August. They gave up the flat and went into lodgings. In September he got work as a clerk to a stationer. His salary was thirty shillings a week, a pound less than his wife was getting. He felt the situation bitterly. Poor Eleanor! How he had let her down. When he spoke about it, though, she only laughed and said:

"If our troubles are never anything worse than financial ones, darling, I sha'n't mind."

They continued to be only financial ones till the following year, when Eleanor became very ill. She gave birth to a child that died. In a desperate state Giles again approached the "original source." After suffering considerable recrimination and bullying he managed to extract another ten pounds, which quickly vanished. It was three months before Eleanor was well enough to resume work, and during that time they lived in a state of penury. Giles lived almost entirely on tea and bread, and became very run down and thin. He pretended to Eleanor that he had had an increase, and that he had a good lunch every day, so that all the money he earned could be spent on her and the baby. In the meantime he dissected desperately that grimmest of all social propositions—the unskilled labor market. If only he had been taught to be a bootmaker, a plumber, or a house-painter he would have been better off. Manners may make men, but they don't make money, and one has to make money to live. He became envious of his fellow clerks and shop assistants who had never tasted the luxurious diet of a public-school training. That he had brains he was fully aware, but they had never been trained in any special direction. They were, moreover, the kind of brains that do not adapt themselves to commercial ends. He had always had a great affection for his father, but he began to nurture a resentment against his memory. His father had treated him badly, bringing him up to a life of ease and assurance and then deserting him.

It would be idle and not very interesting to trace the record of his experiences during the next years up to the time when we find him in the train on the way back from Epsom. It is a dreary story, the record of a series of dull, underpaid jobs, a few bright gleams of hope, even days and nights of complete happiness, then dull reactions, strain, worry, hunger, nervous fears, blunted ambitions, and thwarted desires. Through it all the only thing that remained unalterably bright and inspiring was his wife's face. Not once did she flinch, not once did she lose hope. Her constant slogan: "Never mind, old darling, we'll soon be on our feet again," was ever in his ears, buoying him up through the darkest hours.

And again he was out of work, again Eleanor was not well, and again he had been forced to resort to the "original source."

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The "original source" was his uncle, his father's brother. He was a thin, acid old gentleman, known in commercial circles as a money-maniac. Living alone in a large house at Epsom, with all kinds of telephonic connections with the city, he thought and dreamed of nothing at all but his mistress—money. Between him and Giles' father had always existed a venomous hatred, far more pronounced on the side of his uncle than of his father. It had dated back many years. When his father died and Giles appealed to his uncle, the old gentleman appeared thoroughly to enjoy giving him five pounds as an excuse for a lecture and a subtly conveyed sneer at his father's character.

He was a very wealthy man, and he could easily have launched Giles into the world by putting him through the training for one of the professions, but he preferred to dole out niggardly little bits of charity and advice, and to boast that he himself was a self-made man, who had had no special training.

Nearly a quarter of an hour to get the wallet open, and when he did his heart was beating like a sledge hammer.

"No," thought Giles, "but you have an instinct for making money. I haven't. You don't have to train a duck to swim."

Naturally, they very quickly quarreled, and his uncle seemed to rejoice in his failures. It was only in his most desperate positions that he appealed to him again.

Lying back in the dimly-lighted railway carriage, he kept on visualizing his uncle's keen malevolent eyes, the thrust of the pointed chin. The acid tones of his voice echoed through his brain:

"It's quite time, my lad, you pulled yourself together. You ought to have made your fortune by now. Don't imagine I'm always going to help you."

Giles had humbled his pride for his wife and child's sake. He had spent the night at his uncle's, and by exercising his utmost powers of cajolery had managed to extort three pounds. Three pounds! and the rent overdue, bills pressing, his wife unwell and he—out of work. What was he going to do?

The train rumbled into Waterloo Station without any satisfactory answer being arrived at. He pulled his bag out from under the seat and stepped slowly out of the carriage.

Walking along the platform it suddenly occurred to him that he was feeling weak and exhausted. "I hope to God I'm not going to be ill," he thought.

The bag, which only contained his night things and a change of clothes, seemed unbearably heavy. A slight feeling of faintness came over him as he passed the ticket-collector.

"I believe I shall have to have a cab," flashed through him.

Two important-looking men got out of a taxi which had just driven up. Giles engaged it, and having given his address he stepped in and sank back exhausted onto the seat. It was very dark in the cab, and he lay huddled in the corner—a beaten man. Everything appeared distant and dim, and unimportant. He had eaten hardly any lunch, and his uncle seemed to have arranged that he should leave his house just before dinner. It was late, and he was hungry and upset.

The cab turned a corner sharply, and Giles lurched and thrust his hand onto the other end of the seat to prevent himself falling. As he did so his knuckles brushed against an object. Quite apathetically he felt to see what it was. He picked it up and held it near the window. It was a brown leather wallet, with a circular brass lock. He regarded it dubiously, and for an instant hesitated whether he should tell the driver to go back to the station, the wallet presumably belonging to one of those two important-looking men who had got out. But would it be possible to find them? By that time they would probably have gone off by train. No, the right thing to do was to give it up to the police, of course.

It was a fat wallet, and he sat there with it in his hand, ruminating. He wondered what it contained. Quite easy just to have a squint, anyway. He tried to slip the catch, but it wouldn't open. It was locked. It is difficult to determine the extent to which this knowledge affected him. If it had not been locked Giles Meiklejohn's immediate actions, and indeed his future career, might have been entirely different. It irritated him that the wallet was locked . . . tantalized him. If it was locked it meant that it contained something . . . pretty useful. All round the

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park he lay back in the cab, hugging the wallet like one in a trance.

A desperate, beaten man, holding a fat wallet in his hand. Contrary forces were struggling within his tired mind. Going up Park Lane one of these forces seemed to succumb to the other. Almost in a dream he leaned out of the cab, and said quietly to the driver:

"Drive to the Trocadero. I think I'll get a bit of supper first."

Arriving there, he paid the cabman, concealed the wallet in his overcoat and went in. He entered a lavatory and locked himself in. With unruffled deliberation he took out a pen-knife and began to saw away at the leather around the lock.

"I just want to have a squint," he kept on mentally repeating.

It took him nearly a quarter of an hour to get the wallet open, and when he did his heart was beating like a sledge hammer.

The wallet contained eight thick packets of one-pound treasury notes! He feverishly computed the number which each packet contained, and decided that it must be two hundred and fifty. In other words, he had two thousand pounds' worth of ready cash in his possession!

A desperate, beaten man, with a wife and child, hungry . . . out of work . . . two thousand pounds! . . .

There seemed no question about it all then. One side of the scale was too heavily weighted. He took seventeen of the one-pound notes and put them in his pocket-book; the rest he divided into the pockets of his overcoat, where he also concealed the wallet. He went up into the bar and ordered a double brandy and soda. He drank it in two gulps and went out and hailed another taxi. On the way home he stopped at a caterer's, and bought a cold fowl, some pressed beef, new rolls, cheese, a box of chocolates, and a bottle of wine. Then he drove homeward.

Up to this point his actions seemed to have been controlled by some sub-conscious force. So far as his normal self was concerned, he had hardly thought at all. But as he began to approach his own neighborhood—his own wife—the realization of what he had done—what he was doing—came home to him. . . .

It was practically stealing. "It is stealing, you know."

YES, BUT WHAT would anyone else have done in that position? He couldn't let his wife and child starve. There was only one thing he was afraid of . . . his wife's eyes. She must never know. He would have to be cunning, circumspect. He must get rid of the wallet, conceal the notes from his wife—eke them out in driblets, pretend he was making money somehow. But the wallet? He couldn't leave it in the cab. It would be found and the cabman would give evidence. He mustn't drive home at all. He must get out again, think again. Between Paddington and Maida Vale runs a canal. Happy thought! a canal! He stopped at the bridge and dismissed the man again, tipping him lavishly. The banks of the canal were railed off. It was only possible to get near enough to throw anything in from the bridge. Thither he walked at a rapid stride. The feeling of exhaustion had passed. He was tingling with excitement. He looked eagerly about for a stone, and cursed these modern arrangements of wooden pavements. There were no stones near the canal. Never mind, the thing would probably sink. If it didn't, who could trace its discovery to his action? The point was to get rid of it unseen.

He reached the bridge. A few stray people were passing backward and forward—must wait till everyone was out of sight. He hung about, gripping his portmanteau in one hand, and the wallet in his right-hand overcoat pocket. He crossed the bridge once, but still seeing dark figures about he had to return. Why not throw it now? No, there was someone watching in the road opposite—might be a policeman! The police! never had cause to feel frightened at the police before. There would be a splash. Someone might come out of the darkness, a deep voice:

"What was that you threw into the canal?"

No, no, couldn't do it. The bridge was too exposed, too much of a fairway. He hurried off, walking rapidly down side streets in the direction of his home. At last an opportunity presented itself. Shabby, deserted little street, a low stone wall enclosing a meager garden. Not a soul in sight. Like a flash he slipped the wallet over the wall and dropped it: Instantaneously he looked up at the house connected with the garden. A man was looking out of the first-floor window, watching him!

He turned and walked quickly back. He thought he heard a call. At the first turning he ran, the portmanteau banging against his leg and impeding his progress. He ceased running only because people stopped and looked at him suspiciously.

"It's all right! It's all right!" he kept saying to himself. "I've got rid of it."

Yes, he was rid of that danger, but there loomed before him the more insidious difficulty of concealing the notes. His pockets bulged with them. When he arrived home, Eleanor would run out into the landing and throw her arms round him. He could almost hear the tones of her gentle voice saying:

"Whatever have you got in your pockets, darling?"

If he put them in the portmanteau she would be almost certain to open it, or she would be in the room when he went to unpack. Very difficult to conceal anything from Eleanor; she knew all about him; every little thing about him interested her. Nothing in their rooms was locked up. Moreover, she was very observant, methodical and practical. Someone had called her psychic, but this was only because she thought more quickly than most people, and had unerring intuitions.

Giles would have to be very cunning. His mental energies were so concerned with the necessity for deceiving Eleanor that the moral aspect of his position was temporarily blurred. He plunged on through the darkness, his mind working rapidly. At the corner of their meager street he was tempted to stuff the notes in a pillar box and hurry home.

"Don't be a fool," said the other voice. "Here is comfort and luxury interminably—not only for yourself, but also for the others."

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He went boldly up to the house and let himself in. He heard other lodgers talking in the front ground-floor room. He hurried by and reached his own landing. To his relief Eleanor's voice came from the room above:

"Is that you, darling?"

He dumped the bag down and in a flash had removed his overcoat and hung it on a peg in a dark corner. Then he called out:

"Hullo, old girl. Everything all right?"

Within a minute his wife's arms were around him, and he exclaimed with forced triumph:

"I touched the old boy for twenty pounds! I've brought home a chicken and things."

"Oh! how splendid! A chicken! Rather extrav., isn't it, darling?"

"One must live, dear angel."

Her confidence and trust in him, her almost childish glee over the gay feast, her solicitude in his welfare, her anxiety that little Anna should have some chicken, but keep the sweets till the morrow, her voice later crooning over the child—all these things mocked his conscience. But he couldn't afford to have a conscience. He couldn't afford to say:

"I stole all this and more."

He was eager for the attainment of that last instance—crooning over the child. Whilst she was putting the little girl to bed, he crept out into the passage and extracted the packets of notes from his overcoat pocket. He took them into the sitting room and wrapped them up in brown paper. He wrote on the outside, "stationery." Then he stuffed the parcel at the back of a cupboard where they kept all kinds of odds and ends.

"That'll have to do for tonight," he thought. "I'm too tired to think of anything better."

When she came down he enlarged the claims of his exhaustion. He had a bit of a head, he explained; just as well to turn in early. In the darkness he clung to her fearfully, like a child in terror of separation.

It was not till she was sleeping peacefully that the enormity of his offense came home to him.

If he were found out! It would kill her.

He remembered her expression:

"If our troubles are never anything worse than financial ones, darling, I sha'n't mind."

Good God! What had he done? He could call it what he liked, but, crudely speaking, it was just stealing. He had stolen. He was a criminal, a felon. If found out, it meant arrest, trial, imprisonment—all these horrors he had only vaguely envisaged as concerning a different type of person to himself. In the rough and tumble of his life he had never before done anything criminal, never anything even remotely dishonest. And she, Eleanor, what would she think of him? It would destroy her love, destroy her life, ruin the child.

He must get up, go into the other room and—what? What could he do with the notes? Burn them? Eleanor had that mother's curious faculty for profound, but at the same time, watchful sleep. If he got out of bed she would be aware of it. If he went into the next room and began burning things, she would wake—would be instantly on the alert.

"What's that burning, darling?"

An ever-loving wife may be an embarrassment when one is not quite playing the game. By destroying the wallet he had burned his boats. If he returned the money he would have to explain what the wallet was doing in a neighbor's garden with the brass lock cut away.

"Besides, you've already spent some," interjected that other voice. "You're horribly in debt. Here's succor. The money probably belongs to some rich corporation. It's not like taking it from the poor. Don't be a fool. Go to sleep."

For hours he tossed feverishly, the pendulum of his resolutions swinging backward and forward. If he was to keep the money, he would have to invent some imaginary source of income, a fictitious job, perhaps, and that would be very difficult, because Eleanor was so solicitous, such a glutton for details concerning himself. He might have made out that his uncle had given him a much larger sum of money, but in that case there was the danger that in her impetuous manner Eleanor might have written to the old man, and the old man would smell a rat. Doubtless the affair of the lost wallet would be in the papers the next day; and wouldn't the old man be delighted to bring it home to Giles! There was nothing to be done but to trust to fate. The milk carts were clattering in the road before he slept.

It was hours later that he heard Anna's merry little laugh, and his wife's voice saying:

"Hush, darling, daddy's asleep. He's very tired."

He got up and faced the ordeals of the day. The place at the back of the lumber cupboard seemed the most exposed in the world. He racked his brains for a more suitable spot. But whichever place he thought of danger seemed to lurk. One never quite knew what Eleanor might do. She was so keen on tidying up and clearing things out. He decided that a crisp walk might clear his mind. He made up the excuse that he was going to the public library to look through the advertisements, and went out. He meant to smuggle the parcel of notes out with him, but Eleanor was too much on the spot. She helped him on with his overcoat and said:

"It'll soon be all right again, darling."

Poor Eleanor! What a capacity she had for living! She ought to have married a rich, successful, and clever man. She ought to have everything a beautiful woman desires. Well? . . . He walked quickly to the nearest news-agent and bought a paper. There was nothing in the morning paper about the loss of the wallet. He felt annoyed about this, until he realized that of course there wouldn't have been time. It would come out later. And indeed, whilst standing on the curb anxiously scrutinizing his morning paper, boys came along the street selling the *Star* and the *Evening News*.

A paragraph in the *Star*, headed "£2,000 Left in a Taxi," supplied him with the information he needed. It announced that Sir James Cusping, K.B.E., a director of a well-known bank, and a chief cashier, had left a wallet containing two thousand pounds in treasury notes in a taxi at Waterloo Station. The money was

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He glanced at her and nearly screamed. She was holding up the parcel in her hand.

Drawings by Douglas Ryan

the result of a cash transaction concerning certain bank investments. Anyone giving information likely to lead to recovery would be suitably rewarded. It also announced that Scotland Yard had the matter in hand.

So far the information was satisfactory. Sir James Cusping was a notoriously wealthy man, and the chief cashier was hardly likely to be held seriously responsible for a loss for which such an important person was jointly responsible. The bank mentioned was a bank that advertised that its available assets exceeded four hundred million pounds. Two thousand pounds meant less to it than two pence would mean to Giles. No one was hurt by the transfer of this useful sum to his own pocket. The sun was shining. Why be down in the mouth about it? What he had done he had done, and he must see it through.

How could anybody trace the theft to him? The two cabmen? They would hardly be likely to remember his face, and neither of them had driven him home. There was no danger from anyone except Eleanor. A sudden fever of dread came over him. She would assuredly turn out that cupboard today, find the packet of "stationery." Then—what?

He hurried back home. Approaching the house other fears assailed him. He had visions of policemen waiting for him on the other side of the hall door.

Damn it! His nerves were going to pot.

He opened the door with exaggerated nonchalance. There was no one there. No one up in his rooms except his wife and child. Eleanor was singing. The kettle was on the gas ring, ready for tea.

"What a cad I am to her," he thought.

The condition of frenzied agitation continued till the following afternoon, when it reached a crisis. He was feeling all unstrung. Seated alone in their little sitting room he was struggling with the resolution to confess everything to Eleanor, when she entered the room. He glanced at her and nearly screamed. *She was holding up the parcel in her hand!*

In her cheerful voice she said:

"What is this parcel marked 'stationery,' darling? I was turning out the cupboard."

Like an animal driven to bay he jumped up and almost snatched it from her. The inspiration of despair prompted him to exclaim:

"Oh! . . . that! Yes, yes, I wanted that. It's something a chap wanted me to get for him. . . . It doesn't belong to me."

A chap! What chap? Giles didn't usually refer to "chaps." They had no secrets apart. She looked surprised.

"I was just going to open it. As a matter of fact we have run out of stationery."

"Eh? No, no, not that. I must send that back.

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That's not ours. I'll get some more stationery for us."

He tucked the packet under his arm and went out into the hall.

"You're not going out at once?" said Eleanor, following.

"Yes, yes, I must post it at once. I'd quite forgotten."

He slipped on his coat and went out without his customary embrace.

Beads of perspiration were on his brow.

"That's done it!" he muttered in the street, "I must never take it back."

An extravagant plan formed in his mind. He went to the library and looked at the advertisements in a local paper. He took down some addresses in St. John's Wood. In half an hour's time he was calling on a landlady in a mean street.

"You have a furnished room to let?" he said when she appeared.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's like this. I am an author. I want a quiet room to work in during the daytime."

"I've got a nice room as would suit you."

"Come on, then, let me see it, please."

He booked the room, a shabby little over-crowded apartment.

"I'll be coming in today," he said.

"Very good, sir. What name might it be?"

"Er—name? Oh, yes, name—er—John Parsons."

He fled down the street and sought a furnishing establishment.

"I want an oak desk which I can lock up—a good strong lock."

He paid seven pounds ten for the desk, and had it taken round at once on a barrow. He then bought scribbling papers, paper, and ink. He established himself in his room, stuffed the packet of notes in the desk and locked it. Then he went out into the street again. The fresh air fanned his temples. He almost chuckled.

"By God! Why didn't I think of this at first?" he reflected. "After the life I've led one forgets the power of money."

He felt singularly calm and confident. It was dark when he got home. He kissed Eleanor and made up an elaborate story about a fellow clerk named Lyle Bristowe, who used to work in the same office, and whom he had met in the street recently. He had wanted this particular stationery most particularly. He had been to see him, and Bristowe was giving him an introduction to a man who might be able to offer him a good situation. The story went down reasonably well, but he thought he detected a pucker of suspicion upon his wife's brow.

He was too involved now to turn back. The following day he visited his furnished room. He anxiously unlocked the desk, took out the notes, examined them, put them back, took them out again, stuffed them in his pocket. . . . Very dangerous, after all, leaving them there, a flimsy lock . . . there might be a burglary. He had told the landlady that he was an author, and it is true that he spent a great portion of the day inventing fiction . . . lies to tell Eleanor. He eventually locked the notes up and went home.

He assumed a somewhat forced air of triumph. He had been successful. Through the influence of Bristowe, he had secured a position as chief cashier to a firm of surgical instrument-makers in Camden Town. His salary was to be five pounds a week to commence. Eleanor clapped her hands.

"Oh, but how lovely, darling! I suppose you can do it? You're such an old silly at figures!"

He explained that the work was quite simple, and added ironically that the great thing Messrs. Binns and Binns wanted was a man they could trust.

THEN THE NARROW LIFE of lies proceeded apace. Every day he went to his room, fingered the notes, took some when he needed them, deliberately invented the names and characters of his fellow workers at Messrs. Binns and Binns, even made up little incidents and stories concerning his daily experiences. The whole affair was so inordinately successful. No further reference was made in the newspapers to the missing wallet, and though Scotland Yard were supposed to have the matter in hand, what could they do? Even if by chance suspicion fell on him, there was nothing incriminating to be found in his lodgings, and not a soul knew the whereabouts of "John Parsons." His wife and child were living comfortably. He was gradually paying off his debts.

But if the purely material side of his adventure was successful, the same cannot be said of the spiritual. He was tortured beyond endurance. Lies bred lies. The moral lapse bred other moral lapses. He was conscious of his own moral degeneration. He was ashamed to look his wife in the face. In the evening when he intended to be gay and cheerful he sat morosely in the corner, wishing that the night would come—and go. In the daytime he would sit in his room, fretful and desolate. In a mood of despair he began to set down his experiences in terms of fiction, ascribing his feelings to an imaginary person. Sometimes when the position became unbearable he would go out and drink. Often he would go up to the West End and lunch extravagantly at some obscure restaurant. He came into touch with people of the underworld.

The marks of his deterioration quickly became apparent to his wife. One morning she said:

"Darling, you're working too hard at that place. You look rotten. Last night when you came home you smelled of brandy."

Then she wept a little, a thing she had never done in their days of adversity. He promised not to do such a thing again. He swore that the work was not hard; the firm were very pleased with him and were going to give him a raise.

The weeks and months went by and he struggled to keep straight. But little by little he felt himself slipping back. He managed to write a few things which he sent off to publishers, but for the most part he avoided his room for any length of time, and sat about in obscure cafés in Soho, drinking and playing cards.

Between himself and his wife the great chasm seemed to be yawning. She was to him the dearest treasure in the world, and he was thrusting her away. In that one weak moment he had destroyed all chance of happiness—hers and his. Too late! Too late! In

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six months' time he found that he had spent nearly five hundred pounds! At this rate, in another eighteen months it would all be gone, and then—what? His moral character destroyed, his wife broken in health, the child without protection or prospects.

One morning he observed his wife glancing in the mirror as she did her hair. It came home to him abruptly that she had aged, aged many years in the last six months. Soon she would be turning gray, middle-aged, old-aged. And he? His hair was thin on top, his face flabby, his organisms becoming inefficient and weak, his nerves eternally on edge. Sometimes he was rude and snappy to her. And he buried his face in the pillow and thought:

"Oh, my darling, what have I done? What have I done?"

That day he concentrated on a great resolve. This thing would have to stop. He would rather be a starving clerk again, rather a bricklayer's navvy, a crossing-sweeper, anything. He wandered the streets, hugging his determination. He avoided his old haunts. There must be no compromise. The thing should be cut clean out. He would confess. They would send back the remainder of the money anonymously, and start all over again. It was hard, but anything was better than this torture.

He returned home early in the afternoon, his face pale and tense. His wife was on the landing. She said:

"Oh, I was just going to send a telegram on to you. It's from your uncle. He says come at once."

A queer little stab of the old instinct of conspiracy went through him. If she had sent the telegram on, it would have come back: "No such firm known at this address."

What did his uncle want? Come at once? Should he go, or should he make his confession first?

"I think you ought to go, darling. It sounds important."

Very well, then. The confession should be postponed till his return.

He caught a train at a quarter to four, and arrived at his uncle's house in daylight. An old housekeeper let him in and said:

"Ah! Your uncle's been asking for you. The doctor's here."

"Is he ill?"

"They say he hasn't long to live. The poor man is in great agony."

He was kept waiting ten minutes. A doctor came out to him, looking very solemn.

"I've just given him an injection of strychnine. He wishes to see you alone."

His uncle was propped up against the pillows. His face was unrecognizable except for the eyes, which were unnaturally bright. Giles went close up to him, and took his hand. The old man's voice was only just audible. He whispered:

"Quickly! quickly! I shall be going——"

"What is it, uncle?"

"It mustn't come out, see? mustn't get into the newspapers, nothing, the disgrace, see? That's why . . . no cheques must pass; all cash transaction, see?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"On that bureau . . . a brown paper parcel . . . it's yours, all in bonds and cash, see? Twenty-eight thousand pounds . . . it really belongs to your father . . . I can't explain . . . I'm going. He—I swindled him . . . he thought he was . . . it's all through me he . . . bankrupt, death, see?"

"Do you mean my father . . . killed himself?"

"Not exactly, see? Hastened his end . . . thought he would get into trouble. Take it, Giles, for God's sake! Let me die in peace."

"Why did you? Why did you?"

"I loved your mother. . . . Take it, Giles, for God's sake. Oh, this pain! . . . it's coming . . . God help me!"

It was very late when Giles arrived home. His wife was asleep in bed. All the way home he had been repeating to himself in a dazed way:

"Twenty-eight thousand pounds. No, twenty-six thousand. Two thousand to be sent back anonymously to the bank. No need for confession. Twenty-six thousand pounds. Eleanor, Anna. Oh, my dears!"

On the table in the sitting-room was a letter from a firm of publishers, addressed to Mr. John Parsons. It stated that the firm considered the short novel submitted to be a work of striking promise, and the manager would be glad if Mr. Parsons would call on them.

"Perhaps I've found out what I can do," Giles meditated.

Eleanor came into the room in her dressing-gown and embraced him.

"All right, darling?"

"Very much. Uncle has given me twenty-eight—I mean twenty-six thousand pounds. He said he cheated my father out of it."

"Darling! Cheated! How awful."

No, there was no need for confession. The sudden wild change in their fortunes got into his blood. He gripped her round the waist and lifted her up.

"Think of it, old girl, money to live on forever. A place in the country, eh? You know, your dream: a bit of land and an old house, flowers, chickens, dogs, books, a pony perhaps. What about it?"

"Oh, Giles, I can't realize it. But how splendid, too, about the publishers' letter. Why didn't you tell me you were writing? Why do you call yourself John Parsons?"

No need for confession, no, no, let's go to bed. But oh! to get back to the old intimacy. . . .

And so in the silent night he told her everything.

And the tears she shed upon his burning cheeks gave him the only balm of peace he had enjoyed since the hour he had destroyed the wallet.

It was Eleanor's hand which printed in Roman lettering on the outside of a parcel the address of Sir James Cusping, K.B.E. Inside were two thousand pounds in treasury notes, and on a slip of paper in the same handwriting: *"Conscience money.* Found in a taxi."

What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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The great French short story writer in one of his swift and powerful studies of ironic human relationships

The Adopted Son

By GUY DE MAUPASSANT

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Guy de Maupassant

THE TWO cottages stood beside each other at the foot of a hill near a little seaside resort. The two peasants labored hard on the unproductive soil to rear their little ones, and each family had four.

Before the adjoining doors a whole troop of urchins played and tumbled about from morning till night. The two eldest were six years old, and the youngest were about fifteen months; the marriages, and afterward the births, having taken place simultaneously in both families.

The two mothers could hardly distinguish their own offspring among the lot, and as for the fathers, they were altogether at sea. The eight names danced in their heads; they were always getting them mixed up; and when they wished to call one child, the men often called three names before getting the right one.

The first of the two cottages, coming up from the bathing beach, Belleport, was occupied by the Tuvaches, who had three girls and one boy; the other house sheltered the Vallins, who had one girl and three boys.

They all subsisted, with difficulty, on soup, potatoes, and the open air. At seven o'clock in the morning, then at noon, then at six o'clock in the evening, the housewives got their broods together to give them their food, as the gooseherds collect their charges. The children were seated, according to age, before the wooden table, varnished by fifty years of use; the mouths of the youngest hardly reaching the level of the table. Before them was placed a deep dish filled with bread, soaked in the water in which the potatoes had been boiled, half a cabbage, and three onions; and the whole line ate until their hunger was appeased. The mother herself fed the smallest.

A little meat, boiled in a soup, on Sunday, was a feast for all; and the father on this day sat longer than usual over the meal, repeating: "I wish we could set such a table as this every day."

One afternoon, in the month of August, a little carriage stopped suddenly in front of the cottages, and a young woman, who was driving the horses, said to the gentleman sitting at her side:

"Oh, look at all those children, Henri! How pretty they are, tumbling about in the dust, like that!"

The man did not answer, accustomed to these outbursts of admiration, which were a pain and almost a reproach to him. The young woman continued:

"I must hug them! Oh, how I should like to have one of them—that one there—the little bit of a darling!"

Springing down from the carriage, she ran toward the children, took one of the two youngest—that of the Tuvaches—and lifting it up in her arms, she kissed him passionately on his dirty cheeks, on his tousled hair daubed with earth, and on his little hands, which he swung vigorously, to get rid of the caresses which displeased him.

Then she got up into the carriage again, and drove off at a lively trot. But she returned the following week, and seating herself on the ground, took the youngster in her arms, stuffed him with cakes, gave candies to all the others, and played with them like a young girl, while the husband waited patiently in the carriage.

She returned again; made the acquaintance of the parents, and reappeared every day with her pockets full of dainties and pennies.

Her name was Madame Henri d'Hubières.

One morning, on arriving, her husband alighted with her, and without stopping with the children, who now knew her well, she entered the farmer's cottage.

The farmer and his wife were busy chopping wood for the fire. They straightened up, offered chairs, and waited expectantly.

Then the woman, in a broken, trembling voice, began:

"My good people, I have come to see you, because

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I should like—I should like to take—your little boy with me——"

The country people, too bewildered to think, did not answer.

She recovered her breath, and continued: "We are alone, my husband and I. We would keep him. Are you willing?"

The peasant woman began to understand. She asked:

"You want to take Charlot from us? Oh, no, indeed!"

Then M. d'Hubières intervened: "My wife has not made her meaning clear. We wish to adopt him, but he will come back to see you. If he turns out well, as there is every reason to expect, he will be our heir. If we, perchance, should have children, he will share equally with them; but if he should not reward our care, we should give him, when he comes of age, a sum of twenty thousand francs, which shall be deposited immediately in his name, with a lawyer. And we have thought also of you: we should pay you, until your death, a pension of one hundred francs a month. Do you understand me?"

The woman had arisen, furious.

"You want me to sell you Charlot? Oh, no, that's not the sort of thing to ask of a mother! Oh, no! That would be an abomination!"

The man, grave and deliberate, said nothing; but approved of what his wife said by a continued nodding of his head.

Madame d'Hubières, in dismay, began to weep; turning to her husband, with a voice full of tears, the voice of a child used to having all its wishes gratified, she stammered:

"They will not do it, Henri, they will not do it."

Then he made a last attempt: "But, my friends, think of the child's future, of his happiness, of——"

The peasant woman, however, exasperated, cut him short:

"It's all considered! It's all understood! Get out of here, and don't let me see you again—the idea of wanting to take away a child like that!"

Madame d'Hubières remembered that there were two children, quite little, and she asked, through her tears, with the tenacity of a wilful and spoiled woman:

"But is the other little one not yours?"

Father Tuvache answered: "No, it is our neighbors'. You can go to them if you wish." And he went back into his house, whence resounded the indignant voice of his wife.

The Vallins were at table, slowly eating slices of bread which they parsimoniously spread with a little rancid butter on a plate between the two.

M. d'Hubières began to make his propositions, but with more insinuations, more oratorical precautions, more guile.

The two country people shook their heads, in sign of refusal, but when they learned that they were to have a hundred francs a month, they considered the matter, consulting one another by glances, much disturbed. They kept silent for a long time, tortured, hesitating. At last the woman asked: "What do you say to it, man?" In a weighty tone he said: "I say that it's not to be despised."

Madame d'Hubières, trembling with anguish, spoke of the future of their child, of his happiness, and of the money which he could give them later.

The peasant asked: "This pension of twelve hundred francs, will it be promised before a lawyer?"

M. d'Hubières responded: "Why, certainly, beginning with tomorrow."

The woman, who was thinking it over, continued:

"A hundred francs a month is not enough to deprive us of the child. That child would be working in a few years; we must have a hundred and twenty francs."

Stamping with impatience, Madame d'Hubières granted it at once, and, as she wished to carry off the child with her, she gave a hundred francs extra, as a present, while her husband drew up a paper. And the young woman, radiant, carried off the howling brat, as one carries away a wished-for knick-knack from a shop.

The Tuvaches, from their door, watched her departure—mute, severe, perhaps regretting their refusal.

Nothing more was heard of little Jean Vallin. The parents went to the lawyer every month to collect their hundred and twenty francs, and they were angry with their neighbors, because Mother Tuvache grossly insulted them continually, repeating from door to door that one must be unnatural to sell one's child; that it was horrible, disgusting, and many other vile expressions. Sometimes she would take her Charlot in her arms, ostentatiously exclaiming, as if he understood:

"I didn't sell *you,* I didn't! I didn't sell *you,* my little one! I'm not rich, but I don't sell my children!"

The Vallins lived comfortably, thanks to the pension. That was the cause of the inappeasable fury of the Tuvaches, who had remained miserably poor. Their eldest went away to serve his time in the army; Charlot alone remained to labor with his old father, to support the mother and two younger sisters which he had.

He had reached twenty-one years when, one morning, a brilliant carriage stopped before the two cottages. A young gentleman with a gold watch-chain got out, giving his hand to an aged, white-haired lady. The old lady said to him: "It is there, my child, at the second house." And he entered the house of the Vallins as though at home.

The old mother was washing her aprons; the infirm father slumbered at the chimney-corner. Both raised their heads, and the young man said:

"Good morning, papa; good morning, mamma!"

They both stood up, frightened. In a flutter, the peasant woman dropped her soap into the water, and stammered:

"Is it you, my child? Is it you, my child?"

He took her in his arms and hugged her, repeating: "Good morning, mamma," while the old man, all a-tremble, said, in his calm tone which he never lost: "Here you are, back again, Jean," as if he had just seen him a month ago.

When they had got to know one another again, the parents wished to take their boy out through the

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neighborhood, and show him. They took him to the mayor, to the deputy, to the *curé*, and to the schoolmaster.

Charlot, standing on the threshold of his cottage watched him pass.

In the evening, at supper, he said to the old people: "You must have been stupid to let the Vallin's boy be taken."

The mother answered, obstinately: "I wouldn't sell *my* child."

The father remained silent. The son continued:

"It is unfortunate to be sacrificed like that." Then Father Tuvache, in an angry tone, said:

"Are you going to reproach us for having kept you?" And the young man said, brutally:

"Yes, I reproach you for having been such fools. Parents like you make the misfortune of their children. You deserve that I should leave you."

The old woman wept over her plate. She moaned, as she swallowed the spoonfuls of soup, half of which she spilled: "One may kill one's self to bring up children."

Then the boy said, roughly: "I'd rather not have been born than be what I am. When I saw the other, my heart stood still. I said to myself: 'See what I should have been now.'" He got up: "See here, I feel that I would do better not to stay here, because I would hold it up to you from morning till night, and I would make your life miserable. I'll never forgive you for that!"

The two old people were silent, downcast, in tears.

He continued: "No, the thought of that would be too much. I'd rather look for a living somewhere else."

He opened the door. A sound of voices entered. The Vallins were celebrating the return of their child.

Annabel Lee

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

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His Beautiful Wife

¶ *A beautiful wife would be very nice if it weren't for her beauty.*

¶ *A beauty without admiration is like a smoker without a cigar.*

¶ *Women don't care about their admirers' looks; they care about their own.*

I MET MY DEAR OLD FRIEND Paul Dorn in the street. "Servus!"* I said, "fancy seeing you after all this time! What d'you mean by it? It must be at least six months. Never mind. Let me look at you. And how are you, now that you're married? Paul, Paul, who would have thought it of you? I should have sworn you were a confirmed bachelor. But women, women . . . ah well, women!"

Paul laughed, took my arm, and we strolled on together.

I am on the point of becoming sentimental: Paul Dorn a married man?—I can hardly believe it! What has become of our youth? Does he remember the affair concerning Mizi . . . ?

But I felt he preferred not to remember, and I dropped Mizi.

We went on, and he took a cigar from his case while I scrutinized him out of the corner of my eye. He looks more sedate, has a certain bourgeois calm, almost dignity, about him. Dear me, yes, the married man! I am almost ashamed of my frivolity: "I didn't mean it seriously," I said; "you know the sort of fellow I am. You are different now; the husband of a beautiful wife."

He dropped my arm with a touch of nervousness: "Now, don't start that sort of thing. If you, of all people, are going to begin—I assure you, that would be the limit."

I was quite taken aback: "My dear Paul!"

"Well it's true; it's nothing but 'my beautiful wife,' and 'my beautiful wife,' and everlastingly 'my beautiful wife.' I assure you, one gets too much of it. I am fond of my wife, but give everyone his due. Have you got the slightest idea of what it means to be the husband of a beautiful wife? My dear chap, if you haven't been through it you have no right to speak of it at all! I can tell you, it needs the patience of Job." And he began to whistle furiously.

I imagined I had caught his meaning, and was really pleased:

"Do you see, Paul, how your sins are visited upon

*The usual form of greeting among men in Austria.

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By HERMANN BAHR

Translated by Marie Busch

Drawing by
Jean Cusachs

HERMANN BAHR flashed in the brilliant pre-war Vienna sunshine like a particularly fiery gem. Vienna was then the center of the polished literary world, and Bahr was the center of Vienna. He was journalist, critic, story-teller, sponsor of a hundred causes, glittering figure of the boulevards. His own description of a critic fits himself. He must be, says he, "a quick-change artist, an india-rubber man, an intellectual acrobat, a serpent, always slipping out of his own skin." He was a Jack-of-all-styles, and master of all, says William Drake, an "incorrigible, brilliant, diabolically clever journalist, with a touch of pure genius."

you? That is just retribution. It will do you no harm to know what it is to be jealous."

Paul looked at me with amazement: "Oh you ass! It's not a question of jealousy at all. What are you thinking of?"

"No? you are not jealous?" I was rather sorry.

"Not a bit. On the contrary. But I can't make you understand in a few words. The truth is, a beautiful wife would be very nice if—if it weren't for her beauty."

"That is not very illuminating."

"Perhaps not. Listen! It is no use explaining; I will give you an example, an idea of the thing."

I could see that it would do him good to talk about it. When he had lighted his cigar, he began:

"Now, imagine to yourself the day we were married: we started on our honeymoon, and I was more than glad to get away, for this marrying business drives one silly. We went to Munich; I wanted to show her the town, see a few old friends, and go on to the Bavarian Highlands afterwards. I needn't describe the first days to you; of course, I was very happy; she was very happy, and so on and so forth. But before long I noticed that not everything was as it should be—she evidently missed something—something didn't suit her. What could it be? I asked her, but she protested she was very happy; I was quite mistaken; she wanted nothing; thought Munich quite nice, only . . . well, what? She hesitated, and at last she said: 'The people are so uncouth.'

"I did not quite understand what she meant. Dear me! My good old Munich people *are* a bit heavy and slow, but uncouth . . .?

"'No,' she said, 'but they *are* uncouth. One may walk about the streets for an hour or more, and not a soul will turn and look at one—nobody! That *is* uncouth. I don't mind it, of course. I only call it uncouth.'

"Do you see? My lady was offended. A beautiful woman expects the streets to be lined with admirers, and the Munich people weren't prepared for it. You are laughing. But wait: that was only a beginning.

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"On the following morning I was sitting in the Café Maximilian. It was ten o'clock; we had planned to go to the Secessionists' Exhibition. In our hotel my wife was dressing. That also is a thing one knows nothing about until one is married. I had been sitting there since nine o'clock, waiting. I had read all the newspapers, including the advertisements; I had had breakfast; I was drinking a second glass of beer for sheer shame of the waiter. I was sitting at my table in the window recess looking gloomily across to the Opera House. You know the place; Ibsen used to sit there. At this hour the restaurant is almost deserted; the waitresses are idly leaning against the wall. The only guests were some students at the large center table playing cards. The light was dim; the green caps of the 'Saxone' club members who make this café their headquarters were the only bright spot of color on the wall. It was very quiet, with no sound except the throwing out of the cards with an occasional thump. Eleven—half-past eleven—I am reading the advertisement pages in Baedeker, boots for climbers and that sort of thing, squinting now and then toward the door by which she is likely to enter.

"At last she comes.

"Very chic, of course, very sweet in her smart English coat and skirt and little Girardi hat; in a gracious mood too. She is smiling at the manageress, asks the waitress where I am sitting, and smilingly follows her through the length of the café, past the students who, as everyone can see, are in the middle of a most exciting rubber. When she is close to their table she drops her umbrella; I jump up at once, but cannot reach her in time; the waitress has picked it up. The students have not interrupted their game.

"I asked her what she would like for breakfast, but I could see she was already put out again. 'No,' she said, 'I cannot sit so close to the window; the glare is awful—do be nice and come over here.'

"She got up and found another table right in the center, close to that of the students. When she moved her chair she managed to upset another which was full of newspapers.

"The students went on playing.

"I PICKED UP THE PAPERS, asked her what she would like for breakfast, and made myself generally agreeable, for I was anxious to get to the Secessionists at last. She put her lorgnon to her eyes and asked me in the full, rich chest-notes of her fine voice: 'Have these young men nothing to do at this hour of the day except to drink beer and play cards?'

"I glued my eyes to the *Vienna Daily*, even took up the *Cologne Gazette* (because it was larger), but my wife was not to be turned from her purpose. She was drinking her chocolate, held her spoon so as to display all the charm of her lovely little hand, and continued even more distinctly: 'Those poor parents! No doubt they are screwing every penny out of themselves at home while these gentlemen sit here drinking beer and playing cards. Where is their professor, I wonder?'

"I am deeply buried in the *Cologne Gazette*, but that does not detain her. 'Look at their tiny green caps—for those skulls! Can you imagine anything more ridiculous? They look like railway porters!'

"My feelings were indescribable. I am not a coward, but to be let in for an affair of honor . . . in the summer, during a holiday? No! I took the bull by the horns and said: 'I can see that you don't care for Munich. There is no sense in our staying here if that is the case. In a couple of hours we can get a train to Schliersee, where my old friend Drescher is living; it is a nice place altogether. Let us give up the silly Secessionists, and pack and be off. That's settled!' She knows when I say that there is no appeal.

"WE ARRIVED at Schliersee by four o'clock. I had sent a wire to Drescher, who met us and took us to the hotel on the lake, where we engaged a large room with a glorious view on to the lake and the valley. Agatha was tired, and lay down. I went on my bicycle all around the lake, through the village, to the post office, returning about eight o'clock. She was sitting in the garden reading. There were some villagers at the next table, and at another the priest with the old gamekeeper. The peace and beauty of the spot appealed to me; I felt I should like to stay for a long time. I put away my bicycle and went across to her. There she sat in her flowing white dress, the book idly in her hands, looking across to the lake with those large, dreamy eyes. She made a really lovely picture, but you know—unfortunately—those villagers, and the priest, it was lost on them.

"I approached her a little nervously: 'How do you feel now, my dear?'

"She gave me a look which I shall never forget, then she said: 'Did you say Schliersee was the name? I can tell you this much: you won't get me to stay here for two days: this is no place for me.'

"'But I think it is so nice, the lake—'

"'The lake is too small for my taste.'

"'The charming valley—'

"'Valleys are unhealthy, very relaxing, every doctor will tell you that.'

"'But the mountains—'

"'I don't like mountains.'

"There was a pause. Then she continued: 'And the food is bad. This Bavarian beer makes one fat, and I don't care to look like a peasant-woman. If I had wanted a quiet life I should have gone into a convent instead of getting married. But of course, you have never loved me.'

"'All right,' I said, 'if you don't care about it we will make a move tomorrow.'

"Nevertheless, I felt a bit melancholy. These continual changes, daily packing, daily settling into new quarters with strange faces, everlasting getting in and out of trains—I don't care about it. I like to sit still in a place that pleases me, and just enjoy myself. But what could I do? Agatha is used to perpetual admiration; when we go out in Vienna, to the theaters or concerts, everybody stares at her. That has been as long as she can remember. She feels without admirers like a smoker without a cigar. It's no good arguing about it; those are the facts. If one does not like them, one must not marry a beauty. That's all.

"This is how I put it to myself early the next morning while she was still asleep and I was walking through the woods. I looked at the shimmering lake,

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the smiling valley, regretfully; I love that cheerful part of the world with its musical people. I should have liked to have stayed.

"Suddenly an idea flashed through my brain. Perhaps . . . if that could be managed. I ran, more than walked, toward Drescher's charming villa. You know, Drescher is the famous comic actor, manager of the Bavarian National Company; my dear old Drescher, whose portraits by Lenbach and Stuck are so well known. Ah, yes, of course you know him, and what a delightful fellow he is, always full of ideas, happy-go-lucky—the best of companions.

"'Drescher,' I said, 'I want to ask you a favor. You know every man in this place. Couldn't you provide me with a nice young farmer, or a clerk, or someone who would be willing—for a consideration, of course—to become an admirer?'

"'To become—'

"'An admirer. I only want him to gaze, to sit and gaze. You see, my wife is so used to it. I thought it might be managed like this: I shall pay for his beer and what else he fancies at the hotel, and give him three marks a day. He will sit in the garden and look at my wife as if he were bowled over, moonstruck . . .'

"'Moonstruck! Splendid!' cried Drescher, 'agreed!'

"I explained the situation, told him what had happened in Munich, and that Agatha was not likely to stay unless I could furnish an admirer.

"'Of course I can arrange that,' said Drescher. 'Let me see, I can't spare any of my actors, we are very busy, but . . . that's it, yes! the verger. I assure you he is a most gifted fellow. He has a decent coat too. Leave it to me. I will send for him at once; he is very talented. You said, gaze . . .'

"'In a moonstruck sort of way, make eyes, perhaps occasionally squeeze his hand on his heart? I am first-rate at that sort of thing; you have seen my people act.'

"'My dear Drescher, I am deeply indebted to you. But, you know . . . a verger? Is he good-looking?'

"'What does that matter? Women don't care about their admirers' looks; they care about their own.'

"He was right. I assure you, that verger . . . Incomparable! Malvolio in modern dress. I have never seen such gazing. Drescher is a great manager.

"In the evening I went to the post office. Agatha remained in the garden, and the gazing verger never budged. When I returned, I said 'I have been to the station to inquire about trains; the best one leaves at ten o'clock in the morning.'

"'What do you mean?' said Agatha, 'I can't understand you. Why can't you sit still for a little while? I like this place, the lake—'

"'It is rather small—'

"'That is its intimate charm.'

"'And the mountains all round—'

"'It will be very good for you to be in the mountains, the air is so fresh. Ask the doctors. And then, this eternal packing! Be nice and let us stay.'

"We stayed there three weeks. The verger presented me with the bill on Sundays quite regularly: Twenty-one marks salary, ten or twelve marks for beer, about three marks for sausages. When we left I had him measured in the nearest little town for a new coat, the sleeves of the old one were quite worn out with the gazing business."

Paul said they were likely to spend the holidays in Schliersee again that summer.

Accepting *the* Laramie Post Office

A SIMPLE ACT *often leads to fame. Bill Nye wrote a letter. Before this he was an unknown newspaper man of Laramie, Wyoming. After his appointment as postmaster of Laramie and his acceptance written to the Postmaster General at Washington, he became a national figure. Soon he was America's favorite humorist.*

Office of *Daily Boomerang*, Laramie City, Wy.,
August 9, 1882.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have received by telegraph the news of my nomination by the President and my confirmation by the Senate, as postmaster at Laramie, and wish to extend my thanks for the same.

I have ordered an entirely new set of boxes and post office outfit, including new corrugated cuspidors for the lady clerks.

I look upon the appointment, myself, as a great triumph of eternal truth over error and wrong. It is one of the epochs, I may say, in the Nation's onward march toward political purity and perfection. I do not know when I have noticed any stride in the affairs of state which so thoroughly impressed me with its wisdom.

Now that we are co-workers in the same department, I trust that you will not feel shy or backward in consulting me at any time relative to matters concerning post office affairs. Be perfectly frank with me, and feel perfectly free to just bring anything of that kind right to me. Do not feel reluctant because I may at times appear haughty and indifferent, cold or reserved. Perhaps you do not think I know the difference between a general delivery window and a three-m quad, but that is a mistake. My general information is far beyond my years.

With profoundest regard, and a hearty endorsement of the policy of the President and the Senate, whatever it may be,

I remain, sincerely yours,

BILL NYE, P. M.

GEN. FRANK HATTON, Washington, D. C.

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War Books and

War Literature Reaches its Peak

¶ *There is nearly always some book which is the center of ardent discussion—in newspapers, at dinner tables and clubs. Sometimes this book promises permanent, living value. One may make history. Another may be forgotten in a month's time. Still another may take its place as part of the world's literature. We cannot now be sure. But each will in its way have changed men's minds.*

¶ *As a new feature of this Magazine, the significance of such books and the controversies which they arouse, will be discussed in our pages. Frequently violently opposing views will be given. And not only the books, but the discussions themselves, must stand the test that the* GOLDEN BOOK *applies to all its contents. They must promise to live as document or literature.*

¶ *We are particularly glad to start our series with Dr. Canby's survey of war literature, which he believes has reached its present peak in H. M. Tomlinson's superb new novel, "All Our Yesterdays." Dr. Canby is one of the leading critics of America. As teacher, editor, lecturer and critic he has done much to form the public opinion of his own decade along the sturdy lines of his imaginative common sense. And he is, in addition, a writer of straightforward and frequently inspired prose.*

LIKE EVERY other reader old enough to have felt the stress and distortions, the spiritual flushes and depressions of the Great War, I have followed with unflagging interest the strange courses of war literature. It is hard to remember how we felt, what we were, in 1914 and 1918, but the books written then are still here; and they are no longer our thoughts and our books.

The first phase of war literature was lyric and individual. It was a literature of courage and regret, and most of all of dazed astonishment. There was no philosophy in it, but only the strong instinctive emotions of men whose life had suddenly been seized and twisted away from its foundations. The best of it was in poetry.

The second phase was philosophical, and while most of its books were sheer propaganda, it was far more sincere than it seems now. The fact of war, once realized, sent men back to their creeds of living. The great guns of argument began to boom, and historical principles were dragged from the text books and flung across fluttering acres of print. We were—and I take, to describe it, a line from Thucydides which I borrowed myself for one of the innumerable essays written at the time—being educated by violence. It was not man against man so much as idea against idea.

The third phase (not necessarily chronological) was personification. The correspondents who had written home of vast floods of field-gray uniforms sweeping over Belgium, and pictured the Western Front as two menacing barriers of eruptive steel, began to see looming figures behind the dust and smoke of war. It was the Kaiser now who personified the issues of the war for us, Von Hindenburg became a legend; the "Tommy," the "boche," the "poilu," and later, the "doughboy," became types for massed humanity in the fight itself. Man was now struggling with man, but still more with suffering, fright, and the weather. He was pathetic or exalted. War became a mode of life by which the civilian world was fascinated. War narratives spread through every language.

Some of them were humorous and exciting, as if war were a kind of picnic, with moments of heroism, and hardships to be remembered in tranquillity. This phase has lingered on in many recent American books of a superficial kind which capitalize this mood for the purposes of fiction. Others, like Barbusse's *Le Feu*, were sordid and terrible, depicting a slavery in which the steel whip hung always over the flinching body; and from these a prayer went up to abolish this monster war in which were only baseness and cruelty and the frustration of every good instinct.

The "glory" books and the funny books leave a bad taste in the mouth now. . . . And yet it was Barbusse and his followers who gave to us behind the lines, and here in America, where as yet we only read of war, the first idea of what lay underneath the stolid quiet of men who came back from the front.

The fourth phase was, indeed, silence. After the war, we grew sick of war quickly, both those who had been in it and those who had not.

The fifth phase began, as everyone knows, a little while ago with a flood of war reminiscences—some fact, some drama and fiction—suddenly released. Most of them, like most reminiscences, were trivial though interesting. Many were frankly commercialized, excitement makers for a new generation to whom the war (like the Wild West) was a glamorous past. But in the real books, the real plays, those philosophical abstractions, which in the earlier books had lined up like the Gods on Olympus, had disappeared entirely, as had the personifications of Kaisers and Generals,

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By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"All Our Yesterdays"

in H. M. Tomlinson's New Novel

From the *London Star*

Dr. Canby is Editor of "The Saturday Review of Literature," and Chairman of the Book-of-the-Month Club

and the types of "poilu," "doughboy," and "boche." Man, plain man, was the hero, and now he was neither the musketeer nor the slave. He enjoyed war sometimes, much more often he hated it. We looked back at last through theories and propaganda, got away from the first hundred thousand flushed with patriotism, and the devil-dog marines, to the only element of which real literature could be made—civilized, normal man in a new and great experience.

A group of books published this year has been most helpful in seeing what it all really meant to the man inside the soldier. There is Robert Graves with the poetic realism of *Good-bye to All That*. There are the numerous adventures of the soldiers of the Central Powers, now being voluminously translated. There was Blunden's *Undertones of War* and Sherriff's *Journey's End*, where the educated gentleman, neither a brute nor a coward, neither eager nor unwilling to fight, sets down his sense of futility, of waste, of terror, lightened by heroism and the exaltation of duty done. Rudolf Binding's *A Fatalist at War* was another such book, German made, but in the identical mood and spirit. In *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, the great abstract forces of state and theory, which obsessed us in the first years, beat upon a single human heart and are turned to absurdity. . . .

But to me one of the most illuminating books of all, translated from a foreign tongue, is *All Quiet on the Western Front*, by Erich Maria Remarque. . . . It is fiction, but of that kind of fiction more convincing than many alleged autobiographies. Here the resolution between man and idea, the abstract and the concrete in war, is complete. The hero is educated, sensitive, but neither a superpatriot nor a pacifist; in other words, like most of us. He has fought four years, the whole of his mature youth, and is proud of his skill and competence. War is his home. War is the lot of his generation. He has been educated, literally, by violence. And in his lucid, not unhumorous narrative, the friendships of a group of soldiers, their experiences with horror and with the poor comforts behind the line, their casual loves, their satisfied hungers are so much more important than the seldom-seen enemy, that the war absurdly becomes not a conflict at all—and never for an instant a struggle between Great Principles—but rather an existence, to be described as one might describe any other hazardous occupation, such as coal mining.

The balance hangs true in Remarque. Pacifism is a theory, militarism is a theory, war is a necessity—not in its causes, for who really hates the enemy!—but because, for this doomed generation, it is a fact. War for these men is normal, which does not mean that they like it. The abnormal, for them, is the warped emotion of the home town when they go back for vacation—an atmosphere of vengeance and greed and ideas of grandeur, which has no place in the real world of war as it is at the front, even though the cause of all war is in its miasmas. . . .

H. M. Tomlinson's much awaited war book proves, as one might have guessed, to be no war book in the ordinary sense at all, but a prophet's utterance, oracular, beautiful, infinitely touching, moved by pity and by scorn, a narrative only by convenience, a story only by the continuing presence of certain characters, a brooding study of humanity in the grip of war, not a trench novel, or a war plot.

All Our Yesterdays is its title, and its theme is a prophet brooding over the calamities of a generation and the destruction of Jerusalem, Blake's Jerusalem, built in a green and happy land. It is not a gloomy

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book. Perhaps no man knew the war more intimately than the war correspondent (such as Tomlinson) whose finger was on the high-beating pulses long before the onset, who saw the war steadily and the whole of it from the reeking trenches where his comparative safety gave him detachment, back through the brains behind the line to the clash and swing of opinion in high circles and on into the hearts of the populace at home. Gloom was for the man at the front, lonely and misunderstood, and from such bitterness of gloom recent war books, especially the German, have sprung. But the pitying philosophic man that saw the whole had before him a spectacle that included but could not stop with individual misfortune.

To Tomlinson it is a history of an epoch in which no man is a villain and none a mere brute, but all are hurried on and oppressed, according to their natures, by a tide of events whose cause is Pride. The philosophy of modern war which underlies his book is in close agreement with the conclusions of the soberest historians of the great conflict—all, all were guilty.

It should be noted, however, that Tomlinson is a prophet, not a historian—it is the fine, the stout minds, the good men subjected to evil, that concern him as he turns his pity and his anger into words.

A book like *All Our Yesterdays* should not be too closely described in a review, for fear that in mere description the best of its qualities will leak out. Its virtues are deep, its faults apparent, but they are not, as some early readers have supposed, of structure and design. It is a book of human landscape in the murk, where a searchlight is turned spot by spot until the whole is imagined without ever being seen. It begins with the launching of a battleship, England's pride, with blood on the ways; it moves through the slow growing arrogance of the mob tasting pride and anger in the days of the Boer War. It passes to the far-off tropics where the reaching tentacles of the great Powers, naked and violent at their tips, already are at private war for the raw wealth on which pride and power is built. It focuses for a moment on ruthlessness broken loose in Ireland, then, with increasing tempo, flashes upon the Great War, following now the fortunes of a single family, but carrying on, by the spotlight, the bickerings of generals, the cynical irresponsibilities of politicians, and the military career of a high-minded soldier who, hating war, saw his duty and fought. Yet for Tomlinson the vividness of these narrative episodes is not enough. For him the question is not of realism (although his war scenes at their best have not been equaled in English), nor even of the coördination of those minds of all calibers and temperaments under the single stress of war into a whole, often intelligible and always significant.

The deep underlying theme of the book is wonder—since men, and good men, are like this, do thus, are so wrought upon, what is the answer to pity? Is there justification in the world as it is?—

> The war had fallen from its high estate. Noble chivalry in a crusade against a dragon, whose bestial maw consumed virtue and maidenhood, had sunk to vulgar hardships in cold mud. To what end? There seemed to be no such ugly reptile, after all; or else the dragon was common doom, and doom cannot be struck at. The foe was invisible. Its name was Legion, because the dragon had as many hearts as there were people who wanted it to live. Therefore it was invulnerable. The war was no better than a mania which had ceased to be heartening through its unvarying vacant seriousness; and weather and boredom; and the trampled mire and black clinker of the self-grinding and ubiquitous mill of death we called "the front." . . .

The faults of this book, such as they are, are evident. It is not easy reading in its first third, once the magnificent chapter on the launching of the battleship is passed, not easy at least for an American, because it implies, as an insider's book so often will, too much knowledge of the flux and reflux of British politics, British history, British journalism. Slowly it rises, gathering its brilliant episodes together into the universal interest of the war. The Briton becomes universal man: an English political story, H. G. Wells philosophized, emerges as a human document. Yet, like most books of high potentiality, it is never entirely easy reading. One must live with it, and learn through it. . . . Here are no concessions for the kind of imagination that falls flat with every cease of action. You must approach *All Our Yesterdays* with a consciousness of magnitude in the subject, content therefore to take each chapter as a release of part of the secret, until the whole theme begins to emerge and quiver with life.

The virtues of *All Our Yesterdays* far outweigh these faults of idiosyncrasy, some of which are faults only in terms of current taste. It is the first war book (Blunden's perhaps a partial exception) to be written in an English worthy the greatness of the theme. Our best books hitherto, since *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, have come to us in the weakness of translation. It contains episodes which equal or surpass in their kind anything else written of the war:—the visit to Charles Bolt in the trenches, which, better than any description I know in any language, gives the spiritual loneliness, the unreality, the tension, the loyalty-in-danger of the front; the Bolt household carrying on, the old people each one concealing from the other the death of a son. But best of all, I think, is its prophetic quality. This prose is not the response of the ready writer to the wish of story-telling. Taking the life it has known, it finds words to express what at the long last it seems to have meant, and not meant merely, but was, since in human experience there must be much that happens without more than a guessable significance. It is such a task that Tomlinson has carried through, and his book bears the unmistakable marks of a personality stamping its sincerity upon language which is the cause and nature of what we call, so coldly, style, a style, in this instance, which is a part and facet of his prophetic theme. In books like this the real war, beneath the fighting which was a symptom not the thing itself, will have its most enduring memory.

Henry S. Canby

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Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

Trifles

By SUSAN GLASPELL

A Mystery Melodrama in One Act

CAST

GEORGE HENDERSON, *County Attorney.*

HENRY PETERS, *Sheriff.*

LEWIS HALE, *a neighboring farmer.*

MRS. PETERS.

MRS. HALE.

SCENE—*The kitchen in the now abandoned farmhouse of* JOHN WRIGHT, *a gloomy kitchen, and left without having been put in order—unwashed pans under the sink, a loaf of bread outside the bread-box, a dish-towel on the table—other signs of incompleted work. At the rear the outer door opens and the* SHERIFF *comes in followed by the* COUNTY ATTORNEY *and* HALE. *The* SHERIFF *and* HALE *are men in middle life, the* COUNTY ATTORNEY *is a young man; all are much bundled up and go at once to the stove. They are followed by the two women—the* SHERIFF'S *wife first; she is a slight, wiry woman, with a thin, nervous face.* MRS. HALE *is larger, and would ordinarily be called more comfortable looking, but she is disturbed now and looks fearfully about as she enters. The women have come in slowly, and stand close together near the door.*

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*rubbing his hands*)—This feels good. Come up to the fire, ladies.

MRS. PETERS (*after taking a step forward*)—I'm not—cold.

SHERIFF (*unbuttoning his overcoat and stepping away from the stove as if to mark the beginning of official business*)—Now, Mr. Hale, before we move things about, you explain to Mr. Henderson just what you saw when you came here yesterday morning.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—By the way, has anything been moved? Are things just as you left them yesterday?

SHERIFF (*looking about*)—It's just the same. When it dropped below zero last night I thought I'd better send Frank out this morning to make a fire for us—no use getting pneumonia with a big case on, but I told him not to touch anything except the stove—and you know Frank.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Somebody should have been left here yesterday.

SHERIFF—Oh—yesterday. When I had to send Frank to Morris Center for that man who went crazy—I want you to know I had my hands full yesterday. I knew you could get back from Omaha by today, and as long as I went over everything here myself——

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Well, Mr. Hale, tell just what happened when you came here yesterday morning.

HALE—Harry and I had started to town with a load of potatoes. We came along the road from my place and as I got here I said, "I'm going to see if I can't get John Wright to go in with me on a party telephone." I spoke to Wright about it once before and he put me off, saying folks talked too much anyway, and all he asked was peace and quiet—I guess you know about how much he talked himself; but I thought maybe if I went to the house and talked about it before his wife, though I said to Harry that I didn't know as what his wife wanted made much difference to John——

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Let's talk about that later, Mr. Hale. I do want to talk about that, but tell now just what happened when you got to the house.

HALE—I didn't hear or see anything; I knocked at the door, and still it was all quiet inside. I knew they must be up, it was past eight o'clock. So I knocked again, and I thought I heard somebody say, "Come in." I wasn't sure, I'm not sure yet, but I opened the door—this door (*indicating the door by which the two women are still standing*) and there in that rocker—(*pointing to it*) sat Mrs. Wright. (*They all look at the rocker.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY—What—was she doing?

HALE—She was rockin' back and forth. She had her apron in her hand and was kind of—pleating it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—And how did she—look?

HALE—Well, she looked queer.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—How do you mean—queer?

HALE—Well, as if she didn't know what she was going to do next. And kind of done up.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—How did she seem to feel about your coming?

HALE—Why, I don't think she minded—one way or other. She didn't pay much attention. I said, "How do, Mrs. Wright, it's cold, ain't it?" And she said, "Is it?"—and went on kind of pleating at her apron.

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Well, I was surprised; she didn't ask me to come up to the stove, or to set down, but just sat there, not even looking at me, so I said, "I want to see John." And then she—laughed. I guess you would call it a laugh. I thought of Harry and the team outside, so I said a little sharp, "Can't I see John?" "No," she says, kind o' dull like. "Ain't he home?" says I. "Yes," says she, "he's home." "Then why can't I see him?" I asked her, out of patience. "'Cause he's dead," says she. *"Dead?"* says I. She just nodded her head, not getting a bit excited, but rockin' back and forth. "Why—where is he?" says I, not knowing what to say. She just pointed upstairs—like that (*himself pointing to the room above*). I got up, with the idea of going up there. I walked from there to here—then I says, "Why, what did he die of?" "He died of a rope round his neck," says she, and just went on pleatin' at her apron. Well, I went out and called Harry. I thought I might—need help. We went upstairs, and there he was lyin'——

COUNTY ATTORNEY—I think I'd rather have you go into that upstairs, where you can point it all out. Just go on now with the rest of the story.

HALE—Well, my first thought was to get that rope off. It looked . . . (*stops, his face twitches*) . . . but Harry, he went up to him, and he said, "No, he's dead, all right, and we'd better not touch anything." So we went back downstairs. She was still sitting that same way. "Has anybody been notified?" I asked. "No," says she, unconcerned. "Who did this, Mrs. Wright?" said Harry. He said it business-like—and she stopped pleatin' of her apron. "I don't know," she says. "You don't *know?*" says Harry. "No," says she. "Weren't you sleepin' in the bed with him?" says Harry. "Yes," says she, "but I was on the inside." "Somebody slipped a rope round his neck and strangled him and you didn't wake up?" says Harry. "I didn't wake up," she said after him. We must 'a' looked as if we didn't see how that could be, for after a minute she said, "I sleep sound." Harry was going to ask her more questions, but I said maybe we ought to let her tell her story first to the coroner, or the sheriff, so Harry went fast as he could to Rivers' place, where there's a telephone.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—And what did Mrs. Wright do when she knew that you had gone for the coroner?

HALE—She moved from that chair to this one over here (*pointing to a small chair in the corner*) and just sat there with her hands held together and looking down. I got a feeling that I ought to make some conversation, so I said I had come in to see if John wanted to put in a telephone, and at that she started to laugh, and then she stopped and looked at me—scared. (*The* COUNTY ATTORNEY, *who has had his notebook out, makes a note.*) I dunno, maybe it wasn't scared. I wouldn't like to say it was. Soon Harry got back, and then Dr. Lloyd came, and you, Mr. Peters, and so I guess that's all I know that you don't.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*looking around*)—I guess we'll go upstairs first—and then out to the barn and around there. (*To the* SHERIFF) You're convinced that there was nothing important here—nothing that would point to any motive?

SHERIFF—Nothing here but kitchen things. (*The* COUNTY ATTORNEY, *after again looking around the kitchen, opens the door of a cupboard closet. He gets up on a chair and looks on a shelf. Pulls his hand away, sticky.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Here's a nice mess. (*The women draw nearer.*)

MRS. PETERS (*to the other woman*)—Oh, her fruit: it did freeze. (*To the* LAWYER) She worried about that when it turned so cold. She said the fire'd go out and her jars would break.

SHERIFF—Well, can you beat the women! Held for murder and worryin' about her preserves.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—I guess before we're through she may have something more serious than preserves to worry about.

HALE—Well, women are used to worrying over trifles. (*The two women move a little closer together.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*with the gallantry of a young politician*)—And yet, for all their worries, what would we do without the ladies? (*The women do not unbend. He goes to the sink, takes a dipperful of water from the pail and, pouring it into a basin, washes his hands. Starts to wipe them on the roller towel, turns it for a cleaner place.*) Dirty towels! (*Kicks his foot against the pans under the sink.*) Not much of a housekeeper, would you say, ladies?

MRS. HALE (*stiffly*)—There's a great deal of work to be done on a farm.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—To be sure. And yet (*with a little bow to her*) I know there are some Dickson county farmhouses which do not have such roller towels. (*He gives it a pull to expose its full length again.*)

MRS. HALE—Those towels get dirty awful quick. Men's hands aren't always as clean as they might be.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Ah, loyal to your sex, I see. But you and Mrs. Wright were neighbors. I suppose you were friends, too.

MRS. HALE (*shaking her head*)—I've not seen much of her of late years. I've not been in this house—it's more than a year.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—And why was that? You didn't like her?

MRS. HALE—I liked her all well enough. Farmers' wives have their hands full, Mr. Henderson. And then——

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Yes——?

MRS. HALE (*looking about*)—It never seemed a very cheerful place.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—No—it's not cheerful. I shouldn't say she had the homemaking instinct.

MRS. HALE—Well, I don't know as Wright had, either.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—You mean that they didn't get on very well?

MRS. HALE—No, I don't mean anything. But I don't think a place'd be any cheerfuller for John Wright's being in it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—I'd like to talk more of that a little later. I want to get the lay of things upstairs now. (*He goes to the left, where three steps lead to a stair door.*)

SHERIFF—I suppose anything Mrs. Peters does'll be

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all right. She was to take in some clothes for her, you know, and a few little things. We left in such a hurry yesterday.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Yes, but I would like to see what you take, Mrs. Peters, and keep an eye out for anything that might be of use to us.

MRS. PETERS—Yes, Mr. Henderson. (*The women listen to the men's steps on the stairs, then look about the kitchen.*)

MRS. HALE—I'd hate to have men coming into my kitchen, snooping around and criticizing. (*She arranges under the sink the pans which the* LAWYER *had shoved out of place.*)

MRS. PETERS—Of course it's no more than their duty.

MRS. HALE—Duty's all right, but I guess that deputy sheriff that came out to make the fire might have got a little of this on. (*Gives the roller towel a pull.*) Wish I'd thought of that sooner. Seems mean to talk about her for not having things slicked up when she had to come away in such a hurry.

MRS. PETERS (*who has gone to a small table in the left rear corner of the room, and lifted one end of a towel that covers a pan*)—She had bread set. (*Stands still.*)

MRS. HALE (*eyes fixed on a loaf of bread beside the bread-box, which is on a low shelf at the other side of the room. Moves slowly toward it*)—She was going to put this in there. (*Picks up loaf, then abruptly drops it. In a manner of returning to familiar things*) It's a shame about her fruit. I wonder if it's all gone. (*Gets up on the chair and looks.*) I think there's some there that's all right, Mrs. Peters. Yes—here; (*holding it toward the window*) this is cherries, too. (*Looking again*) I declare, I believe that's the only one. (*Gets down, bottle in her hand. Goes to the sink and wipes it off on the outside.*) She'll feel awful bad after all her hard work in the hot weather. I remember the afternoon I put up my cherries last summer. (*She puts the bottle on the big kitchen table, center of the room. With a sigh, is about to sit down in the rocking-chair. Before she is seated realizes what chair it is; with a slow look at it, steps back. The chair which she has touched rocks back and forth.*)

MRS. PETERS—Well, I must get those things from the front room closet. (*She goes to the door at the right, but after looking into the other room, steps back.*) You coming with me, Mrs. Hale? You could help me carry them. (*They go in the other room; reappear,* MRS. PETERS *carrying a dress and skirt,* MRS. HALE *following with a pair of shoes.*)

MRS. PETERS—My, it's cold in there. (*She puts the clothes on the big table, and hurries to the stove.*)

MRS. HALE (*examining the skirt*)—Wright was close. I think maybe that's why she kept so much to herself. She didn't even belong to the Ladies' Aid. I suppose she felt she couldn't do her part, and then you don't enjoy things when you feel shabby. She used to wear pretty clothes and be lively when she was Minnie Foster, one of the town girls singing in the choir. But that—oh, that was thirty years ago. . . . This all you was to take in?

MRS. PETERS—She said she wanted an apron. Funny thing to want, for there isn't much to get you dirty in jail, goodness knows. But I suppose just to make her feel more natural. She said they was in the top drawer in this cupboard. Yes, here. And then her little shawl that always hung behind the door. (*Opens stair door and looks.*) Yes, here it is. (*Quickly shuts door leading upstairs.*)

MRS. HALE (*abruptly moving toward her*)—Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS—Yes, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE—Do you think she did it?

MRS. PETERS (*in a frightened voice*)—Oh, I don't know.

MRS. HALE—Well, I don't think she did. Asking for an apron and her little shawl. Worrying about her fruit.

MRS. PETERS (*starts to speak, glances up, where footsteps are heard in the room above. In a low voice*)—Mr. Peters says it looks bad for her. Mr. Henderson is awful sarcastic in a speech, and he'll make fun of her sayin' she didn't wake up.

MRS. HALE—Well, I guess John Wright didn't wake when they was slipping that rope under his neck.

MRS. PETERS—No, it's strange. It must have been done awful crafty and still. They say it was such a—funny way to kill a man, rigging it all up like that.

MRS. HALE—That's just what Mr. Hale said. There was a gun in the house. He says that's what he can't understand.

MRS. PETERS—Mr. Henderson said, coming out, that what was needed for the case was a motive; something to show anger, or—sudden feeling.

MRS. HALE (*who is standing by the table*)—Well, I don't see any signs of anger around here. (*She puts her hand on the dish-towel which lies on the table, stands looking down at table, one-half of which is clean, the other half messy.*) It's wiped to here. (*Makes a move as if to finish work, then turns and looks at loaf of bread outside the bread-box. Drops towel. In that voice of coming back to familiar things*) Wonder how they are finding things upstairs. I hope she had it a little more red-up up there. You know, it seems kind of *sneaking*. Locking her up in town and then coming out here and trying to get her own house to turn against her!

MRS. PETERS—But Mrs. Hale, the law is the law.

MRS. HALE—I s'pose 'tis. (*Unbuttoning her coat.*) Better loosen up your things, MRS. PETERS. You won't feel them when you go out. (MRS. PETERS *takes off her fur tippet, goes to hang it on hook at back of room, stands looking at the under part of the small corner table.*)

MRS. PETERS—She was piecing a quilt. (*She brings*

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the large sewing basket and they look at the bright pieces.)

MRS. HALE—It's a log cabin pattern. Pretty, isn't it? I wonder if she was goin' to quilt it or just knot it? (*Footsteps have been heard coming down the stairs. The* SHERIFF *enters, followed by* HALE *and the* COUNTY ATTORNEY.)

SHERIFF—They wonder if she was going to quilt it or just knot it! (*The men laugh, the women look abashed.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*rubbing his hands over the stove*)—Frank's fire didn't do much up there, did it? Well, let's go out to the barn and get that cleared up. (*The men go outside.*)

MRS. HALE (*resentfully*)—I don't know as there's anything so strange, our takin' up our time with little things while we're waiting for them to get the evidence. (*She sits down at the big table smoothing out a block with decision.*) I don't see as it's anything to laugh about.

MRS. PETERS (*apologetically*)—Of course they've got awful important things on their minds. (*Pulls up a chair and joins* MRS. HALE *at the table.*)

MRS. HALE (*examining another block*)—Mrs. Peters, look at this one. Here, this is the one she was working on, and look at the sewing! All the rest of it has been so nice and even. And look at this! It's all over the place! Why, it looks as if she didn't know what she was about! (*After she has said this they look at each other, then start to glance back at the door. After an instant* MRS. HALE *has pulled at a knot and ripped the sewing.*)

MRS. PETERS—Oh, what are you doing, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE (*mildly*)—Just pulling out a stitch or two that's not sewed very good. (*Threading a needle.*) Bad sewing always made me fidgety.

MRS. PETERS (*nervously*)—I don't think we ought to touch things.

MRS. HALE—I'll just finish up this end. (*Suddenly stopping and leaning forward*) Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS—Yes, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE—What do you suppose she was so nervous about?

MRS. PETERS—Oh—I don't know. I don't know as she was nervous. I sometimes sew awful queer when I'm just tired. (MRS. HALE *starts to say something, looks at* MRS. PETERS, *then goes on sewing.*) Well, I must get these things wrapped up. They may be through sooner than we think. (*Putting apron and other things together.*) I wonder where I can find a piece of paper, and string.

MRS. HALE—In that cupboard, maybe.

MRS. PETERS (*looking in cupboard*)—Why, here's a bird-cage. (*Holds it up.*) Did she have a bird, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE—Why, I don't know whether she did or not—I've not been here for so long. There was a man around last year selling canaries cheap, but I don't know as she took one; maybe she did. She used to sing real pretty herself.

MRS. PETERS (*glancing around*)—Seems funny to think of a bird here. But she must have had one, or why would she have a cage? I wonder what happened to it?

MRS. HALE—I s'pose maybe the cat got it.

MRS. PETERS—No, she didn't have a cat. She's got that feeling some people have about cats—being afraid of them. My cat got in her room, and she was real upset and asked me to take it out.

MRS. HALE—My sister Bessie was like that. Queer, ain't it?

MRS. PETERS (*examining the cage*)—Why, look at this door. It's broke. One hinge is pulled apart.

MRS. HALE (*looking, too*)—Looks as if someone must have been rough with it.

MRS. PETERS—Why, yes. (*She brings the cage forward and puts it on the table.*)

MRS. HALE—I wish if they're going to find any evidence they'd be about it. I don't like this place.

MRS. PETERS—But I'm awful glad you came with me, Mrs. Hale. It would be lonesome for me sitting here alone.

MRS. HALE—It would, wouldn't it? (*Dropping her sewing.*) But I tell you what I do wish, Mrs. Peters. I wish I had come over sometimes when *she* was here. I—(*looking around the room*)—wish I had.

MRS. PETERS—But, of course, you were awful busy, Mrs. Hale—your house and your children.

MRS. HALE—I could've come. I stayed away because it weren't cheerful—and that's why I ought to have come. I—I've never liked this place. Maybe because it's down in a hollow and you don't see the road. I dunno what it is, but it's a lonesome place and always was. I wish I had come over to see Minnie Foster sometimes. I can see now—— (*Shakes her head.*)

MRS. PETERS—Well, you musn't reproach yourself, Mrs. Hale. Somehow we just don't see how it is with other folks until—something turns up.

MRS. HALE—Not having children makes less work—but it makes a quiet house, and Wright out to work all day, and no company when he did come in. Did you know John Wright, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS—Not to know him; I've seen him in town. They say he was a good man.

MRS. HALE—Yes—good; he didn't drink, and kept his word as well as most, I guess, and paid his debts. But he was a hard man, Mrs. Peters. Just to pass the time of day with him—— (*Shivers.*) Like a raw wind that gets to the bone. (*Pauses, her eye falling on the cage.*) I should think she would 'a' wanted a bird. But what do you suppose went with it?

MRS. PETERS—I don't know, unless it got sick and died. (*She reaches over and swings the broken door, swings it again. Both women watch it.*)

MRS. HALE—You weren't raised round here, were you? (MRS. PETERS *shakes her head.*) You didn't know—her?

MRS. PETERS—Not till they brought her yesterday.

MRS. HALE—She—come to think of it, she was kind of like a bird herself—real sweet and pretty, but kind of timid and—fluttery. How—she—did—change. (*Silence; then as if struck by a happy thought and relieved to get back to everyday things.*) Tell you what, Mrs. Peters, why don't you take the quilt in with you? It might take up her mind.

MRS. PETERS—Why, I think that's a real nice idea, Mrs. Hale. There couldn't possibly be any objection

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to it, could there? Now, just what would I take? I wonder if her patches are in here—and her things. (*They look in the sewing basket.*)

MRS. HALE—Here's some red. I expect this has got sewing things in it. (*Brings out a fancy box.*) What a pretty box. Looks like something somebody would give you. Maybe her scissors are in here. (*Opens box. Suddenly puts her hand to her nose.*) Why—— (MRS. PETERS *bends nearer, then turns her face away.*) There's something wrapped up in this piece of silk.

MRS. PETERS—Why, this isn't her scissors.

MRS. HALE (*lifting the silk*)—Oh, Mrs. Peters—it's—— (MRS. PETERS *bends closer.*)

MRS. PETERS—It's the bird.

MRS. HALE (*jumping up*)—But, Mrs. Peters—look at it! Its neck! Look at its neck! It's all—other side *to.*

MRS. PETERS—Somebody—wrung—its—neck. (*Their eyes meet. A look of growing comprehension, of horror. Steps are heard outside.* MRS. HALE *slips box under quilt pieces, and sinks into her chair. Enter* SHERIFF *and* COUNTY ATTORNEY. MRS. PETERS *rises.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*as one turning from serious things to little pleasantries*)—Well, ladies, have you decided whether she was going to quilt it or knot it?

MRS. PETERS—We think she was going to—knot it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Well, that's interesting, I'm sure. (*Seeing the bird-cage*) Has the bird flown?

MRS. HALE (*putting more quilt pieces over the box*)—We think the—cat got it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*preoccupied*)—Is there a cat? (MRS. HALE *glances in a quick, covert way at* MRS. PETERS.)

MRS. PETERS—Well, not *now.* They're superstitious, you know. They leave.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*to* SHERIFF PETERS, *continuing an interrupted conversation*)—No sign at all of anyone having come from the outside. Their own rope. Now let's go up again and go over it piece by piece. (*They start upstairs*) It would have to have been someone who knew just the—— (MRS. PETERS *sits down. The two women sit there not looking at one another, but as if peering into something and at the same time holding back. When they talk now it is in the manner of feeling their way over strange ground, as if afraid of what they are saying, but as if they cannot help saying it.*)

MRS. HALE—She liked the bird. She was going to bury it in that pretty box.

MRS. PETERS (*in a whisper*)—When I was a girl—my kitten—there was a boy took a hatchet, and before my eyes—and before I could get there— (*covers her face an instant*) If they hadn't held me back I would have— (*catches herself, looks upstairs where steps are heard, falters weakly*)—hurt him.

MRS. HALE (*with a slow look around her*)—I wonder how it would seem never to have had any children around. (*Pause.*) No, Wright wouldn't like the bird—a thing that sang. She used to sing. He killed that, too.

MRS. PETERS (*moving uneasily*)—We don't know who killed the bird.

MRS. HALE—I knew John Wright.

MRS. PETERS—It was an awful thing was done in this house that night, Mrs. Hale. Killing a man while he slept, slipping a rope around his neck that choked the life out of him.

MRS. HALE—His neck. Choked the life out of him. (*Her hand goes out and rests on the bird-cage.*)

MRS. PETERS (*with rising voice*)—We don't know who killed him. We don't *know.*

MRS. HALE (*her own feeling not interrupted*)—If there'd been years and years of nothing, then a bird to sing to you, it would be awful—still, after the bird was still.

MRS. PETERS (*something within her speaking*)—I know what stillness is. When we homesteaded in Dakota, and my first baby died—after he was two years old, and me with no other then——

MRS. HALE (*moving*)—How soon do you suppose they'll be through looking for the evidence?

MRS. PETERS—I know what stillness is. (*Pulling herself back*) The law has got to punish crime, Mrs. Hale.

MRS. HALE (*not as if answering that*)—I wish you'd seen Minnie Foster when she wore a white dress with blue ribbons and stood up there in the choir and sang. (*A look around the room.*) Oh, I *wish* I'd come over here once in a while! That was a crime! That was a crime! Who's going to punish that?

MRS. PETERS (*looking upstairs*)—We mustn't—take on.

MRS. HALE—I might have known she needed help! I know how things can be—for women. I tell you, it's queer, Mrs. Peters. We live close together and we live far apart. We all go through the same things—it's all just a different kind of the same thing. (*Brushes her eyes. Noticing the bottle of fruit, reaches out for it.*) If I was you I wouldn't tell her her fruit was gone. Tell her it *ain't.* Tell her it's all right. Take this in to prove it to her. She—she may never know whether it was broke or not.

MRS. PETERS (*takes the bottle, looks about for something to wrap it in; takes petticoat from the clothes brought from the other room, very nervously begins winding this around the bottle. In a false voice*)—My, it's a good thing the men couldn't hear us. Wouldn't they just laugh! Getting all stirred up over a little thing like a—dead canary. As if that could have anything to do with—with—wouldn't they *laugh!* (*The men are heard coming downstairs.*)

MRS. HALE (*under her breath*)—Maybe they would—maybe they wouldn't.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—No, Peters, it's all perfectly clear except a reason for doing it. But you know juries when it comes to women. If there was some definite thing. Something to show—something to make a story about—a thing that would connect up with this strange way of doing it—— (*The women's eyes meet for an instant. Enter* HALE *from outer door.*)

HALE—Well, I've got the team around. Pretty cold out there.

COUNTY ATTORNEY—I'm going to stay here a while by myself. (*To the* SHERIFF) You can send Frank out for me, can't you? I want to go over everything. I'm not satisfied that we can't do better.

SHERIFF—Do you want to see what Mrs. Peters is

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going to take in? (*The* LAWYER *goes to the table, picks up the apron, laughs.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY—Oh, I guess they're not very dangerous things the ladies have picked out. (*Moves a few things about, disturbing the quilt pieces which cover the box. Steps back.*) No, Mrs. Peters doesn't need supervising. For that matter, a sheriff's wife is married to the law. Ever think of it that way, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS—Not—just that way.

SHERIFF (*chuckling*)—Married to the law. (*Moves toward the other room.*) I just want you to come in here a minute, George. We ought to take a look at these windows.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*scoffingly*)—Oh, windows!

SHERIFF—We'll be right out, Mr. Hale. (HALE *goes outside. The* SHERIFF *follows the* COUNTY ATTORNEY *into the other room. Then* MRS. HALE *rises, hands tight together, looking intensely at* MRS. PETERS, *whose eyes make a slow turn, finally meeting* MRS. HALE'S. *A moment* MRS. HALE *holds her, then her own eyes point the way to where the box is concealed. Suddenly* MRS. PETERS *throws back quilt pieces and tries to put the box in the bag she is wearing. It is too big. She opens box, starts to take bird out, cannot touch it, goes to pieces, stands there helpless. Sound of a knob turning in the other room.* MRS. HALE *snatches the box and puts it in the pocket of her big coat. Enter* COUNTY ATTORNEY *and* SHERIFF.)

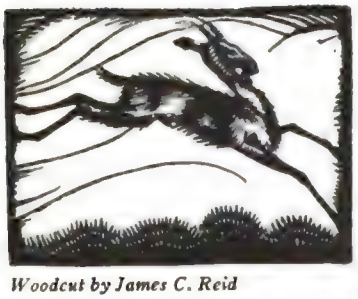
COUNTY ATTORNEY (*facetiously*)—Well, Henry, at least we found out that she was not going to quilt it. She was going to—going to—what is it that you call it now, ladies?

MRS. HALE (*her hand held unobtrusively against her pocket*)—We call it—knot it, Mr. Henderson.

(CURTAIN)

◆

The Spring Running



Woodcut by James C. Reid

By RUDYARD KIPLING

IT WAS A PERFECT white night, as they call it. All green things seemed to have made a month's growth since the morning. The branch that was yellow-leaved the day before dripped sap when Mowgli broke it. The mosses curled deep and warm over his feet, the young grass had no cutting edges, and all the voices of the Jungle boomed like one deep harpstring touched by the moon—the Moon of New Talk, who splashed her light full on rock and pool, slipped it between trunk and creeper, and sifted it through a million leaves. Forgetting his unhappiness, Mowgli sang aloud with pure delight as he settled into his stride. It was more like flying than anything else, for he had chosen the long downward slope that leads to the Northern Marshes through the heart of the main Jungle, where the springy ground deadened the fall of his feet. A man-taught man would have picked his way with many stumbles through the cheating moonlight, but Mowgli's muscles, trained by years of experience, bore him up as though he were a feather. When a rotten log or a hidden stone turned under his foot he saved himself, never checking his pace, without effort and without thought. When he tired of ground-going he threw up his hands monkey-fashion to the nearest creeper, and seemed to float rather than to climb up into the thin branches, whence he would follow a tree-road till his mood changed, and he shot downward in a long, leafy curve to the levels again. There were still, hot hollows surrounded by wet rocks where he could hardly breathe for the heavy scents of the night flowers and the bloom along the creeper buds; dark avenues where the moonlight lay in belts as regular as checkered marbles in a church aisle; thickets where the wet young growth stood breast-high about him and threw its arms round his waist; and hilltops crowned with broken rock, where he leaped from stone to stone above the lairs of the frightened little foxes. He would hear, very faint and far off, the *chug-drug* of a boar sharpening his tusks on a bole; and would come across the great gray brute all alone, scribing and rending the bark of a tall tree, his mouth dripping with foam, and his eyes blazing like fire. . . . Or at some rushing ford he would hear Jacala the Crocodile, bellowing like a bull, or disturb a twined knot of the Poison People, but before they could strike he would be away and across the glistening shingle, and deep in the Jungle again.

So he ran, sometimes shouting, sometimes singing to himself, the happiest thing in all the Jungle that night, till the smell of the flowers warned him that he was near the marshes, and those lay far beyond his farthest hunting-grounds.

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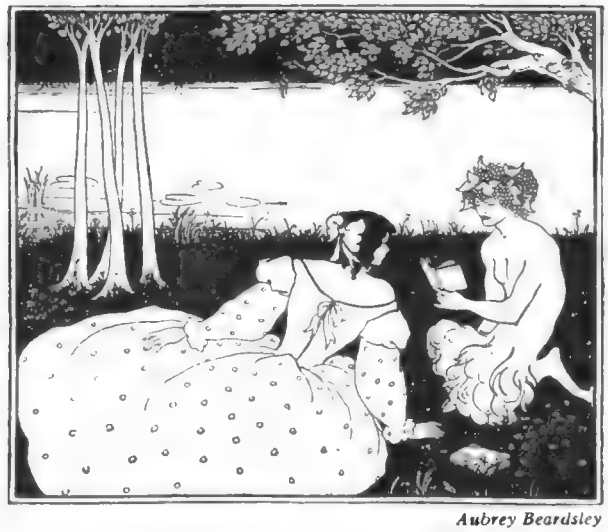
Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books



Aubrey Beardsley

A Battle With an Octopus

To add to my difficulties I found my weights, where I was getting hit, were swinging the wrong way: I had to keep my helmet above my body—otherwise the air there gets into the body and legs of the suit and a man is finished. The outlet valve had to be manipulated, and through all this struggle I must remain erect, righting myself after every jerk at my ankles.

And it was as if that devilish brain in that voracious pulpy creature understood all this perfectly: the instant my hand would stretch down with the big knife he'd give a terrific jerk, sometimes dragging me ten or fifteen feet, jamming the heavy helmet against my jaws and skull, bruising me against the rough, crusted rock wall. All this in a pool now blackened and turbid with the ink the beast had squirted out.

Occasionally I'd get help in righting myself from a strain on the life-line and air-line; and after a while a slight current seemed to set through and carry off some of the thickest discoloration.

When I got a glimpse of that disgusting mass of arms and squirming legs, and especially one look into those diabolical eyes, I stretched up to give the danger signal. Instantly the octopus yanked me a dozen feet, and I had all I could manage just not to topple over. The thought flashed through my mind: "This is exactly like Hell." For it was all this foul, unnatural dirty black, and this unbelievable thing had me in its grip, bent on devouring me.

Apparently what I have been telling must have occupied ten to fifteen minutes. At the time it was an eternity to me—there was nothing before or after this nightmare struggle. I began to realize I could not last much longer. . . . I perceived I was lost unless something were done quickly.

All at once I knew I was going. Just before the wave of fear-freighted unconsciousness swept over me I threw up my arms, caught both lines, gave four frantic pulls. There was an instant when I had the sensation of being pulled in two lengthways. Then I knew nothing.

Pearl Diver. Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier.

A New Champion Rises

The third, fourth, and fifth rounds were duplicates of the first two, except that round five was faster and more even. Coke wasn't landing heavily, as Mike was doing with the punches, but he was landing, in spite of stalling with his right, and at the end of the fifth Mike looked worried. The crowd was quiet, and even a flurry of infighting in the middle of the fifth round failed to rouse them. They had come to see Mason, the heavy puncher, upset Mike, whom they had never seen on the canvas. As far as the crowd was concerned, this was just another Mike Shay circus; another waltz-me-around-again bout with Mike Shay getting the decision at the end of the fight. When the bell rang for the sixth round, somebody yelled:

"Well, go into your dance!" There was a prolonged jeering.

The radio-man informed his listeners that the crowd was kidding the fighters and that this was probably the worst championship fight he had ever seen.

"Mason," he said, "lumbers around like a brewery horse and doesn't seem to know that he's got a right hand. . . . Wait a minute," cried the radio-man, interrupting himself; "they are actually fighting, friends, actually fighting. . . ."

Suddenly Coke straightened up, took a left hook flush on the jaw, and a right on the side of the head, and swung his right, which landed squarely on Mike's ribs and sent him spinning. The crowd got to its feet and roared. Mason was living up to expectations. Mike, with a surprised look on his face, back-pedaled, but Coke was on top of him with both hands. Mike fought gamely, throwing his punches faster than Prince Pearl had thrown them. But Coke took them and came in for more. Feinting with his right, he shot his left to Mike's midsection and Mike went down. The bell rang. Mike sprang to his feet and danced to his corner, but he was hurt.

"I had to do it," Coke said to McNeil. "I was in a tight place."

"Shut up," said McNeil, working over him. "You'll need your breath before this fight's over. Listen now, don't think you got Mike licked 'cause you floored him. He's a shifty boy, and you've got to watch your step."

Iron Man. W. R. Burnett.

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A Clever Spy at Work

It was in the South African war that Baden-Powell won his spurs. He is the founder of the Boy Scout movement, now world-wide. He was certainly the most distinguished officer of the pre-war times to serve as a spy, and is beyond question one of the most gifted secret service agents that ever lived. Like the real Englishman he is, although he practised espionage as an officer on professional duty, he took it at the same time as an interesting sport that stimulates the nerves and makes demands on all a man's powers. . . . A second Sherlock Holmes, Baden-Powell was up to all the cunning tricks of a skilled detective, and he was endowed with such a marvelous gift for quickly transforming his exterior as would have done credit to a seasoned actor, so that he was ready to face even the most perilous situations.

Once he was ordered to obtain exact information as to the position and power of the ordnance mounted in the fortress of Cattaro in Dalmatia, a point that was, as everybody knows, bombarded more than once in the World War. He carried out this mission in the innocent guise of an entomologist. His whole equipment consisted of a sketch-book that contained quite a number of finished or only half-finished drawings of butterflies, in addition to a paint-box and a butterfly net. Catching butterflies as he went, he came close up to the forts built on the lonely mountain slopes, and then with the utmost coolness he sketched into the wings of his butterflies the outlines of the separate forts, the situation, and the caliber of the guns, in such a way that the uninitiated took the harmless-looking lines and dots for the natural representation of the markings of the insects, and the artist himself merely for an eccentric Englishman.

Again, disguised as an ordinary trout-fisher he executed the instructions of his government to determine whether specified mountain passes in a certain country could be used by troops. When he was discovered, a very sympathetic little picture entitled "Dawn in the Mountains," which he had calmly sketched in the very heart of the region where the special troops were carrying out their maneuvers, enabled him to pass himself off as a talented landscape artist, to whom the officers politely offered coffee and cigarettes, and in whose presence they chattered freely about the operations that were taking place. They thought, of course, that he could not understand a word of what they were saying. As a matter of fact, he heard and saw so much that he was able to furnish his superiors with a detailed report of his observations upon these mountain tops, their guns, their maps and signalling, and their commissariat and hospital arrangements.

Secrets of Espionage. Winfried Ludecke.

Keeping Up With the Times

There was a time when I should have felt terribly ashamed of not being up-to-date. I lived in a chronic apprehension lest I might, so to speak, miss the last bus, and so find myself stranded and benighted, in a desert of demodedness, while others, more nimble than myself, had already climbed on board, taken their tickets and set out toward those bright but, alas, never receding goals of Modernity and Sophistication. Now, however, I have grown shameless, I have lost my fears. I can watch unmoved the departure of the last social-cultural bus—the innumerable last buses, which are starting at every instant in all the world's capitals. I make no effort to board them, and when the noise of each departure has died down, "Thank goodness!" is what I say to myself in the solitude. I find nowadays that I simply don't want to be up-to-date. I have lost all desire to see and do the things, the seeing and doing of which entitle a man to regard himself as superiorly knowing, sophisticated, unprovincial; I have lost all desire to frequent the places and people that a man simply *must* frequent, if he is not to be regarded as a poor creature hopelessly out of the swim. "Be up-to-date!" is the categorical imperative of those who scramble for the last bus. But it is an imperative whose cogency I refuse to admit. . . . So I simply avoid most of the manifestations of that so-called "life" which my contemporaries seem to be so unaccountably anxious to "see"; I keep out of range of the "art" they think is so vitally necessary to "keep up with"; I flee from those "good times" in the "having" of which they are prepared to spend so lavishly of their energy and cash.

Do What You Will. Aldous Huxley.

When the Father of His Country Swore

Now came the immortal scene that everybody knows. Every patriotic heart cherishes the vision of how Washington rode that day in such enormous wrath that he—even he!—"swore like an angel." Some of the historians write of the oath with a lady-like awe as "strongly expletive," or "a terrific eloquence of unprintable scorn." General Scott, who was a very profane man, is quoted by Custis as saying, when asked if Washington ever swore:

"Once. It was at Monmouth, and on a day that would have made any man swear . . . he swore till the leaves shook on the trees, charming, delightful. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before, or since . . . he swore like an angel from Heaven."

Unfortunately for conviction, General Scott's own testimony after the battle shows that at this time he was still at a distance trying to extricate himself from being surrounded by the British. When he finally joined the main army he fell in with Lord Stirling's left wing. There is some curiosity among the irreverent as to the exact oath Washington used, and the curse ranges from "damned poltroon" upward.

George Washington, 1777-1781. Rupert Hughes.

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A strange mystery with a stranger motive—
races on to its singular dénouement

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

In the Fog

The Story So Far:

FOUR MEMBERS of the exclusive Grill Club in London are seated at supper on the day following one of the worst fogs the English capital has ever known. One of the four men—an honorary member of the Club—is an American, who introduces himself as Lieutenant Ripley Sears, U. S. N., Naval Attaché to the Court of Russia. The attention of the four diners, and their conversation, are gradually focused upon a fifth Club member who sits apart, Sir Andrew ——, an influential member of Parliament, who is scheduled to speak in the House that evening in favor of a huge naval appropriation. As Sir Andrew rises to take his departure the American begins to recount an extraordinary adventure which has befallen him the previous evening; and the distinguished Parliamentarian, who has a passion for mystery stories, joins the group of four at their table.

Lieutenant Sears, it seems, has become hopelessly lost in the fog the night before. After groping blindly about for some time, he is attracted by a square of light to the doorway of a house set well back from the street. As he advances toward the light a young man in evening clothes rushes past him. In the house itself Sears comes upon an extraordinary situation: a Russian servant sits fast asleep on a bench in the hall, and in a luxuriously furnished room lie the bodies of a young man and a beautiful young woman. Both of them have been stabbed to death. The Russian servant flees, but not before Sears has established the identity of the murdered pair. In pursuing the servant, however, Sears loses the house, the door of which blows shut behind him, leaving him again lost in the fog.

With the assistance of the police Sears reconstructs the tragedy which has occurred. The murdered woman is a former Russian spy, self-styled Princess Zichy; the other victim is the Earl of Chetney; and the murderer is the Earl's younger brother, Lord Arthur Chetney, who, seeing himself deprived of a fortune by the unexpected return of the Earl of Chetney from Africa (where he was supposed to have died), has stabbed first his brother and then the Princess. The police search in vain for the house where the bodies lie.

The American's tale at an end, Sir Andrews prepares to depart, but he is again held by his interest in the story unfolded by another member of the group, a Queen's Messenger. He tells of the attempt of the same Princess Zichy to rob him of a diamond necklace which he was delivering to the Russian Ambassador, and of how, by the merest inadvertence, the robbery was frustrated. Sir Andrew starts again to leave.

PART THREE (Conclusion)

SIR ANDREW rose, with disapproval written in every lineament.

"I thought your story would bear upon the murder," he said. "Had I imagined it would have nothing whatsoever to do with it, I would not have remained." He pushed back his chair and bowed stiffly. "I wish you good night," he said.

There was a chorus of remonstrance, and, under cover of this and the Baronet's answering protests, a servant, for the second time, slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the gentleman with the pearl stud. He read the lines written upon it and tore it into tiny fragments.

The youngest member, who had remained an interested but silent listener to the tale of the Queen's Messenger, raised his hand, commandingly.

"Sir Andrew," he cried, "in justice to Lord Arthur Chetney, I must ask you to be seated. He has been accused in our hearing of a most serious crime, and I insist that you remain until you have heard me clear his character."

"You!" cried the Baronet.

"Yes," answered the young man briskly. "I would have spoken sooner," he explained, "but that I thought this gentleman"—he inclined his head toward the Queen's Messenger—"was about to contribute some facts of which I was ignorant. He, however, has told us nothing, and so I will take up the tale at the point where Lieutenant Sears laid it down and give you those details of which Lieutenant Sears is ignorant. It seems strange to you that I should be able to add the sequel to this story. But the coincidence is easily explained. I am the junior member of the law firm of Chudleigh & Chudleigh. We have been solicitors for the Chetneys for the last two hundred years. Nothing, no matter how unimportant, which concerns Lord Edam and his two sons is unknown to us, and naturally we are acquainted with every detail of the terrible catastrophe of last night."

The Baronet, bewildered but eager, sank back into his chair.

"Will you be long, sir?" he demanded.

"I shall endeavor to be brief," said the young solicitor; "and," he added, in a tone which gave his words

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almost the weight of a threat, "I promise to be interesting."

"There is no need to promise that," said Sir Andrew, "I find it much too interesting as it is." He glanced ruefully at the clock.

"Tell the driver of that hansom," he called to the servant, "that I take him by the hour."

"For the last three days," began young Mr. Chudleigh, "as you have probably read in the daily papers, the Marquis of Edam has been at the point of death, and his physicians have never left his house. Every hour he seemed to grow weaker; but although his bodily strength is apparently leaving him forever, his mind has remained clear and active. Late yesterday evening, word was received at our office that he wished my father to come at once to Chetney House and to bring with him certain papers. What these papers were is not essential; I mention them only to explain how it was that last night I happened to be at Lord Edam's bedside. I accompanied my father to Chetney House, but at the time we reached there Lord Edam was sleeping, and his physicians refused to have him awakened. My father urged that he should be allowed to receive Lord Edam's instructions concerning the documents, but the physicians would not disturb him, and we all gathered in the library to wait until he should awake of his own accord. It was about one o'clock in the morning, while we were still there, that Inspector Lyle and the officers from Scotland Yard came to arrest Lord Arthur on the charge of murdering his brother. You can imagine our dismay and distress. Like everyone else, I had learned from the afternoon papers that Lord Chetney was not dead, but that he had returned to England, and, on arriving at Chetney House, I had been told that Lord Arthur had gone to the Bath Hotel to look for his brother and to inform him that if he wished to see their father alive he must come to him at once. Although it was now past one o'clock, Arthur had not returned. None of us knew where Madame Zichy lived, so we could not go to recover Lord Chetney's body. We spent a most miserable night, hastening to the window whenever a cab came into the square, in the hope that it was Arthur returning, and endeavoring to explain away the facts that pointed to him as the murderer. I am a friend of Arthur's, I was with him at Harrow and at Oxford, and I refused to believe for an instant that he was capable of such a crime; but as a lawyer I could not help but see that the circumstantial evidence was strongly against him.

"Toward morning, Lord Edam awoke, and he was in so much better a state of health that he refused to make the changes in the papers which he had intended, declaring that he was no nearer death than ourselves. Under other circumstances, this happy change in him would have relieved us greatly, but none of us could think of anything save the death of his elder son and of the charge which hung over Arthur.

"As long as Inspector Lyle remained in the house, my father decided that I, as one of the legal advisers of the family, should also remain there. But there was little for either of us to do. Arthur did not return, and nothing occurred until late this morning, when Lyle received word that the Russian servant had been arrested. He at once drove to Scotland Yard to question him. He came back to us in an hour and informed me that the servant had refused to tell anything of what had happened the night before, or of himself, or of the Princess Zichy. He would not even give them the address of her house.

"'He is in abject terror,' Lyle said. 'I assured him that he was not suspected of the crime, but he would tell me nothing.'

"NOTHING NEW developed until two o'clock this afternoon, when word was brought to us that Arthur had been found, and that he was lying in the accident ward of St. George's Hospital. Lyle and I drove there together, and found him propped up in bed with his head bound in a bandage. He had been brought to the hospital the night before by the driver of a hansom that had run over him in the fog. The cab-horse had kicked him on the head, and he had been carried in unconscious. It was not until he came to his senses this afternoon that the hospital authorities had been able to send word to his people. Lyle at once informed him that he was under arrest, and with what he was charged, and though the Inspector warned him to say nothing which might be used against him, I, as his solicitor, instructed him to speak freely and to tell us all he knew of the occurrences of last night. It was evident to anyone that the fact of his brother's death was of much greater concern to him than that he was accused of his murder.

"'That,' Arthur said contemptuously, 'that is damned nonsense. It is monstrous and cruel. We parted better friends than we have been in years. I will tell you all that happened—not to clear myself, but to help you to find out the truth.' His story is as follows: Yesterday afternoon, owing to his constant attendance on his father, he did not look at the evening papers, and it was not until after dinner, when the butler brought him one and told him of its contents, that he learned that his brother was alive and at the Bath Hotel. He drove there at once, but was told that about eight o'clock his brother had gone out, but without giving any clue to his destination. As Chetney had not at once come to see his father, Arthur decided that he was still angry with him, and his mind, turning naturally to the cause of their quarrel, determined him to look for Chetney at the home of the Princess Zichy.

"Her house had been pointed out to him, and though he had never visited it, he had passed it many times and knew its exact location. He accordingly drove in that direction, as far as the fog would permit the hansom to go, and walked the rest of the way, reaching the house about nine o'clock. He rang, and was admitted by the Russian servant. The man took his card into the drawing-room, and at once his brother ran out and welcomed him. He was followed by the Princess Zichy, who also received Arthur most cordially.

"'You brothers will have much to talk about,' she said. 'I am going to the dining-room. When you have finished, let me know.'

"As soon as she had left them, Arthur told his brother that their father was not expected to outlive the night, and that he must come to him at once.

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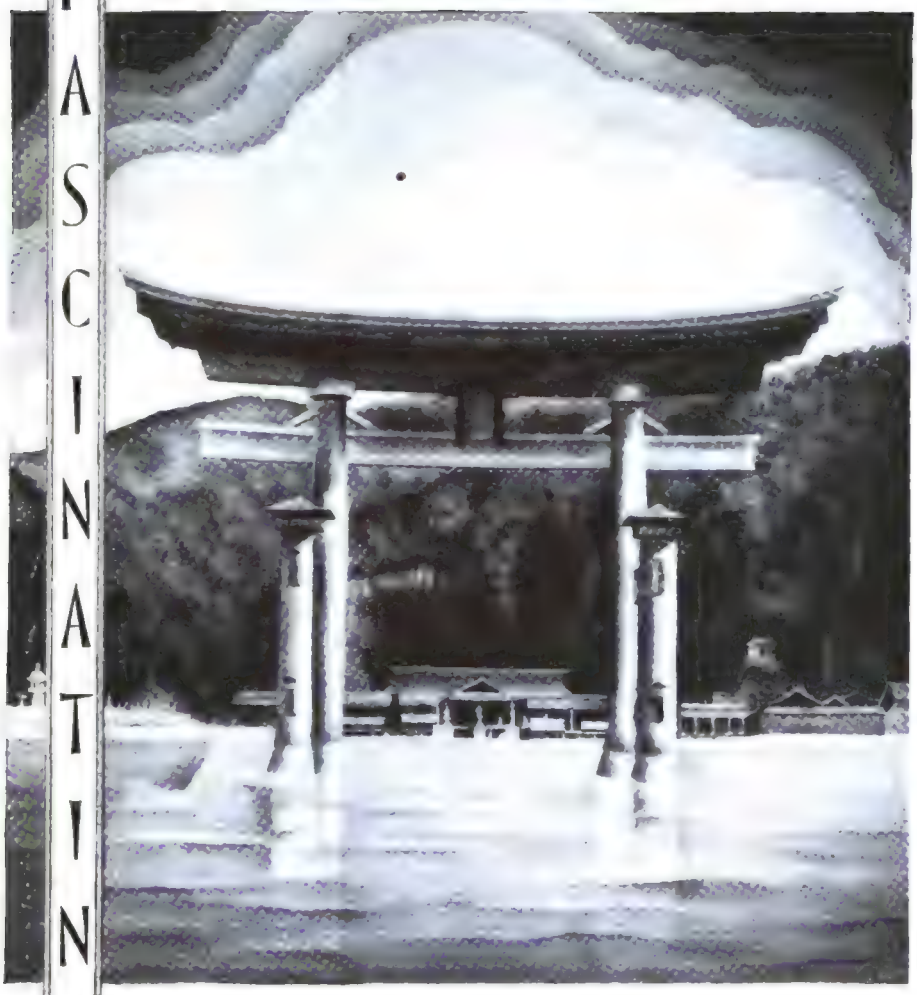

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" 'This is not the moment to remember your quarrel,' Arthur said to him; 'you have come back from the dead only in time to make your peace with him before he dies.'

"Arthur says that at this Chetney was greatly moved.

" 'You entirely misunderstand me, Arthur,' he returned. 'I did not know the governor was ill, or I would have gone to him the instant I arrived. My only reason for not doing so was that I thought he was still angry with me. I shall return with you immediately, as soon as I have said good-by to the Princess. It is a final good-by. After tonight I shall never see her again.'

" 'Do you mean that?' Arthur cried.

" 'Yes,' Chetney answered. 'When I returned to London I had no intention of seeking her again, and I am here only through a mistake.' He then told Arthur that he had separated from the Princess even before he went to Central Africa, and that, moreover, while at Cairo on his way south, he had learned certain facts concerning her life there during the previous season, which made it impossible for him ever to wish to see her again. Their separation was final and complete.

" 'She deceived me cruelly,' he said; 'I cannot tell you how cruelly. During the two years when I was trying to obtain my father's consent to our marriage she was in love with a Russian diplomat. During all that time he was secretly visiting her here in London, and her trip to Cairo was only an excuse to meet him there.'

" 'Yet you are here with her tonight,' Arthur protested, 'only a few hours after your return.'

" 'That is easily explained,' Chetney answered. 'As I finished dinner tonight at the hotel, I received a note from her from this address. In it she said she had just learned of my arrival, and begged me to come to her at once. She wrote that she was in great and present trouble, dying of an incurable illness, and without friends or money. She begged me, for the sake of old times, to come to her assistance. During the last two years in the jungle all my former feeling for Zichy has utterly passed away, but no one could have dismissed the appeal she made in that letter. So I came here, and found her, as you have seen her, quite as beautiful as she ever was, in very good health, and, apparently, in no need of money.

" 'I asked her what she meant by writing me that she was dying in a garret, and she laughed, and said she had done so because she was afraid, unless I thought she needed help, I would not try to see her. That was where we were when you arrived. And now,' Chetney added, 'I will say good-by to her, and you had better return home. No, you can trust me, I shall follow you at once. She has no influence over me now, but I believe, in spite of the way she has used me, that she is, after her queer fashion, still fond of me, and when she learns that

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this good-by is final there may be a scene, and it is not fair to her that you should be there. So, go home at once, and tell the governor that I am following you in ten minutes.'

"'That,' said Arthur, 'is the way we parted. I was happy to see him alive again, I was happy to think he had returned in time to make up his quarrel with my father, and I was happy that at last he was shut of that woman. I was never better pleased with him in my life.' He turned to Inspector Lyle, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, taking notes of all he told us.

"'WHY, IN THE NAME of common sense,' he cried, 'should I have chosen that moment, of all others, to send my brother back to the grave?' For a moment the Scotland Yard Inspector did not answer him. I do not know if any of you gentlemen are acquainted with Inspector Lyle, but if you are not, I can assure you that he is a very remarkable man. Our firm often applies to him for aid, and he has never failed us; my father has the greatest possible respect for him. Where he has the advantage over the ordinary police official is in the fact that he possesses imagination. He imagines himself to be the criminal, imagines how he would act under the same circumstances, and he imagines to such purpose that he generally finds the man he wants. I have often told Lyle that if he had not been a detective he would have made a great success as a poet or a playwright.

"Lyle hesitated for a moment, and then told him exactly what was the case against him.

"'Ever since your brother was reported as having died in Africa,' he said, 'your lordship has been collecting money on post-obits. Lord Chetney's arrival, last night, turned them into waste-paper. You were suddenly in debt for thousands of pounds—for much more than you could ever possibly pay. No one knew that you and your brother had met at Madame Zichy's. But you knew that your father was not expected to outlive the night, and that if your brother were dead also, you would be saved from complete ruin, and that you would become the Marquis of Edam.'

"'Oh, that is how you have worked it out, is it?' Arthur cried. 'And for me to become Lord Edam was it necessary that the woman should die, too?'

"'They will say,' Lyle answered, 'that she was a witness to the murder—that she would have told.'

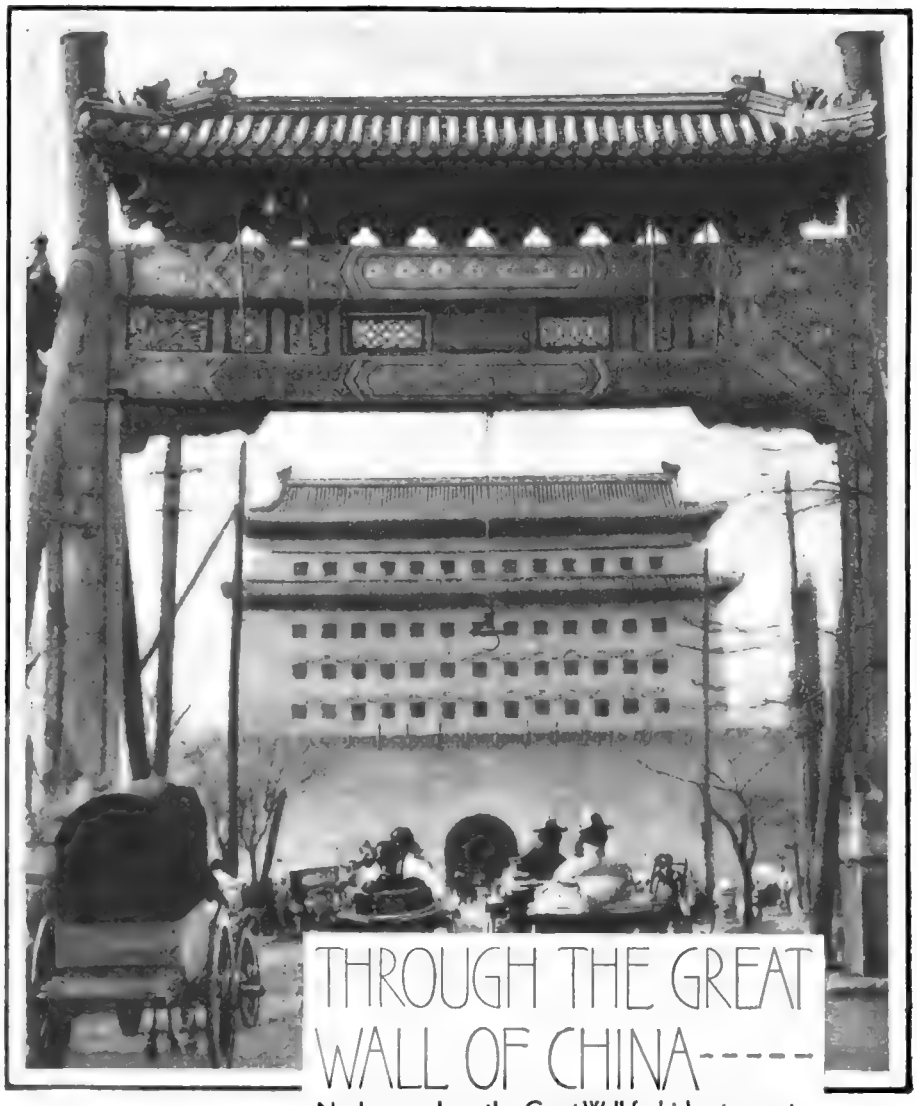
"'Then why did I not kill the servant as well?' Arthur said.

"'He was asleep and saw nothing.'

"'And you believe *that?*' Arthur demanded.

"'It is not a question of what I believe,' Lyle said gravely. 'It is a question for your peers.'

"'The man is insolent!' Arthur cried.



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'The thing is monstrous! Horrible!'

"Before we could stop him, he sprang out of his cot and began pulling on his clothes. When the nurses tried to hold him down, he fought with them.

" 'Do you think you can keep me here,' he shouted, 'when they are plotting to hang me? I am going with you to that house,' he cried at Lyle. 'When you find those bodies I shall be beside you. It is my right. He is my brother. He has been murdered, and I can tell you who murdered him. That woman murdered him. She first ruined his life, and now she has killed him. For the last five years she has been plotting to make herself his wife, and last night, when he told her he had discovered the truth about the Russian, and that she would never see him again, she flew into a passion and stabbed him, and then, in terror of the gallows, killed herself. She murdered him, I tell you, and I promise you that we will find the knife she used near her—perhaps still in her hand. What will you say to that?'

"Lyle turned his head away and stared down at the floor. 'I might say,' he answered 'that you placed it there.'

"Arthur gave a cry of anger and sprang at him, and then pitched forward into his arms. The blood was running from the cut under the bandage, and he had fainted. Lyle carried him back to the bed again, and we left him with the police and the doctors and drove at once to the address he had given us. We found the house not three minutes' walk from St. George's Hospital. It stands in Trevor Terrace, that little row of houses set back from Knightsbridge, with one end in Hill Street.

"As we left the hospital, Lyle had said to me, 'You must not blame me for treating him as I did. All is fair in this work, and if by angering that boy I could have made him commit himself, I was right in trying to do so; though, I assure you, no one would be better pleased than myself if I could prove his theory to be correct. But we cannot tell. Everything depends upon what we see for ourselves within the next few minutes.'

"When we reached the house, Lyle broke open the fastenings of one of the windows on the ground-floor and, hidden by the trees in the garden, we scrambled in. We found ourselves in the reception-room, which was the first room on the right of the hall. The gas was still burning behind the colored glass and red silk shades, and when the daylight streamed in after us it gave the hall a hideously dissipated look. The house was oppressively silent, and, because we knew why it was so silent, we spoke in whispers. When Lyle turned the handle of the drawing-room door, I felt as though someone had put his hand upon my throat. But I followed, close at his shoulder, and saw, in the subdued light of many-tinted

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lamps, the body of Chetney at the foot of the divan, just as Lieutenant Sears had described it. In the drawing-room we found the body of the Princess Zichy, her arms thrown out, and the blood from her heart frozen in a tiny line across her bare shoulder. But neither of us, although we searched the floor on our hands and knees, could find the weapon which had killed her.

"'For Arthur's sake,' I said, 'I would have given a thousand pounds if we had found the knife in her hand, as he said we would.'

"'That we have not found it there,' Lyle answered, 'is to my mind the strongest proof that he is telling the truth, that he left the house before the murder took place. He is not a fool, and had he stabbed his brother and this woman, he would have seen that by placing the knife near her he could help to make it appear as if she had killed Chetney and then committed suicide. Besides, Lord Arthur insisted that the evidence in his behalf would be our finding the knife here. He would not have urged that if he knew we would *not* find it, if he knew he himself had carried it away. This is no suicide. A suicide does not rise and hide the weapon with which he kills himself and then lie down again. No, this has been a double murder, and we must look outside of the house for the murderer.'

"While he was speaking, Lyle and I had been searching every corner, studying the details of each room. I was so afraid that, without telling me, he would make some deductions prejudicial to Arthur, that I never left his side. I was determined to see everything that he saw, and, if possible, to prevent his interpreting it in the wrong way. He finally finished his examination, and we sat down together in the drawing-room, and he took out his notebook and read aloud all that Mr. Sears had told him of the murder and what we had just learned from Arthur. We compared the two accounts, word for word, and weighed statement with statement, but I could not determine, from anything Lyle said, which of the two versions he believed.

"'We are trying to build a house of blocks,' he exclaimed, 'with half of the blocks missing. We have been considering two theories,' he went on; 'one that Lord Arthur is responsible for both murders and the other that the dead woman in there is responsible for one of them, and has committed suicide; but, until the Russian servant is ready to talk, I shall refuse to believe in the guilt of either.'

"'What can you prove by him?' I asked. 'He was drunk and asleep. He saw nothing.'

"Lyle hesitated, and then, as though he had made up his mind to be quite frank with me, spoke freely.

"'I do not know that he was either drunk or asleep,' he answered. 'Lieutenant Sears describes him as a stupid boor. I am not satisfied that he is not a clever

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actor. What was his position in this house? What was his real duty here? Suppose it was not to guard this woman, but to watch her. Let us imagine that it was not the woman he served, but a master, and see where that leads to. For this house has a master, a mysterious, absentee landlord, who lives in St. Petersburg, the unknown Russian who came between Chetney and Zichy, and because of whom Chetney left her. He is the man who bought this house for Madame Zichy, who sent these rugs and curtains from St. Petersburg to furnish it for her after his own tastes, and, I believe, it was he also who placed the Russian servant here, ostensibly to serve the Princess, but in reality to spy upon her. At Scotland Yard we do not know who this gentleman is; the Russian police confess to equal ignorance concerning him. When Lord Chetney went to Africa, Madame Zichy lived in St. Petersburg; but there her receptions and dinners were so crowded with members of the nobility and of the army and diplomats, that, among so many visitors, the police could not learn which was the one for whom she most greatly cared.'

"Lyle pointed at the modern French paintings and the heavy silk rugs which hung upon the walls.

"'The unknown is a man of taste and some fortune,' he said, 'not the sort of man to send a stupid peasant to guard the woman he loves. So I am not content to believe, with Mr. Sears, that the servant is a boor. I believe him, instead, to be a very clever ruffian. I believe him to be the protector of his master's honor, or, let us say, of his master's property, whether that property be silver plate or the woman his master loves. Last night, after Lord Arthur had gone away, the servant was left alone in this house with Lord Chetney and Madame Zichy. From where he sat in the hall, he could hear Lord Chetney bidding her farewell; for, if my idea of him is correct, he understands English quite as well as you or I. Let us imagine that he heard her entreating Chetney not to leave her, reminding him of his former wish to marry her, and let us suppose that he hears Chetney denounce her, and tell her that at Cairo he has learned of this Russian admirer—the servant's master. He hears the woman declare that she has had no admirer but himself, that this unknown Russian was, and is, nothing to her, that there is no man she loves but him, and that she cannot live, knowing that he is alive, without his love. Suppose Chetney believed her, suppose his former infatuation for her returned, and that, in a moment of weakness, he forgave her and took her in his arms. That is the moment the Russian master has feared. It is to guard against it that he has placed his watchdog over the Princess, and how do we know but that, when the moment came, the watchdog served his master, as he saw his duty, and killed them both? What do you think?' Lyle demanded. 'Would not that explain both murders?'

"I was only too willing to hear any theory which pointed to anyone else as the criminal than Arthur, but Lyle's explanation was too utterly fantastic. I told him that he certainly showed imagination, but that he could not hang a man for what he imagined he had done.

"'No,' Lyle answered, 'but I can frighten him by telling him what I think he has done, and now when I again question the Russian servant I will make it quite clear to him that I believe he is the murderer. I think that will open his mouth. A man will at least talk to defend himself. Come,' he said, 'we must return at once to Scotland Yard and see him. There is nothing more to do here.'

"HE AROSE, and I followed him into the hall, and in another minute we would have been on our way to Scotland Yard. But just as he opened the street door a postman halted at the gate of the garden, and fumbled with the latch.

"Lyle stopped, with an exclamation of chagrin.

"'How stupid of me!' he exclaimed. He turned quickly and pointed to a narrow slit cut in the brass plate of the front door. 'The house has a private letter-box,' he said, 'and I had not thought to look in it! If we had gone out as we came in, by the window, I would never have seen it. The moment I entered the house I should have thought of securing the letters which came this morning. I have been grossly careless.' He stepped back into the hall and pulled at the lid of the letter-box, which hung on the inside of the door, but it was tightly locked. At the same moment the postman came up the steps holding a letter. Without a word, Lyle took it from his hand and began to examine it. It was addressed to the Princess Zichy, and on the back of the envelope was the name of a West End dressmaker.

"'That is of no use to me,' Lyle said. He took out his card and showed it to the postman. 'I am Inspector Lyle from Scotland Yard,' he said. 'The people in this house are under arrest. Everything it contains is now in my keeping. Did you deliver any other letters here this morning?'

"The man looked frightened, but answered, promptly, that he was now upon his third round. He had made one postal delivery at seven that morning and another at eleven.

"'How many letters did you leave here?' Lyle asked.

"'About six altogether,' the man answered.

"'Did you put them through the door into the letter-box?'

The postman said, 'Yes, I always slip them into the box, and ring and go away. The servants collect them from the inside.'

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"'Have you noticed if any of the letters you leave here bear a Russian postage stamp?' Lyle asked.

"The man answered, 'Oh, yes, sir, a great many.'

"'From the same person, would you say?'

"'The writing seems to be the same,' the man answered. 'They come regularly about once a week—one of those I delivered this morning had a Russian postmark.'

"'That will do,' said Lyle, eagerly. 'Thank you, thank you very much.'

"He ran back into the hall, and, pulling out his penknife, began to pick at the lock of the letter-box.

"'I have been supremely careless,' he said, in great excitement. 'Just consider: these letters which arrive regularly every week from Russia in the same handwriting, can come but from one person. At least, we shall now know the name of the master of this house. Undoubtedly, it is one of his letters that the man placed here this morning.'

"As he was talking he kept picking at the lock with his knife, but he was so impatient to reach the letters that he pressed too heavily on the blade and it broke in his hand. I took a step backward and drove my heel into the lock, and burst it open. The lid flew back, and we pressed forward, and each ran his hand down into the letter-box. For a moment we were both too startled to move. The box was empty.

"I do not know how long we stood, staring stupidly at each other, but it was Lyle who was the first to recover. He seized me by the arm and pointed excitedly into the empty box.

"'Do you appreciate what that means?' he cried. 'It means that someone has been here ahead of us. Someone has entered this house not three hours before we came, since eleven o'clock this morning.'

"'It was the Russian servant!' I exclaimed.

"'The Russian servant has been under arrest at Scotland Yard,' Lyle cried. 'He could not have taken the letters. Lord Arthur has been in his cot at the hospital. That is his alibi. There is someone else, someone we do not suspect, and that someone is the murderer. He came back here either to obtain those letters because he knew they would convict him, or to remove something he had left here at the time of the murder, something incriminating.'

"'How do we know,' I whispered, 'that he is not hidden here now?'

"'No, I'll swear he is not,' Lyle answered. 'I have searched this house thoroughly. Nevertheless,' he added, 'we must go over it again, from the cellar to the roof. We have the real clue now, and we must forget the others and work only it.' As he spoke he began again to search the drawing-room, turning over even the books on the tables and the music on the piano.

"'Whoever the man is,' he said, over his shoulder, 'we know that he has a key to the front door and a key to the letter-box. That shows us he is either an inmate of the house or that he comes here when he wishes. The Russian says that he was the only servant in the house. There could be but one other person who would possess a key to the house and the letter-box—and he lives in St. Petersburg. At the time of the murder he was two thousand miles away.' Lyle interrupted himself, suddenly, with a sharp cry, and turned upon me, with his eyes flashing. 'But was he?' he cried. 'Was he? How do we know that last night he was not in London, in this very house when Zichy and Chetney met?'

"He stood, staring at me without seeing me, muttering to himself.

"'Don't speak to me,' he cried, as I ventured to interrupt him. 'I can see it now. It is all plain. It was not the servant, but his master, the Russian himself, and it was he who came back for the letters! He came back for them because he knew they would convict him. We must find them. We must have those letters. If we find the one with the Russian postmark, we shall have found the murderer.' He spoke like a madman, and as he spoke he ran around the room. He pulled the old letters from the writing-desk, and ran them over as swiftly as a gambler deals out cards; he dropped on his knees before the fireplace and dragged out the dead coals with his bare fingers, and then, with a low, worried cry, like a hound on a scent, he ran back to the waste-paper basket and, lifting the papers from it, shook them out upon the floor. Instantly, he gave a shout of triumph, and, separating a number of torn pieces from the others, held them up.

"'Look!' he cried. 'Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letters. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter-box, and, taking out the letters, held them together—so—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out, tossed them into this basket. Look!' he cried, 'here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—unopened!'

"We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been canceled in St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in upper Sloane Street, and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper, and we had no difficulty in finding the other two parts of it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from them and joined them together, side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: 'I

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leave Petersburg on the night train, and I shall see you at Trevor Terrace, after dinner, Monday evening.'

"'That was last night!' Lyle cried. 'He arrived twelve hours ahead of his letter—but it came in time—in time to hang him!'"

The Baronet rapped on the table.

"The name!" he demanded. "How was it signed? What was the man's name?"

The young Solicitor rose to his feet and, leaning forward, stretched out his arm. "There was no name," he cried. "The letter was signed with only two initials. But engraved at the top of the sheet was the man's address. That address was 'THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, ST. PETERSBURG, BUREAU OF THE NAVAL ATTACHÉ,' and the initials," he shouted, his voice rising into an exultant and bitter cry, "were those of the gentleman who sits opposite, who told us that he was the first to find the murdered bodies, the Naval Attaché to Russia, Lieutenant Sears!"

A STRAINED AND AWFUL hush followed the Solicitor's words, which seemed to vibrate like a twanging bowstring that has just hurled its bolt. Sir Andrew, pale and staring, drew away, with an exclamation of repulsion. His eye were fastened upon the Naval Attaché with fascinated horror. But the American emitted a sigh of great content, and sank, comfortably, into the arms of his chair. He clapped his hands softly together.

"Capital!" he murmured. "I give you my word I never guessed what you were driving at. You fooled *me*, I'll be hanged if you didn't—you certainly fooled me."

The man with the pearl stud leaned forward, with a nervous gesture. "Hush! be careful!" he whispered. But at that instant, for the third time, a servant, hastening through the room, handed him a piece of paper which he scanned eagerly. The message on the paper read, "The light over the Commons is out. The House has risen."

The man with the black pearl gave a shout, and tossed the paper from him.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He caught up his glass, and slapped the Naval Attaché, violently, upon the shoulder. He nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Queen's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried; "my thanks and my congratulations!" He drank deep from the glass, and breathed forth a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.

"But I say," protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger, violently, at the Solicitor, "that story won't do. You didn't play fair—and—and you talked so fast I couldn't make out what it was all about. I'll bet you that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of law—you couldn't hang a cat on such evidence. Your story is condemned tommyrot. Now, my story might have happened, my story bore the mark——"

An exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn, guiltily, toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt, and amazement.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Is this a jest, or are you mad? If you know this man is a murderer, why is he at large? Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once."

The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed, with grave courtesy.

"I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me," he said; "you need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you, please to be indulgent. We have been matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with better tales than *The Great Rand Robbery*."

The Baronet brushed his hand, nervously, across his forehead.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his solicitor did not find a letter of yours, written from your post in St. Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?"

"I am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in St. Petersburg. Until this week, I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And tonight, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of my own—one I had just mapped out this afternoon."

"But Lord Chetney *is* a real person," interrupted the Baronet, "and he did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have died there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And yesterday Chetney did return. I read it in the papers."

"So did I," assented the American, soothingly; "and it struck me as being a very good plot for a story. I mean his unexpected return from the dead, and the probable disappointment of the younger brother. So I decided that the younger brother had better murder the older one. The Princess Zichy I invented out of a clear sky. The fog I did not have to invent. Since last night I know all that there is to know about a London fog. I was lost in one for three hours."

The Baronet turned, grimly, upon the Queen's Messenger.

"But this gentleman," he protested, "he is not a writer of short stories; he is a member of the Foreign Office. I have often seen him in Whitehall, and, according to him, the Princess Zichy is not an invention. He says she is very well known, that she tried to rob him."

The servant of the Foreign Office

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looked, unhappily, at the Cabinet Minister, and puffed, nervously, on his cigar.

"It's true, Sir Andrew, that I am a Queen's Messenger," he said, appealingly, "and a Russian woman once did try to rob a Queen's Messenger in a railway carriage—only it did not happen to me, but to a pal of mine. The only Russian princess I ever knew called herself Zabrisky. You may have seen her. She used to dive from the roof of the Aquarium."

Sir Andrew, with a snort of indignation, fronted the young Solicitor.

"And I suppose yours was a cock-and-bull story, too," he said. "Of course, it must have been, since Lord Chetney is not dead. But don't tell me," he protested, "that you are not Chudleigh's son either."

"I'm sorry," said the youngest member, smiling, in some embarrassment, "but my name is not Chudleigh. I assure you, though, that I know the family very well, and am on very good terms with them."

"You should be!" exclaimed the Baronet; "and, judging from the liberties you take with the Chetneys, you had better be on very good terms with them, too."

The young man leaned back and glanced toward the servants at the far end of the room.

"It has been so long since I have been in the Club," he said, "that I doubt if even the waiters remember me. Perhaps Joseph may," he added. "Joseph!" he called, and at the word a servant stepped briskly forward.

The young man pointed to the stuffed head of a great lion which was suspended above the fireplace.

"Joseph," he said. "I want you to tell these gentlemen who shot that lion. Who presented it to the Grill?"

Joseph, unused to acting as master of ceremonies to members of the Club, shifted, nervously, from one foot to the other.

"Why, you—you did," he stammered.

"Of course I did!" exclaimed the young man. "I mean, what is the name of the man who shot it? Tell the gentlemen who I am. They wouldn't believe me."

"Who are you, my lord?" said Joseph. "You are Lord Edam's son, the Earl of Chetney."

"You must admit," said Lord Chetney, when the noise had died away, "that I couldn't remain dead while my little brother was accused of murder. I had to do something. Family pride demanded it. I should hate to have a brother of mine hanged for murder."

"You certainly showed no scruples against hanging me," said the American, "but, in the face of your evidence, I admit my guilt, and I sentence myself to pay the full penalty of the law as we are made to pay it in my own country. The order of this court is," he announced, "that Joseph shall bring me a wine-card, and that I sign it for five bottles of the

(*Continued on page* 121)

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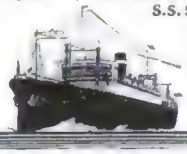

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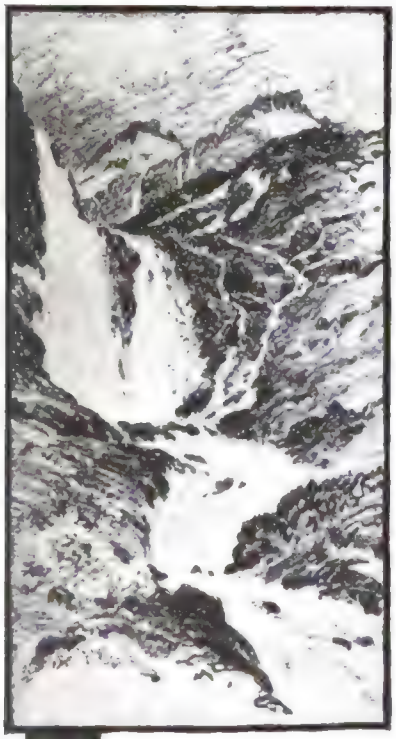

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(*Continued from page* 117)

best champagne in the Club cellar."

"Oh, no!" protested the man with the pearl stud, "it is not for *you* to sign it. In my opinion, it is Sir Andrew who should pay the costs. It is time you knew," he said, turning to that gentleman, "that, unconsciously, you have been the victim of what I may call a patriotic conspiracy. These stories have had a more serious purpose than merely to amuse. They have been told with the worthy object of detaining you from the House of Commons. I must explain to you that, all through this evening, I have had a servant waiting in Trafalgar Square with instructions to bring me word as soon as the light over the House of Commons had ceased to burn. The light is now out, and the object for which we plotted is attained."

The Baronet glanced keenly at the man with the black pearl, and then, quickly, at his watch. The smile disappeared from his lips, and his face was set in stern and forbidding lines.

"And may I know," he asked, icily, "what was the object of your plot?"

"A most worthy one," the other retorted. "Our object was to keep you from advocating the expenditure of many millions of the people's money upon more battleships. In a word, we have been working together to prevent you from passing the Navy Increase Bill."

Sir Andrew's face bloomed with brilliant color. His body shook with suppressed emotion.

"My dear sir!" he cried, "you should spend more time at the House and less at your Club. The Navy Bill was brought up on its third reading at eight o'clock this evening. I spoke for three hours in its favor. My only reason for wishing to return again to the House tonight was to sup on the terrace with my old friend, Admiral Simons; for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The Baronet rose and bowed. "I have to thank you, sir," he said, "for a most interesting evening."

The American shoved the wine-card which Joseph had given him toward the gentleman with the black pearl.

"You sign it," he said.

THE END

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The Trail of the Forty-Niners

THERE IS NO more colorful chapter in the history of the United States than the story of the days when wealth beyond belief was torn from California's mountains by adventurers half mad with a lust for gold. Where those men followed the Overland Trail in '49, upward over the last steep slopes of the Sierras, a motor road now winds. Motor detours have become permanent features of the most interesting travel itineraries. Rails must go where grades are easiest and distances shortest, but the motor coach can pry into remote areas where romance abounds.

This spring the Southern Pacific Railroad is opening a new detour from Lake Tahoe, on its Overland Route, across the top of the Sierras and down on the western slopes to Sacramento, where Pullman cars take up the journey again. The road runs through the Mother Lode country—the trail of the Argonauts into the land of gold. Here are the scenes of Bret Harte's tales. On every hand are mining camps, flats, bars, and gulches immortalized in some of the finest short stories in American literature.

The traveler detrains at Lake Tahoe, where Mark Twain staked the timber claim so vividly described in *Roughing It*. "Lake Tahoe," said Mark, "would restore an Egyptian mummy to his pristine vigor, and give him an appetite like an alligator. I do not mean the oldest and driest mummies, of course, but the fresher ones. The air up there in the clouds is very pure and fine, bracing and delicious. And why shouldn't it be?—it is the same the angels breathe. . . . I know a man who went there to die. But he made a failure of it. . . . We never took any paregoric to make us sleep. At the first break of dawn we were always up and running foot-races to tone down excess of physical vigor and exuberance of spirits. That is, Johnny was—but I held his hat. While smoking the pipe of peace after breakfast we watched the sentinel peaks put on the glory of the sun, and followed the conquering light as it swept down among the shadows, and set the captive crags and forests free. We watched the tinted pictures grow and brighten upon the water till every little detail of forest, precipice, and pinnacle was wrought in and finished, and the miracle of the enchanter complete. Then to 'business.' That is, drifting around in the boat."

Some morning after the tourists' "business" with Tahoe has been reasonably completed, he enters the coach for the motor detour. In a few miles Donner Lake is passed. Here the Donner party of emigrants was snowbound in the late fall of 1846, and passed a terrible winter, one filled with starvation and murder and cannibalism and death until the few survivors were rescued by scouts in the spring. And here, in Starvation Camp, Bret Harte located the start of his only novel, *Gabriel Conroy*.

THE ROAD climbs upward. It is a beautiful road, winding through forests, rolling over mountain meadows, dropping into canyons, hurrying across valleys. It is graded and surfaced, and safety alone dictates the speed limit, although once it was a trail requiring weeks to cover. Every foot is rich in romantic associations. Over this identical route, in those glamorous days, went soldiers of fortune, adventurers, gamblers, strong men and weak—and women—all drawn by the same magnet—the lure of gold.

Aside from the romantic interest attached to a visit to the Mother Lode country, the trip is one of unequaled scenic splendor. At times one may look almost straight up for hundreds of feet from the bottom of a mighty canyon. Then from the top of an ascent the eye turns outward over a breath-taking panorama of immense distances and depths.

There are awe-inspiring gorges beneath deeply shaded forests, where the only sound is the twitter of birds and the hum of the motor as the car speeds onward. Mountain streams sing their way happily down to the sea. Literally every foot of their beds and banks was prospected and panned by red-shirted miners. And on every hand, as the highway winds and twists and turns through the mountains, may be seen scars in the hills, as though the gods in mighty wrath had torn at them with vengeful intent. Veritable canyons were built by those frenzied seekers after wealth. Sometimes they left monuments, acres in area, of earth and rock turned up by eager hands. Even today hope persists, and occasionally one still meets miners working at some unexpected turn in those Midas hills. For 185 miles the Mother Lode detour runs through this land of romance.

Just over the crest of the range is Sierra City, once vibrant with the tempestuous life of the Argonauts. Its ancient hostelry, built story upon story as the camp grew, now houses bats and rats. Cobwebs cover its dusty windows, and above the door of the building beside it, still decipherable, is a legend which recalls the days of gold-dust, thoroughbrace stage coaches, road agents and sheriffs and frontier justice—"*Wells Fargo Express Company.*" A few old-timers sit in the sun and drowse the hours away, rousing themselves at times to reminisce over the mad old, glad old days.

Off in the hills to the right is Poker Flat, and down through the canyon below it went the outcasts of Bret Harte's story until they were overtaken by one of the sudden blizzards of the high Sierras. Below Poker Flat is Sandy Bar, where Tennessee and his partner held forth.

Farther along, sleepily nestling in a sun-splashed canyon, lies Downieville, once the hell-roaringest camp of them all. The sheriff can, and will, tell tales to make one's blood run cold. Lest one disbelieve and think that perhaps even Bret Harte

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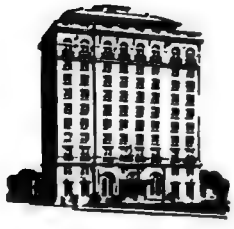

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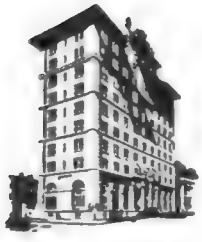

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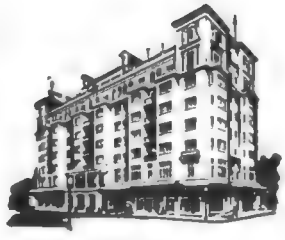

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Cardiff well earns her name of the modern Carthage. Even England is at its finest near the Welsh border. Ludlow with its Tudor embellishments. Chester, the Roman City, and the picturesque Wye Valley.

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might have drawn upon poet's license, the sheriff has a museum of frontier relics—knives, guns, gambling devices, pieces of sinister hemp rope, and other articles closely identified with the life of the '50's.

The road passes near or through Nigger Slide, Rough and Ready, Piety Hill, Hangtown, and Red Dog. Some of the camps are still in existence. A few are now only ghost towns, deserted, empty and silent. Some have disappeared completely, and the young trees and brush have covered up the scars left by the miners in the adjacent hills. But the camps and bars are not forgotten, for this is the country that Bret Harte knew and understood, the very heart of which is woven into his magic tales.

Nevada City and Grass Valley were once the two largest cities in California, with wealth on every hand and excitement on every corner. For nearly three-quarters of a century those camps have been producing a steady stream of gold. First it was panned gold, or dust and nuggets washed in the sluice boxes of the Forty-niners. Then it was placer gold from the immense hydraulic mining operations that followed the first wild rush. Today the pound, pound, pound of the stamp mills, crushing the quartz to extract the precious metal, goes steadily on day and night.

Grass Valley is reached in the late afternoon, and the balance of the day is spent in visiting nearby points of interest and inspecting the town itself, which has all of the features of the camps of the early days, in addition to being an active, modern little city. Here stories may be accumulated—tales of men who found fortunes.

On every side are the scenes that have made stories that will live forever. Across the highway above Grass Valley, when it was the Overland Trail, journeyed those nine good partners in Stewart Edward White's *Gold*—Bagsby, Yank, Johnny Fairfax, Don Gaspar, Vasquez, McNally, Buck Barry, Missouri Jones and the hero himself, bound for the north where they made their big strike. Southward is Calaveras County of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" story.

As one rides along in or dismounts from the motor coach and walks about, the very air is charged with the romance of those almost unbelievable times. The present slips away. The colorful days of old materialize from the hazy past. The motor coach and the "iron horse" fade out, and in their places appear creaking prairie schooners, patient oxen, the pony express, high-swinging stages, and everywhere the red-shirted miners of '49.

In the morning the trip is resumed through Auburn, with its Murderers' Bar nearby, past Rattlesnake Bar, and Whisky Bar. It continues down the banks of the American River, near the site of Sutter's Fort, headquarters for the first outfitting, and back to the Pullmans at Sacramento.

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DID he work a little black-magic on the eve of his great flight? Did he button his shirt over a mystic charm—or pack a rabbit's-foot alongside his ham sandwich? Or were there real common-sense causes which explain his phenomenal success in the air? What is this thing called "luck"—anyway? Does it drop hit-or-miss out of the sky? Or is it a thing you and I can go after and get —if we know how? Andrew Carnegie knew how to find luck—and it brought him a fortune of over $300,000,000. Thomas Edison knew how to find luck—and so did Henry Ford. You can find it, too . . . IF YOU REALLY WANT TO How? First of all, you must understand luck and know what's behind it. . . . And that's where an authority like Herbert N. Casson can help you. Mr. Casson has made a thorough study of luck. He has known hundreds of lucky men—has spent his life among men who are called fortunate, those who have reached the top or are on their way up. He has investigated the reasons for their luck—and he has always found GOOD REASONS. In his latest book —"Thirteen Tips on Luck"—he tells you what these reasons are. "Thirteen Tips on Luck" is a practical prescription for improving YOUR luck . . . and whose luck can't stand some improvement? It's a frank direct book, chockfull of wise suggestions which you can apply to your own problems. It takes you behind the scenes and removes all the mystery about luck. It tells you how to make yourself one of Luck's Favorites. You'll find your head nodding with appreciation before you've finished the introduction. Mr. Casson is a business man sharing his experience with other business men and he wastes no time in getting to his point. He has written a meaty book with no fancy trimmings. He knows what will be of interest and value to you, and he has kept his style concise and pointed, so that you are carried swiftly from one tip to the next. We like this book—"Thirteen Tips on Luck." We want to recommend it to you personally because we think, when you've read it, you'll share our enthusiasm. On one of its pages, you may find an idea which will net you an immediate dollar-and-cents profit. Page 128, for instance. Mr. Casson says that ACTION is one of the chief elements in luck. All successful men know this. They have learned that hesitation and postponement lead to regretful membership in the "I-wish-I-had" Club. Send for this book NOW. Send for this book now and read it the day it is delivered to you. Keep it around for five days—reread your favorite sections—and then send us only $2, or return the book to us. Remember . . . Action is one of the chief elements in luck. Have your secretary mail the coupon TODAY.

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Looking Ahead *in the* Bond Market

By C. W. SILLS
Vice President, Halsey, Stuart & Co.

A WIDESPREAD REVIVAL of interest in bonds did not immediately follow the collapse of the stock market; and the indications are that there will be a considerable hiatus between the end of the stock boom and the return of general activity in the bond market.

That a good bond market lies somewhere in the not too distant future, however, seems a reasonable expectation. The liquidation of stocks, in the first place, has freed a great deal of money for investment and other productive purposes. The supply of available funds, furthermore, is steadily being added to from various sources, notably through the rapid reduction of our national debt. In the event that there comes a further recession in business, too, additional funds ordinarily employed in business will doubtless be released for investment. The modern small-inventory policy, plus the declining commodity price trend, may prove further factors contributing to the supply of money.

It is noteworthy that the savings bank deposits of the country were remarkably little affected by the crash in the stock market. This indicates not only that the great majority of our people have continued to be conservative, but that the great reservoir of capital made up of savings deposits is practically as large today as before the deflation in stocks.

Another important point in favor of a better market for bonds is that interest in stocks is at a considerably lower point than has been the case for a long time, and it may be relied upon that a substantial percentage of those who fared badly in the stock market will remain away from it permanently. No great amount of support for the stock market can be looked for from the investment trust and financing companies, which were counted upon so heavily by speculators prior to October of last year; for the majority of these have no doubt invested the major portion of their capital long since. In addition to all this, there is also the prospect of a further liquidation of stocks held by banks as collateral. This will tend to have a deadening effect upon the stock market for some time. The banks holding large amounts of such stock, taken over from brokers for the accounts of customers at the time of the break, will doubtless become increasingly eager to have these holdings liquidated.

TURNING NOW to more of a long-range view of the bond market, an important and positive factor—which should operate to build up the demand for bonds in the future—is that presented by the various institutional buyers, who are yearly becoming more numerous and powerful. The bankers of the country, in the first place, are certain to return to bonds eventually. The exceptional opportunity for large earnings which presented itself in the call-money market, and in various other directions closely or remotely connected with the speculative demand for funds, has now passed. Consequently, the income incentive alone assures the purchase of bonds in increasing volume for investment and reserve purposes.

An additional important source of bond business lies with the trust companies, which in all likelihood will experience a continued rapid growth. The nature and purpose of a trust make it essential that the property in its keeping be invested largely in bonds and other senior securities. Educational, charitable, and other philanthropic institutions, which have received enormous endowments in recent years and will continue to receive them, are likewise certain to place large amounts in conservative investment.

American insurance companies will also continue to contribute heavily to the future demand for bonds. Their assets have been growing rapidly, and will constitute an increasingly important source of bond business as time goes on.

The steady trend away from local investments is still another development which will operate to increase the volume of bond sales in years to come. The small local enterprise has gradually been giving way to the large corporation, thus reducing the opportunity for local investment. The growth of chain and group banking will undoubtedly bring with it more intensive effort to distribute general market bonds in sections where the local investment formerly held almost undisputed sway.

Now that high rates in the call-money or short-term-money market have passed away, corporations will probably invest increasing sums in bonds. It should be remembered in this connection that the prosperity which industry has experienced for a number of years made it possible for corporations to build up large surplus accounts. This money will usually be invested with a view to safety, stability, and income, as well as to serving the requirements peculiar to the individual corporation. The sum total of such money available throughout the country will tend to be augmented in the event that the present business recession becomes more pronounced.

The inevitable return of security dealers to bonds will bring back a further powerful influence toward promoting bond-market activity. During the greater part of the past two years, a large part of the security distributing machinery of the country was given over primarily to the sale of stocks, with a corresponding reduction in the time and effort devoted to bonds. Undoubtedly, the activities of dealers in some cases will be impeded because of unsold remnants of stock issues. In general, however, dealers will be disposed to regard bonds as their best immediate source of profit.

ALONG WITH THE FACTORS enumerated above, favorable to an early revival of interest in bonds, must be considered the question whether the emission of new issues will be likely to outrun the growth in demand. Much

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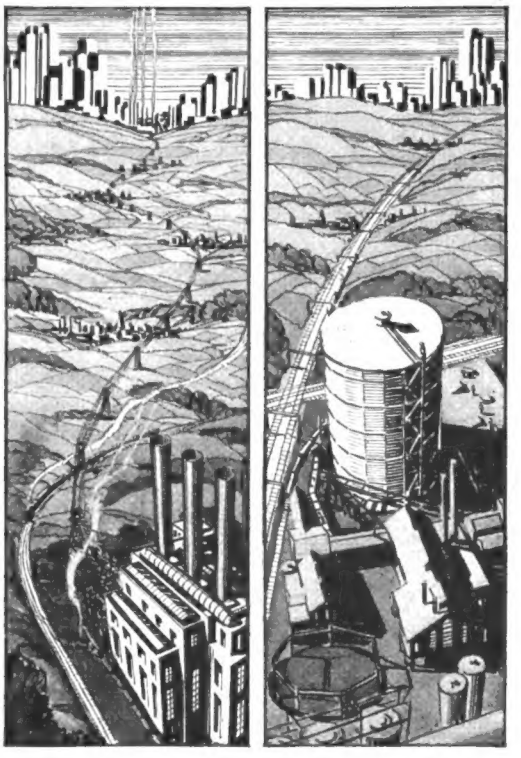

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senior financing has undoubtedly been held up pending a more favorable market, and in many cases there will be a temptation to release offerings as soon as conditions are at all suspicious. However, the situation has not yet sufficiently improved from the standpoint of price to be satisfactory to the borrower at large.

In the industrial field, bond issues will probably not be numerous for some time, partly because industrial concerns have obtained abundant capital through stock issues during the past two years, and partly because industrial activity—temporarily at least—promises to be somewhat restricted. In the foreign bond division there is little prospect of any large volume of offerings until prices undergo some revision upward. The outlook for the issuance of real-estate bonds likewise is not especially good at this time, and no large volume of high grade offerings is anticipated until junior financing can be taken care of. The refunding of bond issues on any important scale is out of the question until bond prices have undergone considerable improvement.

It is surprising to find that high grade bonds, even today, offer more liberal rates of return than can be obtained from stocks of the highest quality. Whereas high grade senior mortgage bonds are obtainable to show an average yield of around 5 per cent., first quality stocks today show an average return of only about 4 per cent. Issues of lower quality, of course, are selling at a wide range of prices, showing a wide range of yields. Clearly, the bond market has much to offer from the income standpoint alone. In the long run, security being satisfactory, the income advantage will again be a decisive factor in choosing investments, regardless of type.

Recently the bond market has shown various hopeful signs. Throughout the past few months, in fact, the market on high grade issues has quite consistently shown a firm undertone. Recent new bond offerings, some of them of large size, have been very favorably received, and their success has done a great deal toward strengthening the confidence of investors and encouraging dealers.

Improvement in the bond market has so far been slow, yet it should be remembered that the big movements in the securities market are usually slow in getting started, but tend to accelerate as time goes on. There is something in the psychology of the buyer—whether he be a buyer of merchandise or of securities—that produces vigorous action under the spur of advancing prices. Bargain prices may secure recognition; but it takes advancing price levels to produce action. As greater activity appears in the market, dealers will be encouraged to increase their efforts at building up distribution.

With so many favorable influences, it can be only a question of time until the bond market regains its rightful prominence in the financial organization of the country.

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A Glance Backward

THE ASSURANCE with which sane thinkers have predicted prompt recovery from an obvious business depression is grounded upon facts rather than upon theories. If it does no good to look backward upon our material greatness during the last calendar year, it surely can do no harm. The excuse in this instance is that we are only now receiving complete reports of the most prosperous period in the nation's history.

An unfailing business barometer is the annual report of earnings of the United States Steel Corporation. For 1929, nearly $200,000,000 were available for stockholders. This is a sum approximately equal to the combined earnings of the two previous years. The same report discloses the conservatism prevailing among this nation's business leaders in the fact that for every dollar paid in dividends to Steel shareholders during the last three years, another dollar of earnings has been kept in the cash drawer.

It has been widely stated that prosperity in this recent period has been of a nature—speaking generally—that made the big concern bigger and the small one smaller. It is therefore interesting to study a compilation of the 1929 net earnings of more than eight hundred American corporations, prepared by the National City Bank of New York. Only one group, sugar, shows a deficit. Four reflect diminished earnings worth noting—cotton mills, automobile and fertilizer manufacturers, meat-packers. All other kinds of business activity in the list show increased profits, in some of them the rate of improvement being quite beyond the imagination. The profits of eleven large amusement companies (motion-picture producers and exhibitors) were 85 per cent. greater in 1929 than in 1928. Nineteen iron and steel manufacturers earned net profits 70 per cent. larger than in 1928. Shipping, agricultural implements, rubber, silk and hosiery, machinery, building materials, petroleum—the leaders in those industries, in the order named, gained profits from two-thirds to one-third better than in 1927, which in turn had been a prosperous year.

Another barometer of business activity is the extent to which a country produces goods in excess of its own needs and is able to sell them abroad. Using our 1929 exports as a yardstick, we find that they aggregated in value five and a quarter billion dollars, greater than for any year in all our history if we except the five-years of war and post-war inflation.

Still another indication of prosperity is the number of individuals who tell their earnings each year to Uncle Sam. In 1929 there were 3,115,000 who reported incomes of from $3000 to $5000, compared with 1,210,000 in 1928. There were 496 with incomes in excess of one million dollars, compared with 290 the year before and 75 in 1924.

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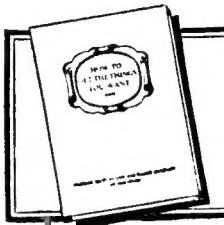

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PLAY IN THE SUNSHINE . . . ON FLORIDA'S GULF COAST

Only a few hours distant, yet far, far away from the blustering weather, three delightful hotels are basking in the warm sunshine. Resting on the shores of the tranquil waters of Charlotte Harbor, on the gulf coast of Florida, just an overnight run from Jacksonville, and directly west of Palm Beach, these hotels present the best of recreation and relaxation that the southland has to offer. The tarpon season is just beginning and lovers of this entrancing sport will find no more convenient nor attractive spot in which to enjoy it. Each one of these hotels has its own golf course and wonderful opportunities for bathing and boating.

Write directly to each hotel for information and reservations.

FLORIDA GULF COAST HOTELS, INC.

Useppa Inn is on Useppa Island, a sheltered tropic island halfway down Florida's Gulf Coast. Tarpon fishing, golf, bathing and tennis are the major outdoor sports.

For literature or information write John F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

Left: Useppa Inn

Among the splendid facilities for outdoor recreation, at the Charlotte Harbor in Punta Gorda, is the huge swimming pool fronting the hotel. Golf, trapshooting, tarpon fishing, tennis and bathing are featured.

For literature or information write Peter P. Schutt, Manager, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida.

Left: Hotel Charlotte Harbor

Hidden away on Florida's Gulf Coast is an island colony of quaint, unaffected charm. Boca Grande is its name; Gasparilla Inn, the center of its gracious activity. The Inn guests may play golf or tennis; fish for tarpon, or laze the hours away on the beaches.

Write to Gasparilla Inn, Boca Grande, Lee County, Florida, for information.

Left: Gasparilla Inn

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